DARKNESS AND DAYLIGHT
IN NEW YORK

Yours sincerely
Helen Campbell.

ENGRAVED FROM A PHOTOGRAPH EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK

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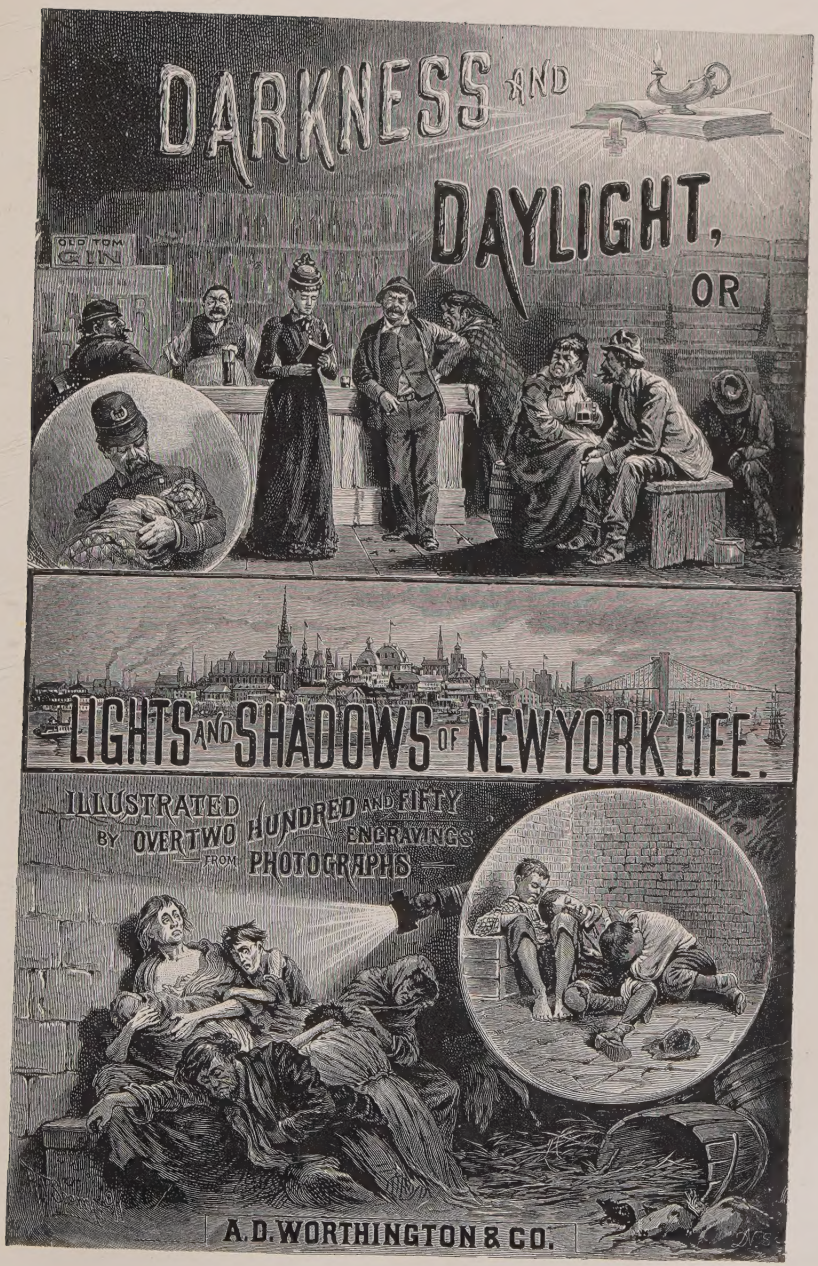
DARKNESS AND
DAYLIGHT,
OR
OLD TOM GIN
LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF NEW YORK LIFE.
ILLUSTRATED BY OVER TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY ENGRAVINGS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS
A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO.

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DARKNESS AND DAYLIGHT

OR

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF NEW YORK LIFE

A Woman's Pictorial Record

OF

GOSPEL, TEMPERANCE, MISSION, AND RESCUE WORK

"In His Name"

WITH THRILLING PERSONAL EXPERIENCES BY DAY AND NIGHT
IN THE UNDERWORLD OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS

AND

HUNDREDS OF THRILLING ANECDOTES, INCIDENTS, HUMOROUS STORIES,
TOUCHING HOME SCENES, AND TALES OF TENDER PATHOS,
DRAWN FROM THE BRIGHT AND SHADY
SIDES OF

LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY

BY

HELEN CAMPBELL

City Missionary and Philanthropist

THOMAS W. KNOX
Author and Journalist

THOMAS BYRNES
Late Chief of New York Detective Bureau

INCLUDING AN ACCOUNT OF DETECTIVE BYRNES'S THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCES
WRITTEN BY HIMSELF FROM HIS PRIVATE DIARY

WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY
REV. LYMAN ABBOTT, D.D.

Superbly Illustrated

WITH TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY ENGRAVINGS FROM SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN
FROM LIFE EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK, MOSTLY BY FLASH-LIGHT

HARTFORD, CONN.:
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THIS volume aims to give scrupulously exact descriptions of life and scenes in the great metropolis under three different aspects: 1st, "As Seen by a Woman;" 2d, "As Seen by a Journalist;" 3d, "As Seen and Known by the Chief of the New York Detective Bureau." It was essential that each of the writers selected for this undertaking should possess a thorough practical knowledge of the subject, combined with ability to describe what they have seen and experienced.

The first division was assigned to Mrs. Helen Campbell, whose life has been spent in New York city, and whose well-known sympathies for the poor and unfortunate, combined with long experience in city missionary work and charitable enterprises, peculiarly fitted her for this portion of the work. Her interest in missions and her labors among the lower classes have brought her face to face with squalor and misery among the hopelessly poor, as well as with degraded men and women in their own homes; while her ready sympathy gained for her access to their hearts, and thus gave her a practical insight into their daily life possessed by few. Who but a woman could describe to women the scenes of sin, sorrow, and suffering among this people that have presented themselves to her womanly eye and heart?

To Col. Thomas W. Knox was assigned the task of delineating phases of city life that a trained journalist of many years' experience in New York is more familiar with than almost any other person. To the advantages of his facile pen and quick

observation, born of long newspaper work, are added those of a lifetime spent in the great city and perfect familiarity with many features of metropolitan life which he so well describes.

To Chief Inspector Thomas Byrnes, the famous head of the New York Detective Bureau,—the most efficient bureau of its kind in the world,—the public is indebted for the faithful descriptions of criminal life and detective experiences given in this volume. For thirty years he has been connected with the police force of New York, working his way up from the rank of patrolman to his present high and responsible position. For many years he has been constantly and prominently before the public as a detective of wonderful skill and unerring sagacity. The very nature of his life-work has brought him into close contact with crime, destitution, and vice, and has given him exceptional opportunities for the study of life among the dangerous classes. More than any other man he knows the methods and characteristics of "crooks" of high and low degree, and possesses a thorough knowledge of their haunts.

When the manuscripts of these joint authors were placed in the publishers' hands, they for the first time realized the great importance of the work they had undertaken. In genuine interest and graphic description it exceeded anything they had hoped for, and their estimate of its worth grew with closer examination. The original plan of the book included but a few full-page illustrations; but the sterling character of the work as revealed by reading the manuscript,—its authenticity, incontrovertible facts, and startling revelations,—led the publishers to believe that it ought to be illustrated with more than common fullness and in the most truthful and realistic manner. But how could this be accomplished?

The old method of employing artists of quick talent to seize the general outline of a scene, and by a few rapid strokes of a pencil preserve the general idea, until, in the studio, leisure was found to enlarge the hasty sketch and reproduce the details from memory, was open to serious objection; for in this way everything is left to the artist, whose generally exuberant and sometimes distorted imagination has full swing, and in addition a

the method is exceedingly faulty in having to rely upon one of the most treacherous of human faculties — the memory. Such pictures can only approximate to the reality: they may be — and often are — very wide of the truth. The publishers were satisfied that illustrations produced in this way could not show the fidelity to nature that the text demanded. Here the modern camera came to their aid, and it alone is the basis for every illustration in this volume. In deciding to adopt the camera as a means to an end, they little dreamed of the labor, time, and expense which the undertaking involved.

Recent developments in photography have rendered it possible to catch instantaneously all the details of a scene with the utmost fidelity. The publishers and their photographer explored the city together for months, by day and by night, seeking for living material on the streets, up narrow alleys and in tenement houses, in missions and charitable institutions, in low lodging-houses and cellars, in underground resorts and stale-beer dives, in haunts of criminals and training-schools of crime, and in nooks and corners known only to the police and rarely visited by any one else. These two hundred and fifty remarkable pictures were selected from upwards of a thousand photographs taken at all hours of the day and night. Many of them were taken at moments when the people portrayed would rather have been anywhere else than before the lens' eye. By far the greater part of them were made by flash-light, without the aid of which much of the life herein shown so truthfully could not have been presented at all. Some of them were made under circumstances of great difficulty, in dimly-lighted holes and in underground places, literally "in darkest New York," where the light of day never penetrates. Not a few were made long after midnight, for there are phases of city life that cannot be seen at any other time. As a whole these illustrations depict many and varied scenes of every-day life and all-night life which go to make the sum of New York's daily history.

The dark side of life is presented without any attempt to tone it down, and foul places are shown just as they exist. Any

one who undertakes to "see life" in the haunts of vice and crime in New York, especially by night, takes his life in his own hand, and courts danger in many forms. Criminals are a suspicious class. The appearance of a camera in their midst at once suggests to them the Rogues' Gallery, and recalls to their mind crimes known only to themselves. It is not pleasant, in underground dens, where hardened criminals and the vilest outcasts hide from the light of day, to be mistaken for detectives in search of their prey; nor is it pleasant to spend day after day in vermin-infested tenements and oozy cellars waiting for opportunities to portray some particularly desired scene. It is dangerous to breathe for hours at a time an atmosphere poisoned with nauseating effluvia; it is hazardous to be surrounded in narrow alleys by a crowd of toughs who believe that bricks and other missiles were specially designed for the benefit of strangers. There are hundreds of places in New York where even the air of respectability is an element of personal danger.

In midnight expeditions it was often necessary to creep stealthily into a locality where it was known that night life at its worst existed. The camera was quickly and silently adjusted in the dark, and the sudden and blinding flash of the magnesium light was generally the first knowledge the subject had of the presence of photographers; but the knowledge came too late to prevent the lightning work of the camera, which in the two-hundredth part of a second had faithfully fixed the scene on the sensitive plate. Surprise and wonder were often followed by oaths and threats that were of no avail, for the camera had done its work.

In some of these pictures will be seen — in their own haunts and amid their own surroundings — lineaments of old and well-known criminals, both men and women, together with those of younger years just entering upon a life of crime and degradation, and of some whose footsteps have barely touched the threshold. In no instance have artists been allowed to exercise their imagination by drawing pictures of impossible scenes, or exaggerating what is already bad enough. The fact that every illustration in this volume is from a photograph made from life,

and that the greatest care has been taken to present these photographs in fac-simile, even to the preservation of the portraits, are features that will commend themselves to all.

It is said that figures do not lie. Neither does the camera. In looking on these pages the reader is brought face to face with real life as it is in New York; *not* AS IT WAS, but AS IT IS TO-DAY. Exactly as the reader sees these pictures, just so were the scenes presented to the camera's merciless and unfailing eye at the moment when the action depicted took place. Nothing is lacking but the actual *movement* of the persons represented.

Here, then, are presented to the reader faithful pictorial representations of street life in New York by day and by night: scenes in various well-known Christian missions in tough districts, their audiences, services, and so forth; gospel work by day and by night by mission-workers and rescue-bands in the vilest slums; scenes of hospital life and in charitable institutions; in cheap lodging houses and cellars; in back streets and alleys; in dens of infamy and crime, where the dangerous classes congregate; in the homes of the poor; in wretched tenement districts, where the horror of the life that is lived by human beings herded together by thousands is well-nigh incredible; in newsboys' lodging houses; in the police, detective, and fire departments; in opium-joints and among the denizens of Chinatown; among the Italians of Mulberry Street, and along its famous "Bend," — these and many other topics are here presented in the best pictorial manner, and always with strict regard to truth.

The publishers return their sincere thanks to all who have in any way helped them in this arduous undertaking. Their grateful acknowledgments are due to the Board of Police Commissioners, and to Chief Inspector Thomas Byrnes, without whose aid many rare photographs could not have been made: to the captains of various police precincts, who on numerous occasions detailed special detectives to pilot and accompany the photographers to places known only to the police; to the officers of the Children's Aid Society, and of the Society for the

Prevention of Cruelty to Children; to the superintendents of the Florence Night Mission, the Water Street Mission, and the Cremorne Mission; to Sister Irene, of the New York Foundling Asylum; to the president of the Board of Public Charities and Correction, and to the Board of Fire Commissioners. Unfailing courtesies were extended on every hand, and made it possible to secure new and desirable material that has never hitherto been presented.

The publishers' thanks are especially due to Mr. O. G. Mason (at present and for the past twenty-five years official photographer at Bellevue Hospital), to whose rare skill they are indebted for many fine photographs made expressly for this volume. In photographing difficult scenes, Mr. Mason's skill could be relied upon implicitly. Nearly all of the photographs from which the full-page engravings were made were taken by flash-light by him, as well as many of those for the smaller illustrations. Always ready for emergencies, possessing ability and facilities to instantly meet them, he was in every way the right man in the right place. Mr. E. Warren, Jr., Mr. Frederick Vilmar, and Mr. Jacob A. Riis, also placed at their disposal large collections of photographs from which very interesting selections have been made.

The whole work has passed under the editorial supervision of Mr. E. E. Treffry, of New York, and the publishers are indebted to his experience for many valuable suggestions.

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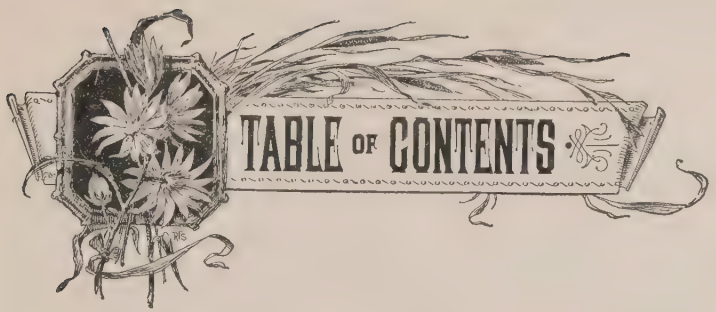

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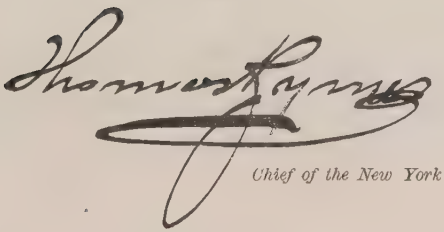

Chief of the New York Detective Bureau

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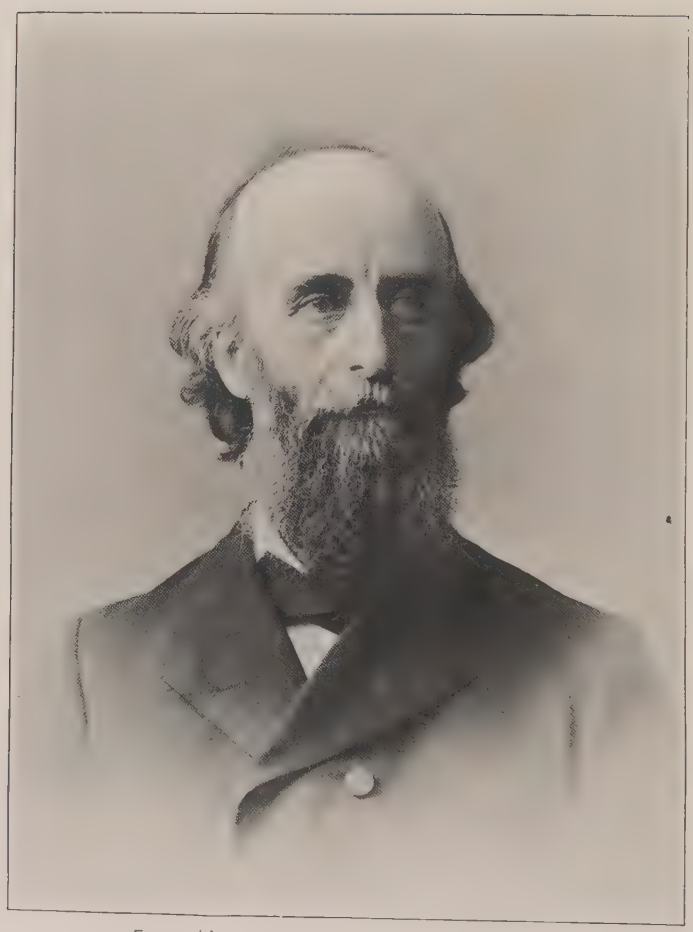


Engraved from a recent photograph expressly for this work.

Lyman Abbott

INTRODUCTION.*

BY REV. LYMAN ABBOTT D.D.

THE problem of the great city is the problem of modern civilization. It was brought to the attention of the thoughtful in 1851 by Henry Mayhew's "London and the London Poor"; interest in it was revived a few years ago by the brief but suggestive little monograph "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London"; reawakened in 1890 by Gen. Booth's "In Darkest England and the Way Out"; and further invaluable material for its study is furnished by Charles Booth's "Labor and Life of the People," still in course of publication; and on this side of the water by Jacob Riis's life-like study entitled "How the Other Half Lives." The present volume is in a noble succession and worthy of the literary class to which it belongs. Though not the first, it is the most comprehensive picture of New York city with which I am acquainted; it is furnished by experts who know whereof they write, and who verify their graphic accounts by the indisputable evidence of the photograph. I am glad to be permitted to recommend it to American readers. For over a third of a century the subject of this book has been one of the subjects of my study — sometimes in literature, sometimes in life. The realism of this volume needs no endorsement. If there were such need it should certainly have mine.

Mr. Loomis, in his admirable monograph, "Modern Cities and their Religious Problems,"[1] has brought together com-

[1] Modern Cities and their Religious Problems, by Samuel Lane Loomis, see Chapter I.

pactly some startling figures upon this subject. In 1790, one-thirtieth of our population lived in cities of over eight thousand inhabitants; in 1870, nearly or quite one-fourth. The growth has been as remarkable in other countries as in ours. Three hundred and fifty more persons sleep in London every night than the night before. Macaulay is said to have walked through every street of London; to-day this would involve a tramp of twenty-five hundred miles. The London of 1836 had not so large a population as is contained in the combined cities of New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City. The London of to-day possesses a population equal to the combined populations of New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, Baltimore, Cincinnati, and San Francisco. Glasgow has increased more rapidly than Chicago. In Belgium, Denmark, and Germany the growth of population in the cities has been twice as great as that of the rural districts; in Sweden and Russia four times as great; in Norway ten times. In thirty years Berlin has more than doubled her population. To Paris, as to New York, fifty thousand souls are added every year.

In our own country the growth of perils has kept pace with the growth of the population. In our great cities, poverty, ignorance, intemperance, and crime, the four great enemies of Republican institutions, thrive in frightfully over-crowded districts. There are wards in New York city in which the population is so dense that there are less square feet of the earth's surface for every man, woman, and child than is allowed therefor in the most crowded graveyard in the country. The saloons are many and are increasing; the churches are few and, relatively to the population, decreasing. In 1880 there was in Boston one saloon to every 329 of the population — men, women, and children; in Chicago, one to every 179; in New York, one to every 171; in Cincinnati, one to every 124. On the other hand, in Boston, one church to every 1,600 of the population; in Chicago, one to every 2,081; in New York, one to every 2,468. There are wards in Brooklyn, "city of

churches," in which, counting all places of worship, Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Jewish, there is not one church for every 5,000 of the population. In many instances these churches are not more than half full, and then only for one service on Sunday. Of the alleged tendency of foreign immigrants to crowd into our great cities, I do not speak, because I am not sure that the tendency exists or that it is evil if it does exist. There are rural districts in the West which are as truly given over to foreign occupation as any wards in our great cities, and many of our citizens, foreign born or born of foreign parents, are as industrious, temperate, virtuous, and every way as valuable members of the community as those who boast a Puritan lineage.

In the cities great fortunes are made. Therefore greed and enterprise, — a vice and a virtue which often go together, — draw the young men of energy and acquisitiveness cityward. In the cities are to be found the men of noblest ambition and the men of insanest passion for money-making. Every city is a gambling center; and the gambling devil is as dangerous as the drink devil. Misery loves company. The poor flock to the great city, partly because it offers delusive promises of employment to those who wish for work, and endless opportunities for beggary and crime to those who wish to live on their neighbors; partly because it affords companionship to those who have no resources in themselves and who find no company so distasteful as their own barren souls. "Wheresoever the carcass is, there the vultures will be gathered together." The city is the natural gathering place of all the carrion birds. Thus the city presents in microcosm all the contrasts of our modern life, — its worst and its best aspects. Here are the broad avenues, and here the narrow lanes; here the beautiful parks where landscape gardening has done its best, and here the fetid streets whose festering filth pollutes the atmosphere; here palaces on which selfish extravagance has lavished every artifice for luxury and display, and here tenements where, in defiance of every law,

moral and sanitary, men, women, and children are crowded together like maggots in a cheese. Here are the greatest universities, equipping men for the noblest intellectual work, and here the grossest illiteracy and the most absolute ignorance of the simplest and plainest laws of life. Here the greatest churches and here the most garish saloons, nightly the scenes of debauchery and vice, frequently of dreadful crime. Here are the noblest men and women putting forth the most consecrated energies in self-sacrificing labors for the redemption of their fellow-men, appalled, but not discouraged, by the immensity of the problem which confronts them; and here the most hopeless specimens of degraded humanity, in whom, so far as human sight can see, the last spark of divinity has been quenched forever. What shall we do with our great cities? What will our great cities do with us? These are the two problems which confront every thoughtful American.

For the question involved in these two questions does not concern the city alone. The whole country is affected, if indeed its character and history are not determined, by the condition of its great cities. Rome has made Italy, Paris France, Berlin Germany, St. Petersburg Russia, London England; and Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco, and New Orleans are making the United States. The excessive religiousness of Rome has dominated Italy with the spirit of a too credulous faith and a too unenterprising submission. The barbaric splendor and bureaucratic paternalism centering in St. Petersburg has paralyzed Russia, that overgrown babe too long kept in swaddling clothes. The cold intellectualism of Berlin has pervaded Germany with an unemotional and unspiritual but intellectual life. The sensual gaiety of Paris has corrupted France, undermining alike its political and its religious institutions. The surviving brutalism of the Anglo-Saxon race, re-appearing in bestial forms in London, affords a metropolitan example for many a smaller town to follow.

And every American will recognize that in Boston he sees the spirit of New England, in New Orleans that of Louisiana, and in Chicago that of the growing West. The political influences exerted by these cities often over-balance the rest of the state and determine the political action even of the nation. The crimes which occasionally terrify the residents in rural villages and smaller towns are planned and perpetrated by skilled professionals, educated in the nearest great city; the gambling mania developed in its markets and exchanges is by the telegraphic wire carried to every part of the country with the rapidity with which the nerve flashes intelligence from the brain to the finger. The cities are kept alive by the immigration from the rural districts. They become schools in vice or virtue for hundreds of young men and women who go up year by year from their country homes to the great cities in quest of a greater success than the farm or the village store promises them. To make a fortune or to mar a character? That depends upon the associations they form, the atmosphere they breathe, the life in which they are immersed in the bright, beautiful, but awful city. There is not a father or mother in America who has not reason to feel a strong personal interest in the conditions and character of the city which this book describes.

And yet the picture is not all a dark one. Another volume as large, thought not as dramatic as this, might be written on the benevolent influences in our great cities for the redemption of the erring and the sinful. In the early history of Christendom the great cities were the gathering places of the first Christian churches. The pagans, — that is, *pagani*, — were the country men or villagers; the heathen were the heath dwellers. Later it was from the towns and cities that the Benedictines went forth, carrying with them the seeds of an improved civilization, in better education for the common people, and in improvements in every art which concerned the common welfare. In England, in the days of Simon de Montfort, it was in the cities that the Franciscans carried on their missionary

work, and all unwittingly prepared the way for the English Reformation. The cities furnished Cromwell's army with his recruits, — his tapsters and serving men. The towns and cities were the centers of the great Methodist revival. And to-day it is to the cities that country parishes appeal and Western college presidents come for means to carry on the religious and educational work of the smaller towns and the rural districts. The city is not all bad nor all good. It is humanity compressed, the best and the worst combined, in a strangely composite community.

Mr. Charles Booth — not to be confounded with Gen. Booth, the founder and leader of the Salvation Army — began in 1886 a careful, scientific study of the city of London, especially the East End, and has published in part the result of these investigations in three volumes entitled, "Labor and Life of the People." His volume is not like the present one, graphic and pictorial, though illustrative incidents are not wanting; it is chiefly scientific and statistical. As the result of this investigation, he divided the people of London into eight classes, distinguished by the letters from A to H, as follows: —

		POPULATION.
A.	The lowest class of occasional laborers, loafers, and semi-criminals,	1.2 per cent.
B.	Casual earnings, very poor,	11.2 "
C.	Poor — Intermittent earnings,	8.3 "
D.	" Small regular earnings,	14.5 "
E.	Fairly Comfortable — Regular stated earnings,	42.3 "
F.	" " Higher class labor,	13.6 "
G.	Lower Middle class,	3.9 "
H.	Upper Middle class,	5.0 "

In considering what duties are imposed upon us by the condition of our great cities, what remedies are possible for their vice and crime, what protection possible against the perils with which they threaten our commonwealth, Mr. Booth's careful scientific survey of London may serve us a useful purpose. We cannot, indeed, assume that the conditions in London are like those in New York. The proportion between the different

classes is probably different in every different city, and almost certain to be in New York other than it is in London. No such careful study of New York city has yet been made, and the census statistics are somewhat uncertain, if not absolutely untrustworthy. Yet those best acquainted with the conditions of life in New York estimate that at least one-tenth of the population of that city belong to the dependent, that is, to the pauper and criminal class. Mr. Booth's classification may therefore serve our purpose, though his figures may not.

The problem of our civilization is primarily one not of cure, but of prevention. The first duty of both the State and the Church is to study, not how to recover the pauper and the criminal, but how to prevent the poor from drifting down into the pauper and criminal class; and how to help them to climb gradually into a region of permanent self-support and manly independence. It would be carrying coals to Newcastle were I to attempt to add to this graphic volume any further description of life in New York city, but I shall venture to offer some suggestions as to the practical remedy for the evils described and the duty imposed upon all men and women of a humane spirit.

These remedies are of two kinds: the political and personal. As to the distinctively socialistic remedies this is not the place to speak. The existence of poverty and crime in such vast proportions is a symptom not merely of individual depravity, but of imperfect social organization. Very considerable social reconstruction is necessary before modern society can be truly called Christian. But to discuss the socialistic questions involved would require space far beyond the limits of such an introduction as this, and I therefore confine myself to a consideration of those remedies which may be put in operation without any radical reconstruction of social order or organization.

I. Political Remedies.— Mr. Gladstone has well said that our laws ought to be so framed as to make virtue easy and crime difficult. In our criminal laws there is much which makes crime easy and virtue difficult. Sydney Smith satirized

the jails of England as public schools maintained at great expense for the cultivation of crime and the education of criminals. That satiric but sadly true description has been in print for many years, and yet remains true. Our institutions for the punishment of petty crimes are admirably adapted to convert the first not very guilty offender into a permanent and professional criminal. The homeless girl in our great cities, under the influence of evil companions, falls into vice or the suspicion of a crime. She is straightway locked up in the same guard-house with criminals of the other sex or with more hardened criminals of her own. Only recently, and after a hard battle, has the legislature of New York reluctantly enacted a law providing for women custodians of women suspects in the station houses of New York city. A woman committed to the penitentiary is a woman disgraced; honorable life is henceforth almost impossible for her. And yet the judge, knowing this fact, can avoid perpetrating this crime against womanhood, only by stretching his authority to its utmost. That he may not do this great wrong, he will suspend sentence and then tell the girl before him that unless she voluntarily submits herself to the custody of some designated philanthropic institution he will have her re-arrested and committed on the charge preferred against her. In my own city of Brooklyn, The Wayside Home, provided by Christian women as a means of preventing the law from pushing accidental criminals into a career of permanent crime, has with difficulty secured a charter, and can render the service which it desires to render only by sufferance of the law through this exercise of judicial discretion. Experts have long demanded reformatory institutions for juvenile criminals, and that judicial discretion be given to the criminal judges to commit criminals under a specified age to such reformatory and educational institutions as Christian philanthropy may provide for the purpose. A little has been accomplished; a great deal remains unaccomplished.

While the community imposes penal sentences of too great severity in the case of unhardened criminals, it imposes absurdly

short sentences upon habitual drunkards. The usual term for a man or a woman arrested for disorderly and drunken behavior in the street is ten days. It barely suffices to sober the habitué of the saloon and whet the appetite for a new debauch. The convict is discharged only to get drunk on the day of his release, and to find himself on the following morning before the magistrate, awaiting a new sentence. "Rounders" spend half their time in the penitentiary, housed at the public expense, and the other half in drinking and debauchery in the public streets. All students of criminal law are agreed that this crime-breeding abuse should cease; but an apathetic, perhaps ignorant, legislature thus far has given no relief. Every person arrested for drunkenness should be committed to an asylum for a term sufficiently long to make a radical cure of his inebriacy possible; and for a second or third offense the committal should be until competent authorities in the asylum pronounce a cure effectual. If this sometimes involves a life sentence, what then? It is a folly, which Talleyrand would call worse than a crime, for us to maintain, at public expense, police courts and a penitentiary, to administer a system of miscalled punishment, which does nothing to lessen and much to aggravate the public offense and the public cost of drunkenness.

Every man who walks the streets of a great city, especially towards nightfall, finds himself from time to time accosted by some vagrant beggar. Every man who lives in a great city finds his door besieged by a procession of them. Sometimes the beggar is in search of work; oftener of a lodging for the night; still more frequently of money to pay his passage to some other city where he has friends or the promise of a job. He is usually the victim of some accident or disease — chronic rheumatism, a hacking cough. Frequently he has just been discharged from the hospital. Occasionally he carries an old greasy testimonial. He used to be an old soldier; but the old soldier has now disappeared. If he really has met with some accident and has a wooden leg, or a disabled hand, he is exceptionally equipped. Sometimes this man really is an unfortu-

nate, without ability to support himself, and without personal friends; sometimes he is a criminal, and it is never wise to leave him alone in the hall if there are overcoats on the hat tree. But generally he is a vagrant who has found it easier to beg than to dig, and who is on his downward way to petty crime — or worse. On a cold night in a comfortable home, one is reluctant to turn such an applicant away; but to give him money or clothing is to do him a wrong, because it adds one more impulse to his vagrant and lazy propensities. Philanthropic men and women have united to protect the community against these professional vagrants. The Bureau of Charities receives subscriptions from its patrons and then invites them to send every such beggar to its doors. It has a woodyard and gives to the man a job by which he can earn a lodging or a breakfast. It has a laundry for the employment of the vagrant woman. But all unfortunates cannot saw wood or wash clothes. Gen. Booth in his Salvation Army has sketched a larger scheme and a wiser one. To the woodyard he has added the workshop. For work done he will give food and shelter to every tramp who applies. For admission there is but one condition — the tramp must be willing to do any work assigned to him. Smoking, drinking, and bad language are not allowed upon the premises. The willing and competent worker graduates into an upper class where he receives small wages besides food and shelter. And from this class he graduates into independent employment which the Salvation Army endeavors to find for him as soon as he is competent to perform it. The principle of the Army is, — Never give something for nothing. To do this is to rob man of his manhood. Gifts that pauperize never truly relieve poverty. In some future day the state will do by law what Gen. Booth endeavors to do by private charity. It will assist the vagrant who cannot support himself; it will provide him with food, shelter, clothing, and *work*. It will require him, if he is able, to do the work in payment of his maintenance. And it will look back with amazement upon the days in which men and women com

mitted petty thefts in order to secure the privilege of being sent to jail and provided with the necessaries of life, which the state gives to the criminal but not to the honest incompetent.

We are just beginning to learn that self-interest is not a sufficient protection to the community. It is not safe to allow landlords to build such houses as they can rent, or tenants to occupy such apartments as they like. Sanitary laws are already in existence which profess to regulate the condition and character of tenement houses. But the appropriations for the Board of Health in New York city are ridiculously inadequate and the number of its inspectors absurdly small. As a consequence, in defiance of law, unsanitary tenements still exist, where the tenants are deprived of air and light; and bad drainage and cheap plumbing combined with filthy streets and courts make breeding places for public pestilence. In London they have gone further and done better than we have in democratic America. Unsanitary tenements have been torn down, the height of buildings has been regulated by a certain fixed ratio to the width of the streets, the number of tenants allowed to a given number of cubic feet is regulated by law and the violation of the law by the landlord severely punished. Acres of land in London have been cleared by Act of Parliament, and in the place of the old unsightly and unsanitary tenements decent dwellings have been erected by private capital. But these reforms will not be carried out in New York city until the country districts awaken to their righteousness and necessity, and give to the over-crowded wards the boon which their ignorant population are not intelligent enough to ask for. As I write these lines a movement has already been inaugurated in New York city, championed by one of its leading papers, to secure by political action the opening of parks and play-grounds in the more densely populated wards to whose children the Central Park is an El Dorado too distant for even an annual outing; and to provide reading and club rooms in the public schoolhouses as gathering places in the evening for the boys and young men who have now no other meeting-place than the

saloon. In all these reforms Whitechapel (London) has already led the way. The free library started by private benevolence has been assumed by the district, and, by a popular vote of four to one, made a public charge; play-grounds have been attached to the public school buildings; and the buildings themselves have been opened for club purposes in the evenings. There is no reason why these simple reforms should not be carried into effect at once with us, except that under our system of local government, the wards in which the need for these reforms is the greatest are the wards where that need is least realized and therefore least likely to be supplied. The impulse for the reform must come in most cases, if not in all, from without.

II. Personal and Philanthropic Remedies. — Rev. S. A. Barnett, the founder and head of Toynbee Hall, in an article on Whitechapel in the *Christian Union*, has pointed out the methods by which a considerable measure of reform has been wrought in that famous district. "It has been," he says, "by a combination of official and voluntary action. Official action has a tendency to become narrow and hard; voluntary action has a tendency to become weak and uncertain. Whitechapel reforms have been initiated and are still inspired by the humanity of active citizens, but they have the authority of the public sanction and the stability of official control."

Law may punish crime, repress disorder, stop up some of the fountains from which crime and disorder flow, do something to change environment and ameliorate conditions; but it can do very little directly for moral improvement of character, and moral improvement of character is fundamental. This work must be largely voluntary. It must be done by those who engage in it inspired by faith and hope and love, not appointed to it by a bureau and selected for it from political considerations. In this field of philanthropic effort professionalism of all kinds is fatal. Even the paid agents of religious societies cannot save as a substitute for volunteers. Their knowledge may be more accurate and their experience larger, but their sympathies will be less vital, and they will always labor under

the suspicion which attaches to paid officials of every description.

The secret of success in all personal and voluntary work for the improvement of the outcast class, or of those who are in danger of falling into it, is personal contact with men and women of higher nature. This was the method of Jesus; he put himself in personal touch with the men and women whom he sought to influence, and then sent out to a wider ministry those who had received inspiration from him, to impart it in turn to others. It is the herding of the despairing and the criminal together which makes reform almost impossible. "By herding together," says Mr. Charles Booth, "both the quarters they occupy and their denizens tend to get worse;" and he describes the gain which has been made by destroying the horrible lodging-houses (of these as they exist in New York the reader will find a graphic description in the pages of this volume), and in the consequent dispersion of their inhabitants. This process, however, can be carried out only where the tenements and the lodging-houses are of the worst description; and this process does not of itself constitute reform. It is for Christian philanthropy to turn into these lower wards a stream of pure and better humanity, and by furnishing ideals and examples of life promote purer and better living. This work of private and personal benevolence until comparatively recently has been left undone. What Mr. Charles Booth says of London is equally true of New York: "the publican is left too much in possession of the field as friend of the working man." Nothing will really serve except to give him a better friend.

It is a part of the common cant of our time to charge the Christian churches with being indifferent to the condition of the poor; with being so absorbed in creeds and rituals and in their own luxurious worship that they have no eyes to see the destitution which is about them, — no ears to hear the outcry of the outcast. Whatever truth there may be in these charges, the Christian churches have been the first to

enter the missionary field in our great cities, to explore it and to engage in measures of recuperation and redemption. Every city church of any considerable size and resources has one or more mission chapels in the lower wards of the city, with its Sunday-school, its week-day meetings of various descriptions, and generally its Sabbath evening service. The teachers in these schools are young men and young women from the up-town churches. They are not always wise, and are rarely skilled teachers. The value of their ministry lies not so much in the Bible or in the catechism which they teach, as in the fact that for one hour a day unkempt boys and girls are brought in contact with a young man or a young woman whom they admire, then learn to love, and so instinctively take as a pattern to be imitated. Any man who is familiar with the work of these Sunday-schools knows how, in two or three years, the appearance of the children changes. They become cleanly and well dressed. The ragged school ceases to be a ragged school; they carry back into their homes something of the inspiration which they have derived from the hour's companionship on Sunday afternoon; the whole neighborhood feels and shows the influence. The Five Points, for years dangerous even to policemen at night, was as absolutely purified by the Five Points House of Industry, established and maintained by Mr. Pease, as is a filthy street when flushed out by a stream of pure water. Of this mission work Mrs. Helen Campbell has given in the opening chapters of this volume a most graphic picture in her account of the work of Jerry McAuley. Her description of that mission makes evident that our Christian work in the outcast wards will never accomplish what it ought, until the outcasts themselves, who have been converted, are set apart to mission work among their fellows. Jesus ordained to the gospel ministry the twelve fishermen after they had received but a year's instruction from Him, and one of them had not fully recovered from his sailor habit of profanity; and Paul began preaching to the Jews within a few days after he was converted to Christianity.

Growing historically, though not organically, out of these Christian missions are missionary movements equally Christian in spirit, though not in name, nor in theological doctrine. In lieu of an hour's contact on a Sunday afternoon, these new philanthropic movements, born within the last quarter of a century, seek to provide a more permanent and continuous contact. The most notable of these, Toynbee Hall in East London, may serve as an illustration of the others. Toynbee Hall is a young men's club, with a house which is open only to the members or their special guests. It was founded by the Rev. S. A. Barnett, who is still the head of it. The club house adjoins his church, St. Jude's, Whitechapel, but there is no other connection between Toynbee Hall and the church. The conditions of admission to the club are only two: that the candidate be a clubable fellow, congenial to the other members, and that he enter the club because he has a sincere desire to do some unselfish work for his fellow-men in East London. Most of the members of the club are engaged through the day in some vocation, being dependent on their industry in greater or less measure for their livelihood. But the evenings which other young men devote to calls, theaters, concerts, and society in general, the residents in Toynbee Hall devote to some philanthropic work in the district. One young man organizes a class in language, another in literature, another in some practical phase of physical science, another a boys' club. Each man selects his own work according to his own idiosyncrasy, conferring with the head of the club only to avoid collision and duplications. To those who measure a missionary work by statistics of the number of pupils taught, congregations addressed, visits made, and converts enrolled, Toynbee Hall appears a failure. But to those who are able to see how the inspiration furnished to one life is transferred to a second and a third, how each lighted torch lights in turn another, the work of Toynbee Hall takes rank with the highest and best Christian work of our century. It is imitated in spirit, though not in detailed methods, by the College Settlement of New York, a

settlement of college girls, who, with a similar aim, have taken up their residence in one of the lower wards of New York city; and by the Andover House in Boston, which has recently been established by the students of Andover Theological Seminary.

Another form in which this same principle of personal intermingling of the cultivated and the virtuous with the less fortunate, is wrought out, is furnished by the Boys' and Girls' Clubs. A Working Girls' Club usually consists of from twenty to fifty members. It sometimes has rooms in a mission chapel or parish house, but more frequently hires a house of its own. A group of ladies interested in the movement identify themselves with the club and attend its sessions with greater or less regularity. The house is usually open every evening in the week, and classes are established in which dressmaking, millinery, cooking, and the like are taught. Every member of the club pays a small fee, and every member of each class some additional fee. These payments, however, are rarely sufficient to meet all the expenses of the club; the deficit is provided either by special contributions or by some church. The Working Girls' Clubs thus connected with the Episcopal Churches of New York are united in one central organization. There is also both in New York and in Brooklyn a federation of the non-Episcopal Working Girls' Clubs. Connected with these clubs are country homes or "Vacation Houses," where the girls can spend their week or fortnight of summer vacation. They pay their actual expenses, thus maintaining a self-respecting independence, but the house is provided and more or less equipped by private benevolence. These Working Girls' Clubs can hardly be called missionary enterprises; since the girls who constitute them are independent and of unexceptionable character; the merit of the club consists in the opportunity for social intermingling and consequent moral culture. In many of them no denominational lines are recognized, and in not a few supported by Protestant churches, Roman Catholics constitute a majority of the members. The Boys' Club differs from the Working Girls' Club only as the boy

differs from the girl. They vary in membership from twenty to two hundred. A room is secured in which the boys are gathered once, twice, or ftener a week, for all sorts of employment from a lecture or a class to a military drill or a musical or stereopticon entertainment. The expense involved in such work is not necessarily very great. The Rev. John L. Scudder, Pastor of the People's Tabernacle (Congregational) of Jersey City, has recently opened in connection with his church the apparatus for such a work as I have just briefly described. He has bought two dwelling-houses; turned the parlor and basement of one of them, by taking out the floor, into a swimming bath; in the other, furnished a parlor and provided some class rooms; in an additional building, constructed for the purpose, placed a gymnasium, bowling alley, billiard tables, library and reading-rooms, and game-room for the younger boys. The entire expense of the whole establishment has not exceeded $15,000. What the running expense will be it is too early to state with positiveness, but a considerable proportion of it will be provided for by the fees, and the demand for admission by the boys is already so great that they have to be admitted only in sections. The People's Tabernacle, however, is in a down-town district and is peculiarly well situated for such a work.

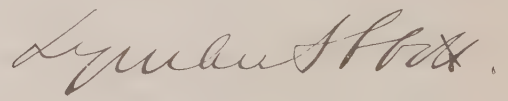
Clubs of workingmen are more common in London than in this country. In Whitechapel alone there are six of them, classed by Mr. Booth as philanthropic and religious, and all of them, with one exception, total abstinence clubs.

This account would not be complete without at least refering to the system of "Friendly Visitors,"[1]—a system according to which certain persons, under the direction of a central board, pledge themselves to take one or more families who need counsel, if not material help, on their visiting list, and maintain personal friendly relations with them; and to the Free Kindergarten Schools, generally maintained by private benevolence, but in some communities attached to and forming a part of the public school system.

[1] Of this method of encouraging self-help Miss Octavia Hill gives an admirable account in the August number of the *Nineteenth Century*.

The reader will remember how Bunyan's Pilgrim was taken into the Interpreter's House and there saw a fire which burned hotter the more water was thrown upon it. He understood the mystery when the Interpreter took him to the other side of the wall, where he saw a man with a vessel of oil in his hand which he continually but secretly cast on the fire. I have tried in this introduction to take the reader to the other side of the wall and give him a glimpse of what is being done, and of what should be done on very much larger scale, to keep alive that form of faith and hope and love which burns or flickers, or at the worst glows as a divine ember in every human heart. The book to which this is an introduction describes only too truly the influences at work to quench the divine spark in humanity. But the case is by no means desperate. Mr. Charles Booth is authority for the statement that less than 13 per cent. of the population of London can be counted as "very poor," while nearly 65 per cent. are in comfort, and a portion of them in affluence. And Mr. Barnett is authority for the statement that in twenty years time, by the influences which I have here briefly hinted at, Whitechapel, famed as one of the worst city districts in the world, has been so greatly improved that "the death rate is now normal, and only one comparatively small district remains unreformed and vicious to remind the child of what was common in his father's days."

WHAT HAS BEEN CAN BE.



PLYMOUTH CHURCH,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

PART I.

DARKNESS AND DAYLIGHT
IN NEW YORK
Life in the Great Metropolis
BY DAY AND BY NIGHT
AS SEEN BY A WOMAN.
BY Mrs. HELEN CAMPBELL.

PART I.

BY

Helen Campbell.

CHAPTER I.

SUNDAY IN WATER STREET — HOMES OF REVELRY AND VICE — SCENES IN THE MISSION ROOM — STRANGE EXPERIENCES.

Water Street, its Life and Surroundings — A Harvest Field for Saloons and Bucket-Shops — Dens of Abomination — Sunday Sights and Scenes — The Little Sign, "Helping Hand for Men" — Inside the Mission Building — An Audience of ex-Convicts and Criminals — A Tough Crowd — Jerry McAuley's Personal Appearance — A Typical Ruffian — A Shoeless and Hatless Brigade — Pinching Out the Name of Jesus — "God Takes what the Devil Would Turn up His Nose at" — "O, Dear-r, Dear-r, Dearie Me!" — Comical Scenes — Quaint Speeches — Screams and Flying Stove-Lids — A Child's Hymn — "Our Father in Heaven, We Hallow Thy Name" — Old Padgett — A Water Street Bum — "God be Merciful to Me a Sinner" — A Terrible Night in a Cellar — The Empty Arm-Chair.

FOR six days in the week the gray-fronted warehouses on Water Street, grim and forbidding, seem to hold no knowledge that Sunday can come. All the week, above the roar of heavy teams, and the shouts and oaths of excited drivers as wheels lock and traffic is for a moment brought to a standstill, one hears the roar of steam, the resounding beat of great hammers, the clash of metal as the iron plates take shape.

Whether stoves or boilers have chief place here it would be hard to say. At first sight one is inclined to say stoves, since through open doors, as well as on the sidewalks, are enough, it would seem, for the whole world, — great heaters for great houses, more modest ones for lesser needs, and with them stoves of all orders, sizes, and shapes. How is it possible that any creature in any winter, however winds may blow, can remain unwarmed, since here is the "Poor Man's Friend," holding only a few quarts of coal, and warranted to consume everything but the merest suspicion of ashes? Here, then, are stoves for the world, and, having settled this, it instantly becomes certain that there must be boilers for the whole world also, with a no less supply of sewer and water-pipes. Boilers are everywhere, along the sidewalk and in the gutters, and children from the side-streets "play house" within their recesses with as thorough *abandon* as that of other children in quiet country fields and lanes. They are bedrooms as well, for at least in one boiler two children are sleeping, undisturbed by roar of trade or shout of contending truckmen; while other children, also bent upon such play as the street may afford, play hide-and-seek in the pipes or behind the stoves, and tumble about as if the iron were feather-beds. Now and then a policeman appears and scatters them, but for the most part they have their will, and live their small lives with a freedom untouched by any thought of the press and urgency about them.

This is Water Street for six days in the week, and then comes Saturday night, and the doors of the warehouses close, and the crowd streams up town. The trucks stand idle at corners and offer one more means of delight for the children, who run under and over them and reflect that a whole day of such bliss will be theirs unless some new policeman, more rigid in his notions than his comrades, orders them back to the dens from which they have emerged. Sunday has come, and with it creeps into the empty street all the life that for the other six days bides its time till night and gives no sign of existence. It is essentially a business street and only business, save here and there a tall tenement-house, reminders of a day when Water Street,

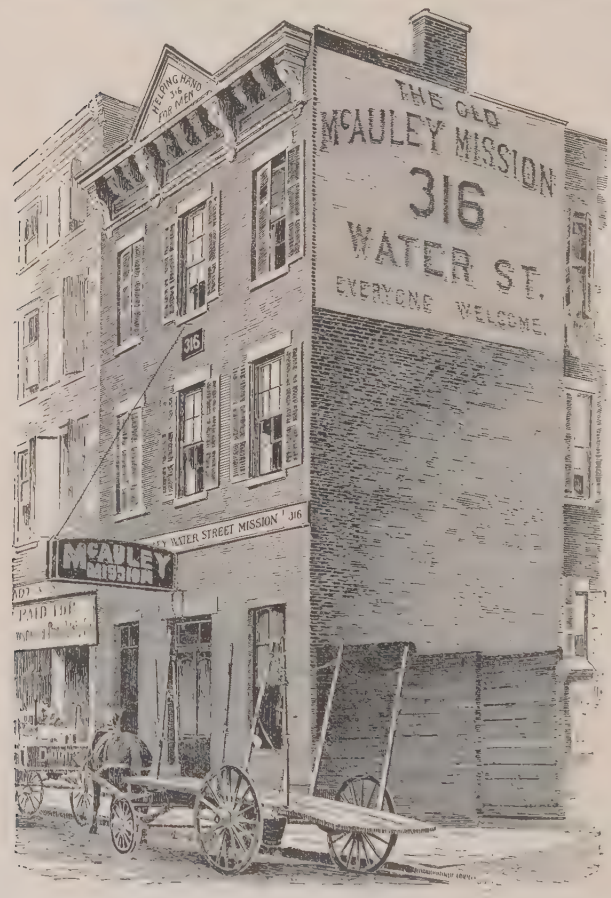
like many another around it, was a part of the region known as the Five Points, long ago reduced to order and decency by forces working for good.

This is what the casual looker-on thinks, till the side streets are traversed, and the sudden discovery made that, in spite of the fact that business has claimed much of the old ground, enough still remains in the hands of the enemy to offer full harvest for the saloon and bucket-shop. Side by side with warehouse and factory are dens given over to all abominations. Here are sailors' boarding-houses, where poor Jack is fleeced and turned loose to ship again and earn painfully the wages that he will return to use in the same fashion. Stale-beer dives are in every other basement; and from shackling old houses — once the home of old New Yorkers who knew this as fashionable and aristocratic ground — come the jingle of cracked pianos and the twanging of cheap fiddles. Women hideously painted and bedizened are here, their faces bearing an imprint of vice unspeakable; and here also children swarm at every point, drinking in the influence of all phases of a life which even to look upon for a fleeting moment carries pollution with it.

Standing at the corner of Dover Street, shadowed by the great pier of the Brooklyn Bridge, one sees here and there a low, gable-roofed house, the last remnants of the homes once owned by the quiet Dutch burghers, who, if spirits walk amidst their old haunts, must shrink and shudder at the sights and sounds of what was once a country street. Rat-pits and cock-pits, as well as bucket-shops, are here, and they are thronged by recruits from narrow streets and from dark alleys festering with filth. Cherry street is near, and the neighboring police station is always busy. Every nationality under heaven is brought before its court, charged with every form of drunkenness and vicious act; and though through the week they are in hiding, as it were, and wait the friendly shadow of night for the work they would do, Sunday is theirs to deal with as they will. What can check them, and what hope is there for this region, where evil rules and every pestiferous alley and swarming tene-

ment-house holds its quota of defrauded, vicious, and well-nigh hopeless human life?

A step or two farther, and the question is answered. A plain brick building shows itself; a carefully kept walk before it. The wide doors are closed with a spring lock, and on the steps stands a policeman, waiving off the children and half-grown boys who make occasional rushes toward the building and smash its windows by volleys of stones. It is the Water Street Mission; and though the rare soul of its founder has passed on to the larger life for which it waited, his work is still done as he planned at the beginning.



THE WATER STREET MISSION.

Jerry McAuley, born a thief, and with a lengthening record of crime; a bully, drunkard, and convict!—who does not know his story and the work of the thirteen years in which he labored for the ward in which he had grown up, and which he

left reluctantly for a field hardly less fruitful, in and about Thirty-second Street, — the Cremorne Mission? Whoever once entered the plain little chapel on Water Street, holding at most not over four hundred, and looked into the face of the man whose pride and joy it was, believed at once in his deep sincerity. Other converts who had started missions had fallen from grace, and many had known a last state worse than the first; but for Jerry fear had long ago ceased. Beginning fresh out of prison, and in one little room, where he hung out his sign, "Helping Hand for Men," he had gone on till this fruit of his labors had risen as a visible token of what power lies in passionate consecration to the spirit of help.

I will write of it, then, as it was in the days when he came and went there; and all will be true to-day, since nothing has altered, and he could once more take his seat in the arm-chair on the raised platform with no sense of strangeness. On this platform is a small reading-desk, a piano, a cabinet organ, and a few benches for visitors, who sit facing the audience. Scripture texts hang on the walls, and on each side are two framed cards printed in heavy black letters, "Speakers strictly limited to one minute."

Looking about the audience which has come in quietly, it is hard to believe that this is the Fourth Ward, and that it is made up of ex-convicts, criminals of many orders, and all the baser products of this nineteenth-century civilization. Whatever they may have been, to-day at least finds them new men, and among them all there is not a face that owns worse lines than Jerry's own, or that would be seized upon by the physiognomist with greater avidity as a proof of his most damaging conclusions—a typical bully and ruffian fresh from the hand of Nature, who has chosen forms that do not lie. The frame is tall and firm, with long arms and great hands, which show immense brute strength. The head could hardly be more defective in all that makes possibility for man. The forehead is retreating, the eyes small and deep-set; the nose heavy and projecting, and the wide mouth equally animal and significant. There is a keen and quiet observation that one sees at times on

the faces of old convicts who have known every phase of successful crime. It is the look, too, of some powerful animal anticipating attack from a hidden enemy, and certain that its own strength will suffice for any conflict that may come.

This is Jerry, and at the cabinet organ near him sits his wife, a sweet-faced motherly woman, who looks at him with devotion, but also nods and smiles as one and another enter and take what are evidently familiar places. She has played at intervals hymns from the Moody and Sankey collection, to which the feet of the audience keep time as the chapel fills, but as the hands of the clock point to half-past seven she nods again, and a tall man comes up to the desk and says quietly, "Let us pray."

It is an Irish tongue that speaks. There is no rant, no shouting, but an appeal of deepest earnestness that this night many wandering souls may be brought into the waiting fold. "There are some of us that's clane and dacent," he says. "There's more outside that is nayther. Oh, Lord Jesus, that picked me up out of the gutter, pick up them too an' make 'em come to you."

"Bring them in here," he adds, after a moment in which his voice has broken, and he has stood silent, quite powerless to speak. "Bring them in here, an' let us show them the way out o' trouble into peace."

A hymn follows and then a chapter, the story of Blind Bartimeus. The speaker has his own method of pronunciation, but he reads with a reverence so deep that all inclination to smile is destroyed, until he ends with a climax, grotesque, yet full of power:

"An' so ye see that the Lord was willin' to give his time and his mind to any one that would be askin' ayther. I tell ye, dear friends, there's nothin' like it. Joshua commanded the sun and moon to stand still, an' sure 'twas for his own interest he did it, but Jesus Christ stood still an' spoke to a blind beggar! You'll never get ahead o' that, do what ye will."

Men crept in as he read and talked, some hatless, others

without shoes or coat, with matted hair and dirty face, seeming to have come straight from the gutter, each one watched by the deep-set eyes of the occupant of the chair. His time had come, and now he rose slowly and looked about.

"The time's come for experiences," Jerry began. "There's few of you like to have had more than me, but when you start to tell, don't you forget an' run over your minute. There's a deal can be said in a minute. Cut out the middle an' give us both ends. An' you needn't be afraid to tell the whole. There's no spot in New York where you can tell the worst an' have it so natural not one winks when they hear it. Why look at me. Clean, ain't I, an' respectable, ain't I, an' happy, as the blindest might see. That's me, an' yet I've been down in the gutter deeper than those fellers over there or one that's here to-night. Yes, that's so. I'd no clothes but an old red shirt thick with dirt, an' a hat that might 'a' lain in an old tar-pot. I've lain on the floor in stale-beer dives an' begged for a drink, an' that head on me, me own mother wouldn't 'a' known me; but for all that an' more the blessed Jesus picked me up an' set me on me feet, an' now I'm tryin' to do the same with them that needs it. Who wouldn't?"

"I've got the same story to tell, and may be even a worse one," said a voice from behind me, and I turned to see the organist stepping forward, her eyes full of pity as one of the drunken men broke into a wail—"O Lord! What's the use?" "Yes, it's the same old story," she went on. "I drank and drank till there was nought left of me but the beast. I was so lost and degraded I don't want to think about it, but even then there was a power that could save me, and it did; and here I am to tell you every one you can't be so far gone but what you can be picked up out of it. The dear, tender Saviour found me, and all I want in the world is to make every one know His power, and have the peace and comfort I have every hour of my life. Now, let's hear what some of the rest think, and if there's any that doubt."

If Lucretia Mott had suddenly arisen, flung down her

Quaker bonnet, and announced herself an inveterate drunkard, I could not have been more profoundly amazed. I studied the sweet, steady face; not a line of it bearing any meaning but that of love and cheer and helpfulness, with an even, merry expression about the lips, that smiled involuntarily at the unexpected turns of thought and speech from one and another.

Half a dozen spring up at once, and sit down smiling, watching their turn. A flood of experience pours out, some eight or ten occupying not more than five minutes:

"I came in here fresh from a three-years term, and Jesus saved me."

"Fifteen weeks ago to-night I rolled in here so drunk I couldn't stand, and God saved me that very night."

"Eight months ago I was a wicked woman, none but God knows how wicked, though some here has had a taste of it, and Jesus saved *me*."

Then a woman rose; a markedly Jewish face, and the strong accent of the German Jew.

"I bless Gott dat ever I come here. O, my tear friends, how vill I tell you how vicket I vas! So vicket! I schvear, und tell lies, und haf such a demper I trow de dishes at mine husband ven he come to eat. And I hated dem Christians so! I say, dey should be killed efery one. I vould hurt dem if I could. One time a Bible reader she come und gif me a Bible. Ven I see de New Testament, I begin mit mine fingers, und efery day I pinch out de name of Jesus. It take a goot vhile. Efery day I haf to read so to see de name of Jesus, und efery day I pinch him out. Den at last it is all out und I am glad. Oh, vhat shame it makes me now to see dat Bible so! Den mine husband runs avay und leaf me und de five children, und I cannot get vork enough, und ve go hungry. I vas in such drouble. Und one day mine neighbor comes, und she say, 'Come mit me. I go to a nice place.' All de time I remember some vords I read in dat Testament, und dey shtick to me. So I come, but I say, 'I am a Jew, I like not to come.' Dere vas a man, und he say he been a Jew, too, und I could spit on him; but den I begins to gry, I feels so queer, und den some

one say, 'Come; it vont hurt you to be prayed for,' but I say, 'Go avay mit you, I vill not.' I keep comin'. It seem good, und at last I did understand, und I pray, un' beg eferybody pray. Oh, my sins are so big! I vant to lose dem. I vant to lofe Jesus! I keep prayin', und in one day dey are all gone. Oh, I am so happy. You vill not believe. I do not ever vant to schvear any more. No, not any more. I do not vant to holler und be mad. No, not any more. I do not vant to tell lies; no, not any more. Gott is so goot to me. I could not be vicket any more. Oh, pray for me, und help me to be goot."

At this point an interruption occurred. An old man in a sailor's blue shirt had taken his place among the rougher men near the door, — a man between sixty and seventy, with every mark of long dissipation. His hat was gone, as is often the case, and he had come from across the street barefoot, having pawned his shoes for a final drink. Heavy and gross; his nose bulging with rum-blossoms; his thin white hair gone in patches, like the forlorn mangy white dogs of this locality; trembling with weakness and incipient "horrors," and looking about with twinkling, uncertain blue eyes, he seemed one of the saddest illustrations of what the old Water Street had power to do. His seat had not satisfied him. Once or twice he had changed, and now he arose and stumbled up the aisle to the front, sitting down with a thump, and looking about curiously at the new faces. Jerry eyed him a moment, but apparently decided that the case at present needed no interference. The organ sounded the first notes of "The Sweet By and By," and the old man dropped his head upon his breast and shed a drunken tear. Then looking at Jerry, he said:

"O, dear-r, dear-r, dearie me! Here I be! here I be!" As the words ended, it seemed to occur to him that, like Mr. Wegg, he had "fallen into poetry unawares," and with great cheerfulness and briskness he repeated his couplet, looking about for approbation. One of the "regulars" came and sat down by him and whispered a few words.

"All right," was the prompt answer, and for a time he remained silent.

Another hymn, "Have you trials and temptations?" was sung, and another man stood up.

"I want to tell you, my friends, salt's salt, an' if the salt you salt with ain't salt, how you goin' to salt it?"

A pause, and the man, flushing deeply, sat down.

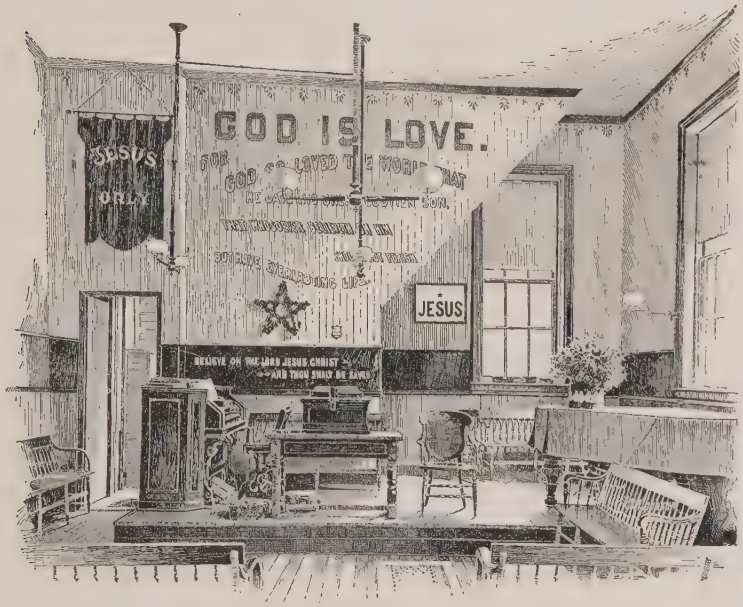
"You're tangled up, like, that's all," said Jerry. "I see well enough, you want us to be lively Christians; plenty o' seasonin', and no wishy-washiness. Ain't that it!"

"That's it," said the embarrassed speaker with a smile of relief, and another arose.

"I tell ye a man's passions ride up jest the way his collar does sometimes. You ever fought with your own shirt-collar, when a button's off an' it rides up an' rasps your ears an' skins your neck, an' you'd give half a dollar to keep it down? That's me, an' between tobacco, an' liquor, an' swearin', I tell ye I had more'n I could do. I thought I'd reform on me own hook. I didn't want no hangin' on to somebody's skirts an' goin' into Heaven that way. But I had to come to it. I was jest beaten every time. An' now I hang on, an' the harder I hang the better I get along, an' that's me."

It was a July evening, and doors and windows were all open. I had taken my place at the organ, to relieve for a time Mrs. McAuley, who usually presided. Street sounds mingled with the hymns and testimonies, and the policeman found it all and more than one could do to preserve any degree of order outside. Back of the Mission building is a high tenement-house, the windows overlooking the chapel and within speaking distance. Listening to the speeches of the men, and fanning to bring some breath of coolness into the stifling air, I heard from the upper rooms of this tenement-house the sound of a fierce quarrel. A man and woman were the actors, the man apparently sitting quietly and at intervals throwing out some taunting words, for the woman's voice grew louder and shriller. Then came the crash of breaking furniture; a scream, and the throwing of some heavy piece of iron; probably a stove lid. The door banged furiously, and for a moment there was silence. Then began the snarling, raging cry of demoniac

passion; a wild-beast rage that it curdled the blood to hear, interspersed with screams and oaths. No one went to her. The house was well used to such demonstration, and as her fury slackened slightly she leaned from the open window and looked into the chapel. Then followed a volley of oaths.



THE PLATFORM FACING THE AUDIENCE IN THE WATER STREET MISSION ROOM.

"Cursèd heretics. Bunch o' liars. I sphit on ye all. Ah, but wouldn't I like to get at the eyes of yees, ye ivery one! An' me fine lady there at the organ! Oh, ye sit there an' fan at yer ease ye——, do ye? Think ye could earn yer own livin', ——ye! Comin' down an' sittin' there an' niver carin' a—— if all of us has our hids knocked off! What do ye know about throuble,——ye? Ah, let me get at ye once, an' I'll tear ye to slithers. I'd slatter ye if I had the handlin' of ye. Turn round, will ye, an' show yer face an' I'll sphit on it."

As the torrent of oaths and abuse went on, so fierce and furious that one instinctively shrunk back, fearing some missile must follow, a child's voice from the room below—a voice not

shrill and piercing, like that of many children, but clear, pure, and even — began singing, to the air of "Home, Sweet Home," a hymn learned in the Howard Mission; "Our Father in Heaven, we hallow Thy Name."

The oaths redoubled, the child now being the object of attack, but she did not stop, and each word came distinct and sweet. The man who had risen to speak stood silent. Straight through to the end the little voice sung on. The storm of words above slackened, then ceased, and silence settled down; a silence that seemed the counterpart of that which came upon the wild waves of Galilee when — then as now — the Saviour's voice had power to bring quietness out of the storm.

The men, to whom such horrible scenes were no novelty, continued to narrate their experiences:

"If Heaven had cost me five dollars I couldn't 'a' got there," said another. "I was that ragged an old-clothes man wouldn't 'a' bid on me; no, nor a ragpicker 'a' taken me up on his hook; but here I am. Oh, I tell ye, anybody can be saved. I said I couldn't be. I was too far gone, but here I am, clean, an' good clothes too. You say you can't be saved. You can be. Jesus took holt of me just the way he saved wretches when he was down here, an' don't you suppose His arm is long enough to reach across eighteen hundred years and get a holt of you? Try it."

"Damned hypocrites, every one of you!" growled a man in the background, and shuffled out, turning to shake his fist as he opened the door.

"There's many a one here has said the same in the beginning," said a young man who had sprung to his feet and stood looking intently about. "I did, for one. I said Jerry McAuley was the biggest liar goin', and a fraud all the way through. 'Twas me was the liar, and I said so when I'd got strength to stop my drinkin' and chewin' and smokin' and keep out o' the gin-mills. I'm clean inside and I'm clean outside now, and I bless the Lord it's so. Oh, believe, every one o' you."

"He's told the truth!" cried another: "He was a sneak,

and I was a rearin' tearin' bully, worse than ten o' him, and here I am now, ashamed yet, but there was forgiveness for me and more like me. Hi, old Padgett! Ain't that so?"

"You'd better believe it is!" and old Padgett rose slowly, the 'old' being a term of affection rather than descriptive of his battered yet almost youthful countenance. "It's me that swallered me wages fast as I could earn 'em, an' me wife the same. I bummed round here with Jerry before ever he got sent up, an' I wouldn't believe me eyes the night I come in here an' see him clean an' respectable an' heard him tell how it happened. I knelt down here that very night. I wasn't going to lose any time, I can tell ye, but I said to meself, I didn't much believe anythin' would come of it, but somethin' did. I was that shook up I couldn't get to me feet, an' when I got up I said I was done with drink forever. I was, boys. I hain't never been in a gin-mill since, save to pull my wife out, an' it's a hard pull an' a long one she give me before she'd come round to my way o' thinkin'. Here she is, though. Ain't you, Ellen?"

"I am that, praise the Lord," said a little woman, rising suddenly. "I won't go back on his word. He'd give me money to get supper, an' I'd spend it for drink, an' he'd come home an' find me dead drunk on the floor. That's a nice kind of a wife, ain't it? But he never lost patience. I come here a year an' couldn't never seem to understand. I was Catholic, an' that made it harder. But one night I heard 'em singin' as I come: 'Light in the darkness, sailor, day is at hand,' an' all at once in it streamed, an' there was sunrise inside o' me. I wanted drink sometimes; I won't deny it, but I said, 'Jesus save me,' an' He did every time. I never get tired sayin' it over an' over."

"Nor none of us," said Jerry, rising slowly. "It's time now to change the meetin' an' see who's tired o' knockin' around an' wants to be saved. There's one down by the door there I'm dead certain of, an' I've got me eye on one just out from a ten-years term. I've been there. Don't you think I'd like to be quiet about it? Well, I ain't goin' to be quiet. A dirty rascal of a thief, — that's what I was, an' I'll tell every time

what I had to be saved from. I'd 'a' cut a man's throat for a five-dollar bill an' kicked him overboard. I was a bummer, too, in war-time, an' had plenty o' money, an' rode behind me own fast horse, an' I fought with every one that looked at me the wrong way. The lower I got the more I fought. Head on me like a mop. Big scar acrost me nose. Wonder I've got a nose at all when I think on all the licks it got. I got that low down I'd hang round the bucket-shops, an' sawdust the floor and clean up the nastiness just for one glass o' bad rum. An' I'd hang round an' look at every soul that come in, like a hungry dog, hopin' they'd treat. They'd send me out. 'Come, Jerry, give us a rest. Go out and take a cool-off 'round the block.' Oh, how mean I'd feel! But I'd come out. I was like as if I'd die, if I didn't get a drink. Many's the time I've slep' in a corner on the street. I had a home, too. Want to know what it was like? I'll tell you. It was in a cellar on Front Street. Me an' three men slep' on some foul straw in the corner. Often the tide came in, and we'd wake an' the water well over us an' risin'. We kep' a log there, an' we'd get up on the log, an' float 'round till it went down. One night some feller stole the log an' locked the door for fun. The tide was high, an' we were pretty drunk, an' couldn't find the log nor the door neither, an' before we kicked the door down the water was up to our necks, an' we sober enough, an'

"ALL MY DRINKS 3 CENTS." AN EVERY-DAY SCENE NEAR THE WATER STREET MISSION.

scared to death for fear we'd drown. Then I had another home. That was the same kind, only I changed me base an' tried a Brooklyn cellar instead of a New York one. There ain't much choice. Oh, wasn't I a dirty rag-shop of a man! You ought to see the home I've got now; right up-stairs here. Any of you may go and look that wants to. I tell ye I sit down an' the tears come in me eyes many a time when I see me nice furniture an' carpets, an' everythin' good an' comfortable, an' I think what a thing I was, an' what the Lord gives me now. Want to know how I started bein' a drunken bummer! Lemonade with a stick in it. That's the way I began, an' then I wanted me stick bigger, an' soon I wanted it straight. I tell ye I got to be deader'n Lazarus, but God lifted me out of that grave an' saved me. None of me people would look at me. I disgraced 'em all. Me sister begged me to clear out an' not bring no more shame on 'em, an' me mother the same. I'd a patch on me nose the year round, an' a black eye, too; sometimes a pair of 'em. Get into a fight an' smash things. Turn off the gas for fun, an' then break chairs an' everythin' else. Get taken up an' off to the station-house. Next mornin' to the Tombs. 'Ten days, young man.' 'Six months, young man.' Nice kind o' fun, wasn't it? Now it's done with, an' the worst of it is I'm most done with, too. I spent the best o' my life in deviltry, an' now, when I want to live an' bring souls to Christ, I've got to go before very long. But as long as I've got a breath I'll say this one thing: that there ain't one of you so far gone but that Jesus will save you an' make a new man of you. I want each man o' you that's tired o' just roughin' it to come up here an' be prayed for. I used to say why did God make me a loafer an' put me in a hell on earth? I've held up me hands an' cursed Him because I was a drunkard an' a thief. But it come over me at last, He hadn't done it. I'd done it *meself*. Where was me common sense?

"There's many come in here that say, 'Oh, I'm too bad. God wouldn't give me a show.' That's a big mistake. God takes what the devil would almost turn up his nose at. I know

a man that come in here to lick another for sayin' 'Jesus saves me.' What do you think? Jesus saved that very man himself. He came along lookin' for fight, but the starch was knocked out o' him. He went away that night like a cur in a sack, tremblin' all over, but he's a good man now. Come now, you men over there, an' all o' you; stan' up an' be prayed for. Oh, won't you stan' up an' be prayed for?"

"This loving Saviour stands patiently" sounds from the organ, and all are on their feet as the refrain comes full and clear:

"Calling now to thee, prodigal,
Calling now to thee;
Thou has wandered far away,
But he's calling now to thee."

The old man in front had listened intently, and rose at once, falling on his knees and covering his face. The bench filled, another had to be vacated before all could find place. Jerry's face glowed, and so did that of his wife as she led forward the last candidate, a sailor-boy of eighteen or twenty. Both prayed with an intensity of earnestness that no repetition seemed ever able to lessen. Then came the prayer from each one of the kneeling figures, broken by sobs, or murmured so that none could hear, yet fervent and far-reaching beyond any word in their past lives; the first conscious appeal to the mysterious power working in and for them. Then all rose to their places, and Jerry hesitated a moment as he saw the twinkling eyes of the old sailor fixed full upon him, then turned to the other end of the bench. One or two refused to speak, but the majority rose at once, and declared their intention to lead a better life, one man laughing with purest happiness as he said:

"I tell ye, my friends, I can't hardly hold in. I was that down when I come up here I jest wished the floor'd open an' take me in, an' when I said jest now, 'Lord Jesus, do take my wicked soul an' show me how to do different,' seemed like as if a door opened an' I seen sunshine, an' my trouble jest went. Oh, how I feel!"

At last the old man was reached.

"Do you feel you are a great sinner?" asked Jerry, and the whole bench turned, as the answer came with prompt distinctness:

"Never sinned in me life."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say. I ain't a thief nor a blackguard. I hain't been in prison. The most I've done ain't much. Mought 'a' told a lee, now an' again; mought 'a' told a lee, but it was for fun. Never sinned in me life."

"Do you want to be saved? Do you believe you can be saved?"

"To be sure, an' why not?" returned the old man, in a high interrogative key, and Jerry, who saw he was too drunk to be responsible, turned to the next candidate, a most hardened-looking man, who had been urged forward, and who had dropped on his knees and burst into tears, burying his face in his arms. Mrs. McAuley had left her place and kneeled beside him. It was a prayer of utter faith that came from her lips, and as she ended and said, "Now let this poor soul pray for himself," the answer seemed already certain.

"Oh, Jesus," said the weeping man, "You know all about it. I'm sick o' my sins. I want to be decent. You can help me. Don't let me get into the mud again."

"I'm too bad to pray," said the next one. "I'm afraid to."

"That's me, too," said his neighbor.

"You're none o' you too bad. There's no such thing as too bad," said Jerry earnestly. "'God be merciful to me a sinner,' is all you want. Try it now, an' you'll see."

His full face turned for a moment toward the group on the platform. Could this be the man whose coarse features carried such seal of all he had revealed himself to be. A glorified face, with tender eyes as ever looked on human pain. A face that had lost the brute and held only the divine. Such a look means more than years of argument. It is the one thing that can never be assumed. The men who met it held out their hands as if he had power to lift them up, and who shall say he had not? One by one, as they took their places on the

bench, avowed their determination to lead a new life, and through the deep stillness that filled the room came murmured "Thank God's!" from men and women who had known the same bitter repentance and felt the same power at work.

"We'll pray for you," said Jerry. "Keep comin', an' we'll do you good."

Nine o'clock struck. Another hymn, and then all sang together, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Mrs. McAuley had passed down to the door and stood there to shake hands and speak a word of greeting or encouragement. Men flocked about the new converts, offering help. All were chatting like close friends. Jerry stood smiling, but said little. It was plain now, as one looked at him critically, that the long years of indulgence and crime had undermined the powerful constitution, and that disease was at work.

"Every night in the week an' twice for a Sunday," he said to me. "What do you think o' that for a steady diet? It never sickens on me, I can tell you that. For all the sameness it's never the same. Come up an' see the home we've got."

He led the way to the second floor, — a comfortable, prettily furnished flat, exquisitely neat, and full of home-like feeling. Above it was an open attic, which they planned to some day partition into rooms for larger work. Half a dozen bird-cages were here, holding cardinal and mocking-birds, which Jerry delighted in training. In the windows geraniums and heliotropes were growing. Could this be Water Street, and what hint of the foulness in which both had lived was in these faces alight with love and tenderness? It is that memory that stays with all who loved the man now gone to well-earned rest, and who, as the Sunday service ended, said in tired but happy voice: "It's a tired body, sure enough, but rest is comin', an' it will be sweet. I can't sing any more, an' I do miss it. One lung is all gone, they say, an' the other goin'. There's only one thing I pray for. Day an' night I ask — an' it'll be granted, too — that there'll be one to take me place, an' do better for 'em all than ever I've had the sense to do. For forty heads plannin' and forty hearts achin' at once for the

sorrow of it all ain't a beginning o' what is needed, an' so it's lucky the Lord's got it all in charge, an' I don't need to fret."

There is no one to fill his place in precisely the same way, nor could there well be, since in thought and purpose he was unique. But men whom he had trained are there still. The street has been made over as nearly as its nature permits. Rookeries have given place to model tenements. One of the worst houses — Gotham Court — is now a model one. There is work still to be done, and must be for many a year, since the saloon, the sailors' boarding-house, and many a hidden den are there. But hundreds of sad, despairing souls have found hope and a new purpose within the walls of the little Mission; and in all the work of this order going on at many points, nothing holds quite so distinct a place as that of Water Street, where the memory of its founder will be kept green until the end. As in Jerry's time, a corps of advisers, prominent among the wealthy business men of New York, watch the course of the work, and take their turn in leading meetings and doing the incidental work of the mission. Whoever has any curiosity as to a Sunday in Water Street may still hear strange experiences, and find tears and smiles are very near, as one listens. But the empty arm-chair tells its story of a loss hardly to be made up, though often one fancies a familiar presence there, and hears once more the pathetic voice that to the last had only promise and cheer for all alike.

CHAPTER II.

CHRISTIAN WORK IN WATER STREET — THE STORY OF JERRY McAULEY'S LIFE TOLD BY HIMSELF — A CAREER OF WICKEDNESS AND CRIME — THE MISSION NOW.

The Historic Five Points — Breeding-Ground of Crime — Dirty Homes and Hard Faces — "The Kind God Don't Want and the Devil Won't Have" — Jerry McAuley — The Story of His Life Told by Himself — Born in a New York Slum — A Loafer by Day and a River Thief by Night — Prizefighter, Drunkard, Blackleg, and Bully — A Life of Wickedness and Crime — Fifteen Years in Prison — His Prison Experiences — Unexpected Meeting with "Awful" Gardner — Jerry's First Prayer — He Hears a Voice — Released from Prison — His Return to Old Haunts and Ways — Signing the Pledge — His Wife — Starting the Water Street Mission — An Audience of Tramps and Bums — Becomes an Apostle to the Roughs — Jerry's Death — Affecting Scenes — Old Joe Chappy — The Hadley Brothers — A Mother's Last Words — A Refuge for the Wicked and Depraved.

THE Five Points was once the terror of every policeman, as well as of every decent citizen who realized its existence It was for years the breeding-ground of crime of every order, and thus the first workers in City Mission work naturally turned to it as the chief spot for purification. Here the Water Street Mission was begun just after the Civil War, and here it still continues its work. Its story has often been told, yet the interest in it seems no less fresh than at the time of its inception. For years it was headed by Jerry McAuley, a man whose absolutely unique personality has stamped itself forever in the minds of all who dealt with him in person. It is to him that every mission of the same general order owes its standard of effort, and the knowledge of methods without which such work is powerless; and though personally he never claimed this place, all who knew him would accord it unhesitatingly.

I have often talked with Jerry and his wife on the origin of

the work, their personal share in it, and the effect produced in the neighborhood, — its present vileness being peace and innocence compared with its condition when Jerry began his work there. The second floor of the Mission building was their home, — a comfortable, prettily-furnished flat, exquisitely neat, and with a homelike feeling not always had in statelier places, — and I was always greeted with a warmth and courtesy that absolved me at once from the guilt of intrusion.

"Come again. Come as often as you like," Jerry would say in his hearty way each time I took my leave. "I'll tell you anything you'd like to know, though if I talk the rest o' me life I couldn't tell all the stories I know nor the sights I've seen."

I did "come again" and again, at last taking my place among the "regulars," as the few were called who had stated employment and came constantly. With my own eyes I saw men who had come into the Mission sodden with drink turn into quiet, steady workers. Now and then one fell, — in one case permanently; but the prodigals commonly returned confessing their weakness and laboring earnestly to prove their penitence. I saw foul homes, where dirty bundles of straw had been the only bed, gradually become clean and respectable; hard faces grow patient and gentle; oaths and foul words give place to quiet speech.

It is for Jerry, then, to tell the story, taken almost verbatim from his own lips, and given with all its personal details as one of the most wonderful in the history of crime, or the story of the poor born to life in a New York slum. Words can never hold the pathos, the tenderness, the strength, the quick-flashing Irish humor which made him the power that he was, and that, even with a weakened body fast failing to meet the demands made upon it, still rendered him the most wonderful of apostles to the roughs. He told the story to me in a long afternoon in the old Mission, from which he soon after removed to the Cremorne Mission, begun by himself and wife, and where he shortly afterwards died.

The Water Street work was left in the hands of one of his

own converts, and still goes on in the same lines, and these two Missions may be said to do the most distinctive work in the city. Water Street and its up-town prototype, the Cremorne Mission, are of the same order, and each is unique in its way. There are others, most of them connected — as is that of the Madison Square Mission — with some special church. All have their own interest and deserve full recognition, but they lack the distinctive quality given by Jerry McAuley and his wife. Her personality is as much a part of the work as was his, and her story is also part of his.

"There's two sides to this thing," Jerry began, throwing himself back in the big arm-chair, from which he rose at intervals to walk restlessly up and down. "Folks mostly seem to think there ain't but one. It was only last night a fellow come in here ripe for a row. You've never happened to see an out-an-out rough spillin' over with fight, an' bound to make somethin' fly before he's through. More of his sort used to bother us than do now; an' it's lucky, too, for the time when I could just take any one of 'em up by the scruff o' the neck an' drop 'im out on the sidewalk just like you'd drop a strange cat is pretty well over with me. But this fellow come in last night an' sat awhile, an' I was tryin' to think just where I'd seen him, an' couldn't for the life o' me, till he rose up with a sort of a sneery smile, an' then I minded well enough where we'd met, — in Sing Sing, an' he working at the loom next to me.

"He went on so with his sneery talk 'twas hard for me to make out if he was in earnest or not, — sayin' how he remembered me in times way back, an' the way I used to look, an' how well set up I seemed to be now, with me fine coat an' good clothes all through, an' just lickin' me chops to think what a comfortable, easy time I was havin', an' a chucklin' to meself every time I told the life I'd led.

"'You're off there,' says I, risin' up so sudden that he jumped; he thought maybe I was goin' to hit him. 'Yes, you're off there. There's many a one says I loves to tell the story of me own life, an' I tell you an' them, as I've often said before, there's nothin' I wouldn't do, if I could see me way

clear, never to tell it again in this world. Do you suppose if a man was set up to his neck in a sewer, an' kept there months an' years, he'd be chucklin' over it when he got out? Faith, not! He'd be apt to keep quiet, unless he saw some other fellow steppin' into the same place, an' then, if he'd the heart of a grasshopper, he'd warn him off. Do you think I'll ever stop rememberin' that well nigh thirty years o' my life have gone in deviltry, an' no help for it? The only comfort I take is in thinkin' that if I hadn't been the devil's own all that time, I'd never know now how to feel for them that's in his clutch yet. He's a mighty tight grip on you, me friend, an' many a one like you, an' you'd better come up in front an' let every soul pray hard that you may find it out for yourself.'

"He made for the door then, an' won't come back in a hurry. I know his kind. It's a kind God don't want and the devil won't have. God forgive me for sayin' so, but you'd think so too, maybe, if you'd had 'em to deal with an' could never be just certain whether they had a soul or not. I used to say they had, an' must be worked over, an' I don't say now they haven't; only there's others more promisin' to spend your strength on, an' I've had to learn to let his kind mostly alone. The Lord knows. He made 'em, an' may be He'll find out a way after a while. But it's a poor show for me to be doubtin' about any human bein' when I've got meself to remember."

Jerry was silent, and for a few moments paced restlessly up and down the floor of the great room over the Mission — a room which some day is to make a temporary home for some of the many who, if kept from old haunts for even a few days, would gain a strength attainable in no other way. Then, as now, it was simply an unpartitioned space, far enough above the street to hold a little sense of quiet. Ivies ran over the windows, and the cages of two pet mocking-birds were there, — birds that twittered restlessly as the tall figure passed by, and chirped impatiently for recognition. It came in a moment. The doors of the cages were opened and the pretty creatures perched on Jerry's arm and thrust their heads into his pockets for crumbs. Jerry's face cleared. From some

corner a wriggling meal-worm was produced, and a mock quarrel began, the birds making fierce little dashes at the worm and at each other, and securing the morsel at last with a triumphant whistle, followed by a flood of pure clear song.

"There's heaps o' satisfaction in the creatures," Jerry said as he returned them to the cages and sat down before them. "Many's the time I come here 'most gone from tiredness in the meetin's, an' they rest me so I can go at it again. I never knew I had a knack for 'em an' could learn 'em anything, till one was give me, an' I began of meself. It's the same way with flowers. They're good friends o' mine now, but it's strange to think o' the years I hardly knew there was such a thing in the world. I can look back now an' think how things were in Ireland, but I'd no sense of 'em then. It was a pretty country, but me an' mine had small business in it but to break the laws an' then curse the makers of 'em. You want to know all about it, an' I'll tell you now, for there'll never be a better time.

The Story of Jerry McAuley's Life.

Me father was a counterfeiter, an' ran away from justice before ever I can remember him. There was a lot of us, an' they put me with me grandmother. She was old an' a devout Romanist, an' many's the time when she was tellin' her beads an' kissing the floor for penance, I'd shy things at her just to hear her curse an' swear at me, an' then she'd back to her knees. I'd got well beyond her or anybody by the time I was thirteen. They let me run loose. I'd no schoolin', an' got blows for meat and drink till I wished meself dead many a time. I thought could I only get to me sister in America I'd be near the same as in Paradise, when all at once they sent me to her, an' for a while I ran errands an' helped me brother-in-law. But I was tall o' my years an' strong, an' had no fear for any man livin', an' a born thief as well, that stealin' came nateral an' easy; an' soon I was in a den on Water Street learnin' to be a prize-fighter, an' with a boat on the river for thievin' at night. By this time I was nineteen, an' I don't suppose a

bigger nuisance an' loafer ever stepped above ground. I made good hauls, for the river police didn't amount to much in them days, an' it was pretty easy to board a vessel an' take what you pleased. The Fourth Ward belonged to my kind. It's bad enough now, but it's heaven to what it was then.

Now, I'd done enough to send me to prison forty times over, an' I knew it, but that didn't make it any easier to go there for something I hadn't done. A crime was sworn on me by some that hated me bad an' wanted me out o' the way. Fifteen years in prison! That was the sentence I got, an' I not twenty years old. That hour goin' up the river was the toughest I'd ever come to. I was mad with rage, but handcuffed and forced to keep quiet. It was in me mind to kill me keeper, an' I marked him then. 'Wait,' said I to meself, 'I'll be even with you some day if I have to hang for it.' An' when I put on the prison dress an' they shut me in, I knocked me head agin the wall, an' if I dared I would a' killed meself. At last I made up me mind I'd obey rules an' see if I couldn't get pardoned out, or maybe there'd come a chance of escape, an' I set me mind toward that.

I tried it for two years; learned to read, and had a pile o' cheap novels they let us buy; an' I learned carpet-weavin', an' no one had a word to say agin me. But then I grew weakly. I'd been used to the open air always, an' a shut-in life told upon me. Then I got ugly an' thought it was no use, an' then they punished me. Do you know what that is? It's the leather collar that holds an' galls you, an' you strapped up by the arms with your toes just touchin' the floor; an' it's the shower-bath that leaves you in a dead faint till another dash brings you out. I've stood it all an' cursed God while I did. I was that desperate I would have killed the keeper, but I saw no chance out even if I did.

It was one Sunday morning. I'd been in prison five years. I dragged meself into the chapel an' sat down. Then I heard a voice I knew, an' I looked up. There by the chaplain was a man I'd been on a spree with many an' many a time, — Orville Gardner. He stepped down off the platform. "My men,"

says he, "I've no right anywhere but among you, for I've been one of you in sin," an' then he prayed, till there wasn't a dry eye there but mine,—I was that 'shamed to be seen cryin', but I looked at him an' wondered what had come to him to make him so different. He said a verse that struck me, an' when I got into me cell again I took down the Bible an' began to hunt for it. I read awhile till I found somethin' that hit the Catholics, I thought; an' I pitched me Bible down an' kicked it all round the cell. "The vile heretics!" I says. "That's the way they show up the Catholics, is it?" It was the verse that says: 'Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils; having their conscience seared with a hot iron, forbidding to marry and commanding to abstain from meats which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth.'

"I'll have a Catholic Bible," says I, "an' not this thing that no decent Catholic would touch with a ten-foot pole." So I got me a Catholic Bible from the library, but it was pretty much the same, only more lumbered up with notes. I read 'em both, an' the more I read the more miserable I was.

I wanted to be different. I thought about the new look in Gardner's face. "What makes it?" says I, "an' if he's different, why can't I be? Now if I send for the priest, he'll set me to doin' penance an' sayin' so many prayers, an' all such like. The chaplain says I'm to be sorry for me sins an' ask God to forgive me. Which is the way, I wonder?"

You wouldn't think I'd 'a' minded, but if ten thousand people had been in me cell I couldn't 'a' felt worse about prayin'. I kneeled down, blushin' that hot as I'd never done in me life before, an' then I'd up agin; an' that's the way it was three or four weeks till I was just desperate. Then there come a night when I said I'd pray till some sense come to me, an' if it didn't I'd never pray again. I was that weak an' trembly I seemed as if I could die easy enough. I knelt there an' waited between the times I prayed. I wouldn't stir from me knees. Me eyes were shut. I was in an agony, an' the sweat rollin' from me

face in big drops, an' "God be merciful to me a sinner" came from me lips. Then, in a minute, something seemed to be by me. I heard a voice, or felt I heard one plain enough. It said, "My son, thy sins, which are many, are forgiven."

To the day o' me death I'll think I saw a light about me an' smelled somethin' sweet as flowers in the cell. I didn't know if I was alive or not. I shouted out, "Oh, praise God! praise God!"

"Shut your noise," the guard said, going by. "What's the matter with you?"

"I've found Christ," I says. "Me sins are all forgiven me."

"I'll report you," says he, an' he took me number, but he didn't report me.

Well, then, seein' how it had come to me, I began to pray for others. I was quiet an' content all the time, an' I believed if it was good for me, God'd find a way to let me out o' prison. I didn't pray for it for two years, but just worked there to save others, an' many a one turned to a new life an' stuck to it.

Then at last come a pardon when I'd been in seven years an' six months just, an' I came back down the river to New York.

There was never a lonesomer man alive. I wouldn't go back to the Fourth Ward, for fear I'd be tempted, an' so I wandered round tryin' for work, till one day I met a friend, an' he took me to a lager-beer saloon. Lager-beer had come up since I went up the river. I didn't know it was any more hurt than root-beer; they said it wasn't. But that first night did for me. Me head got in a buzz, an' in a week or two I wanted somethin' stronger. I got work in a hat-shop, an' had good wages, but a strike come, an' I led it an' lost the place. It was war time, an' I went into the bounty business — a rascally business too. Then I had a boat on the river again. I'd buy stolen goods of the sailors, an' then make 'em enlist for fear o' bein' arrested, an' I took the bounty. The end o' the war stopped this, an' then I stuck to the river, buyin' and sellin' smuggled goods an' payin' all I could in counterfeit money. Do you remember when the Idaho burned in the East River?

Me an' me partners rowed out, — not to save life, but to rob; but when we saw 'em screamin' in the water we turned to an' helped 'em, though one o' me partners in the boat said we'd make a pile pickin' up coats an' hats.

Often an' often I was shot at. Do you think I didn't remember what I'd had given me, an' how I'd lost it? I didn't pray, I didn't dare to. I kept under liquor all the time to head off thinkin', for I said God was done with me, an' I was bound for hell sure an' certain.

About this time, one night I'd gone over to Brooklyn very drunk, — too drunk to do me share o' the work we'd laid out for that night, an' as me partner boarded the ship we were after I slipped an' fell overboard an' went under like a shot. An eddy carried me off, and the boat went another way. I knew I was drownin', for I went down twice, an' in me extremity I called on God though I felt too mean to do it. It seemed as if I was lifted up an' the boat brought to me. I got hold of it somehow, I don't just know how. The water had sobered me. When I was in it, I heard, plain as if a voice spoke to me, "*Jerry, you've been saved for the last time.* Go out on that river agin an' you'll never have another chance."

I was mad. I went home an' drank an' drank an' drank. I was sodden with drink, an' as awful lookin' a case, — more so, than you've ever laid eyes on. An' oh, the misery o' me thoughts. It was the John Allen excitement then, an' I heard the singin' an' was sick with rememberin', an' yet drinkin' day an' night to drown it all.

A city missionary came in one day to the house on Cherry Street where I boarded. He shied a bit when he saw me at the top o' the stairs — a head like a mop, an' an old red shirt. He'd been pitched down stairs by fellers like me, and I'd a done it meself once. I hung round while he went in a room, thinkin' maybe he could get me a job of honest work, an' when he come out I told him so. He asked me to step out on the pavement. He said afterward I was that evil-lookin' he was afraid o' me, an' he didn't know what I might do. So out on the street I went, an' he took me straight to the Howard

Mission, an' there we had a long talk, an' a gentleman wanted me to sign the pledge. "It's no use," says I; "I shall break it." "Ask God to keep you from breaking it," he said. I thought a minute, an' then I signed it an' went home. Me partner was there, an' he laughed himself hoarse when I told him. He had a bottle o' gin in his hand that very minute. "You!" he says. "Here, drink!" I took the glass an' drank. "That's the last glass I'll ever take," says I. "Yes," says he, "till the next one."

I'd hardly swallowed it when who should come in but the missionary. We went out together, an' I told him I was dead broke an' hungry, an' I would have to go on the river again once more anyhow. "Jerry," says he, "before you shall ever do that again I'll take off this coat an' pawn it." The coat was thin an' old. I knew he was poor, an' it went to me heart that he'd do such a thing as that. He went away a minute, an' when he come back he brought me fifty cents. An' he kep' on helpin'. He followed me up day after day, an' at last one night at his house, where he'd had me to tea an' there was singin' and prayin' afterwards, I prayed meself once more, an' believed I should be forgiven. There wasn't any shoutin' this time, but there was quiet an' peace.

It was a hard pull. I got work now and then, but more often not. An' then everybody thought I was shammin' for what I could get out of it. I didn't wonder, an' I helped it along by doing what you'd never believe,—I caved in again. Three times I was drunk, an' do you know what did it? Tobacco. That's why I'm so down on tobacco now. Chew an' smoke, an' there'll be a steady cravin' for somethin', an' mostly it ends in whiskey. A man that honestly wants the Spirit of God in him has got to be clean, I tell you, inside an' out. He's got to shut down on all his old dirty tricks, or he's gone. That's the way I found it.

I was married by this time to Maria, an' she's been God's help from that day to this, an' often we talked about some way to get at the poor souls in the Fourth Ward. We were doin' day's work, both of us, an' poor as poor could be. But

we said, "Why have we both been used to filth an' nastiness, an' all else, if not so's to know how to help some others out of it." An' one day I had a sort o' vision. I thought we had a house in the Fourth Ward, an' a big bath, an' a stream o' people comin' in. I washed 'em outside an' the Lord washed 'em inside, an' I cried as I thought, "Oh, if I could only do that for Jesus' sake." "Do it for one if you can't for more," said Maria, an' that's the way we begun in an old rookery of a house, in one room, an' a little sign hung out,

"THE HELPING HAND FOR MEN."

You'd never believe how many that sign drew in. We did what we could, an' when Thanksgivin' Day came, friends gave us a good dinner for all. Afterwards there was a meetin', an' it was so blessed we were moved to say they should all come the next night. From that day to this,—first in the old buildin', an' then in this, the new one,—there's been a meetin' every night in the year, an' now it's hundreds,—yes, thousands —that can say the Water Street Mission was their help to a new life.

Day an' night we work,—you know how. My life is slowly but surely goin' from me. I feel it, but livin' or dyin' it's the Lord's. All these years He has held me, but I don't know now but that I'd have fallen again if I hadn't been so busy holdin' on to others. An' that's the way to keep men, —set 'em to work. The minute they say they're sick o' the old ways, start 'em to pull in somebody else. You see when your soul is just on fire, longin' to get at every wretch an' bring him into the fold, there's no time for your old tricks, an' no wantin' to try 'em again. I could talk a month tellin' of one an' another that's been here. Oh, there's stories if one but knew 'em! An' not a day that you don't know there ain't a bummer in the Fourth Ward so low down but what the Lord can pick him out o' the gutter an' set him on his feet. That's why I tell me story an' everthin' right out an' plain. There's times I'm dead sick o' rememberin' it, but I have to do it, an' them very times seem the ones that help most. An' as

long as tongue can move, may I never be ashamed to tell what I've been saved from.

This was Jerry's story in the days in which Water Street still counted him its peculiar product and property. Even then his eyes had turned toward a haunt of vice not so plain to the outward eye, but as full of need as any den in the lower wards of the city, the Cremorne Garden, on Thirty-second Street. To the ordinary passer-by there were few indications that the region needed him; but Jerry knew, and after long discussion and much opposition the Cremorne Mission was opened and he took charge of the work. Such a life as Jerry led in the days of his wickedness made him an easy prey to disease, and he died at the age of forty-five. He had long been ailing and knew that his call home would come suddenly. On the day previous to his death he was in the best of spirits. That night he was taken with a severe hemorrhage of the lungs. While expecting every moment would be his last, he said in an almost inaudible voice to one of the converts of the Mission, pointing upwards as he spoke, "It's all right." He was too weak to say more. Another hemorrhage came, and his spirit took its flight.

On the following Sunday afternoon Broadway Tabernacle was thronged by a vast audience assembled to pay a last tribute of respect to the dead. Hundreds were unable to obtain entrance. Prominent clergymen conducted the solemn and affecting service, and the Tabernacle choir sang with tender pathos,

> "We, too, must come to the river side,
> One by one, one by one;
> We're nearer its brink each evening tide,
> One by one, one by one."

For two hours a constant stream of friends passed by the coffin to take a last look at Jerry's face.

During the services a gentleman was standing at the entrance of the Tabernacle, when a shabby-looking old man, who had been lounging on the outskirts of the crowd, approached and said:

"Beg pardin', sir, but seein' as you were kinnected here, and seein' as how I ain't posted on ways and things, I thought I'd ask you a favor."

The listener was turning away, expecting an untimely appeal for alms. But the old man said, "I've heerd it's the right thing to send flowers and sich to put on the coffin of any one who's bin good to you. Well, I don't know, sir, as I've got the rights of it or not. But there's somethin' here for Jerry."

He took off his tall, battered hat as he spoke, and felt in it with trembling fingers. "It ain't no great shakes," he said, as he took out a little bunch of white flowers. Then looking up, as though to read in the face of his listener approval or disapproval, he went on, apologetically: "They're no great shakes, I allow, and I 'spect they mayn't set off the roses and things rich people send. I'm a poor man, you know, but when I heerd as Jerry was gone, I gets up and says to myself, 'Go on and do what's fash'n'ble; that's the way folks do when they want to show a dead man's done a heap for 'em.' So there they are."

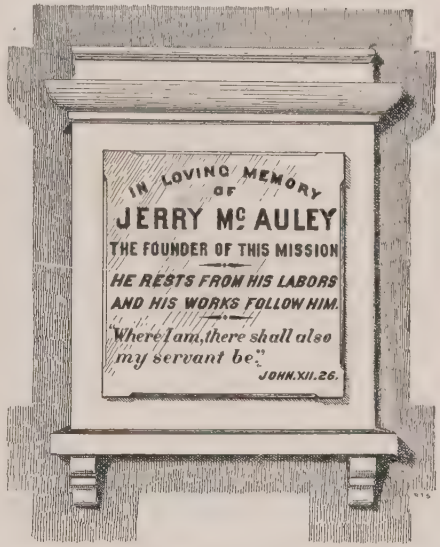
They were handed to the usher.

"And when you drop 'em with the rest, though they ain't no great shakes," he added, with the old apologetic look, "Jerry, who was my friend, 'll know," and his voice trembled; "he'll know they come from old Joe Chappy."

"What did he do for you?" his listener ventured.

"A great deal," the old man replied. "But it's long ago now. My gal had gone to the bad, and was dyin' without ever a bite for her to eat. I got around drunk, but it sobered me, and I hustled about to hunt up some good man. They asked if she went to Sunday School and all that. O' course she didn't. How cud the poor gal? Well, they called her names, sed she was a child o' wrath, and I went away broken-hearted, when I come acrost Jerry, and he went home with me and comforted me, and he sed Almighty God wouldn't be rough on a poor gal what didn't know no better. She died then, but I ain't forgot Jerry, no, nor never will."

The poor old wreck could not be prevailed upon to enter, and the crowd was so great that the little bunch of flowers could not reach the casket. The choice floral emblems that covered Jerry's coffin could not be sweeter to the dead than that simple offering of a bunch of wilted white flowers.



TABLET TO THE MEMORY OF JERRY McAULEY ON THE WALL OF THE WATER STREET MISSION ROOM.

How did it fare with the deserted Mission on Water Street after Jerry gave his time to the Cremorne Mission is often asked. "Deserted" is not the word. As long as he lived he visited it often, and there was no alteration in methods and only the most temporary diminution of interest. One of the most earnest workers in the old Mission took entire charge, but another whose day was yet to come, and who stands for one of the most effectual pieces of work accomplished in the Cremorne Mission, to-day fills Jerry's place in Water Street as hardly another could do. The story of Water Street would be incomplete without some portion of this history, as unique in its way as Jerry's.

It is the story of two, not one, though but one has chosen Water Street as his field. A log cabin in Ohio was the home into which both were born, but it was a cabin like many another of that region,—the home of New England emigrants, the mother the daughter of a minister, and both parents educated, self-respecting members of the little community. Here the two Hadley brothers were born, and here till eighteen years old the younger kept his promise to his mother that tobacco and liquor should be untouched. The older one had

already gone out into the world. S. H. Hadley, the younger, born in 1843, shall tell the story in his own way and words:

S. H. Hadley's Story.

A friend, who was the miller of the county, told me he would never speak to me again if I did not drink, and that he would think I had some grudge against him or felt myself above him socially. I took the bottle after he had coaxed me a full half hour, and put it to my lips and drank. Will I ever forget that moment? The vow I had made to my mother was broken, and the devil came in and took full possession. My mother died a short time after this, happily in ignorance of my sin. I was away from home that day, but her last words were, "Tell Hopkins to meet me in Heaven."

By the side of my dead mother, I vowed never to drink again, but in three days yielded to the temptation. It was thus far only occasional. My father died, and I began the study of medicine with the village doctor, who was himself a heavy drinker, though a brilliant member of the profession. Both of us went down swiftly, the doctor soon drinking himself to death. I left the place, and after a little experience as traveling salesman, became a professional gambler, and for fifteen years followed this life. In 1870 I came to New York, where I had a fine position offered me, which I soon lost. *Delirium tremens* came more than once, and in spite of a strong constitution the time was reached when I knew that death must soon result.

One Tuesday evening I sat in a saloon in Harlem, a homeless, friendless, dying drunkard. I had pawned or sold everything that would bring drink. I could not sleep unless I was drunk. I had not eaten for days, and for four nights preceding I had suffered with *delirium tremens*, or the horrors, from midnight till morning. I had often said, "I will never be a tramp. I will never be cornered. When that time comes, if it ever does, I will find a home in the bottom of the river." But the Lord so ordered it that when that time did come I was not able to walk a quarter of the way to the river. As I sat

there thinking, I seemed to feel some great and mighty presence. I did not know then what it was. I walked up to the bar, and pounding it with my fist till I made the glasses rattle, I said I would never take another drink if I died in the street, and I felt as though that would happen before morning.

Something said, "If you want to keep this promise go and have yourself locked up." I went to the nearest station house and had myself locked up. I was put in a narrow cell, and it seemed as though all the demons that could find room came into that place with me. This was not all the company I had either. No, that dear Spirit that came to me in the saloon was present and said, "Pray."

I did pray, and kept on praying. When I was released I found my way to my brother's house, where every care was given me. While lying in bed the admonishing spirit never left me, and when I arose the following Sunday morning I felt that that day would decide my fate. Toward evening it came into my head to go over to the Cremorne Mission and hear Jerry McAuley.

I went. The house was packed, and with great difficulty I made my way to the space near the platform. There I saw the apostle to the drunkard and outcast, Jerry McAuley. He rose and amid deep silence told his experience. There was something about this man that carried conviction with it, and I found myself saying, "I wonder if God can save me."

I listened to the testimony of many who had been saved from rum, and I made up my mind that I would be saved or die right there. When the invitation to kneel for prayer was given I knelt down with quite a crowd of drunkards. I was a total stranger, but I felt I had sympathy, and it helped me Jerry made the first prayer. I shall never forget it. He said, "Dear Saviour, won't you look down on these poor souls? They need your help, Lord; they can't get along without it. Blessed Jesus, these poor sinners have got themselves into a bad hole. Won't you help them out? Speak to them, Lord. Do, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Then Jerry said, "Now, all keep on your knees, and keep

praying while I ask these dear souls to pray for themselves." He spoke to one after another as he placed his hands on their heads. "Brother, you pray. Now tell the Lord just what you want Him to do for you."

How I trembled as he approached me. I felt like backing out. The devil knelt by my side and whispered in my ear, reminding me of crimes I had forgotten for months. "What are you going to do about such and such matters if you start to be a Christian to-night? Now you can't afford to make a mistake. Hadn't you better think this matter over awhile, and try to fix up some of the troubles you are in, and then start?"

Oh, what a conflict was going on for my poor soul! Jerry's hand was on my head. He said, "Brother, pray." I said "Can't you pray for me?" Jerry said, "All the prayers in the world won't save you unless you pray for yourself."

I halted but a moment, and then I said with breaking heart, "Dear Jesus, can you help me?"

Never can I describe that moment. Although my soul had been filled with indescribable gloom, I felt the glorious brightness of the noonday sun shine into my heart. I felt I was a free man.

From that moment to this I have never tasted a drink of whiskey, and I have never seen enough money to make me take one. I promised God that night that if He would take away the appetite for strong drink I would work for Him all my life. He has done His part, and I have been trying to do mine. It took four years to make my brother believe I was in earnest. He believed it fast enough when he was converted himself. He is a splendid-looking man, a colonel in the army, and is doing rescue work, and will as long as he lives, with all his money and all his strength. He had a newspaper run in the interest of gin-mills, and the day after he was converted he cut out every advertisement that they had given him. "This paper is converted, too," he said, and it was a queer looking paper when he got through.

I was called to take charge of the Water Street Mission

COFFEE NIGHT AT THE WATER STREET MISSION.—A WEEKLY FEAST FOR TRAMPS, OUTCASTS, AND BUMS.

Many a poor and discouraged fellow, who has been looking for work and found none, and gone on short commons a whole week, drifts into the Water Street Mission room on Saturday afternoon, knowing that he will get a cup of coffee and a sandwich in the evening. The Saturday night crowd is a tough one, composed of bummers, outcasts, and tramps. They begin to file in by three o'clock, and the room is quickly filled. It is often necessary to lock the doors and turn the rest away. At seven o'clock the Mission workers carry the big coffee-pots among the audience, and laugh for joy as they see the look on some of the faces. A service of song is followed by an experience meeting, lasting until half-past nine, when the men depart. Most of them sleep in cheap lodging-rooms, police station-houses, or walk the streets all night.

after I had been working with all my might for four years in the Cremorne, and here I am settled with my wife and two other missionaries, one of whom everybody in the ward knows as well as ever they knew Jerry. "Mother Sherwood" they all call her. We run low in funds often, for it costs $4,000 a year to carry on the work. When a man starts on a better life the odds are often against him, and he must be helped for awhile with food, clothing, and whatever else may be wanted.

Saturday night is "coffee night" at the Mission room. Many a poor discouraged fellow, who has been looking for work and found none, and gone on short commons a whole week, drifts in here on Saturday afternoon, knowing that he will get a cup of coffee and a sandwich in the evening. There are plenty of bummers and tramps in our Saturday night crowd, and some a good deal worse than either, too. We weed out a few, but we try to keep nearly all, for who knows what may come to them? Empty cups are placed on the seats and each man picks one up as he sits down, and patiently waits for hours. At seven o'clock our own workers carry the big coffee pots among the audience, and laugh for joy as they see the look on some of the faces. The men begin to pile in by three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, though our service does not begin till half-past seven. Time is of no account with them, you know, and the room is packed full in half an hour. We are often obliged to lock the doors and turn the rest away Many have nowhere else to go. After lunch we have a service of song, followed by an experience meeting, lasting till half-past nine, when the men depart. Most of them sleep in cheap lodging-rooms or police station-houses, though some walk the streets all night. On several cold nights this winter we let some of them sleep on the floor of the Mission room all night. Coffee night is one of our institutions, and always draws a big crowd, though generally a pretty tough one.

No matter how dirty, how vicious, how depraved a man may be, he will find a welcome here. We will take him down stairs and wash him. If he is sick we will have a doctor for him, or get him into a hospital, and we won't lose sight of

him, and we will bury him if he dies. There is hope for all of them if they once begin to pray.

Plainly Jerry has found such a successor as he himself would have chosen, and the work he loved goes on as he would have had it. The doors of the little Mission swing inward for all comers, and the voices of men who have found here refuge and hope are always sending out into the night the call,—

"Calling now to thee, prodigal,
Calling now to thee,
Thou hast wandered far away,
But He's calling now to thee."

CHAPTER III.

UP SLAUGHTER ALLEY, OR LIFE IN A TENEMENT-HOUSE — A TOUR THROUGH HOMES OF MISERY, WANT, AND WOE — DRINK'S DOINGS.

Why Called Slaughter Alley — Kicking a Missionary Downstairs — Life and Scenes in Tenement-Houses — Voices and Shapes in the Darkness — My Tour with the Doctor — Picking our Way through Slime and Filth — "Mammy's Lookin' for You" — "Murtherin' Dinnis" — Misery and Squalor Side by Side — Stalwart Tim — In the Presence of Death — "I Want to go, but I'm Willin' to Wait" — Patsy — A Five-Year Old Washerwoman — Sickening Odors — Human Beasts — Dangerous Places — "Mike Gim'me a Dollar for the Childer" — The Charity of the Poor — "Oh, Wurra, me Heart's Sick in me" — Homes Swarming with Rats — Alive with Vermin and Saturated with Filth — The Omnipresent Saloon — A Nursery of Criminals and Drunkards — The Terrible Influence of Drink — Conceived in Sin and Born in Iniquity — The Dreadful Tenement-House System.

WHY "Slaughter" Alley, who shall say, since among its inhabitants not one can tell. No map of New York holds the name, but from the fact that one of the oldest inhabitants reports that it was once Butcher Alley one may conclude two things: either that more than one murder done at this point has given it right to the name, or that it has arisen from the slaughter of the innocents, — the babies, who die here in summer like rats in a hole. And in the old days, when this whole seething, turbulent spot was quiet meadows sloping to the East River, there may have been, as vague tradition indicates, an actual slaughter-house, cleaner, we will warrant, than any successor found to-day.

Be this as it may, the name has established its right to permanence, and the alley shall make its revelation of what one form of New York tenement-house has for its occupants.

To one familiar with the story of old New York, Roose-

velt Street, through which we pass, is itself a bit of history, the name belonging to one of the old Dutch families whose houses once covered this favorite site. Who owns the tall tenement-houses that have taken their place it is not always easy to tell, since many owners hide behind an agent who must shoulder the responsibility of the hideous conditions to be found in most of them. They are chiefly five-story buildings,

ENTRANCE TO A TENEMENT-HOUSE AND ALLEY.
The door at the left leads directly into a tenement. The archway at the right is a dark passage-way leading to filthy yards and tenements in the rear.

run up with the one object of getting as many rooms into the space as it will hold, and with an absolute ignoring of the means by which light, air, and sunshine are to enter. Half way up the street there opens suddenly from it a narrow alley ending in a blank wall. If the houses are no higher, they seem so here, for outstretched arms can touch the walls on either side; and, even as we go, a voice behind, rich in brogue and thick with the first stages of whiskey's effects, is saying to a companion,—

"Sure, thin, an' I wouldn't be livin' anywhere else at all, for whin wan is a bit unstiddy, an' there's no knowin' where the feet'll be landin' him, shure it's the walls that holds ye, an' there's no fallin'. Long life to the alley, an' bad 'cess to thim that talks o' layin' its walls low, sez I."

The doctor who comes to the Mission once or twice weekly is a gentle-looking woman, a little beyond middle life, who devotes a large share of her time and professional service to the poor of this wretched locality without the least expectation of reward save the approbation of Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

"If you want to know how some of the poor souls in the alley have to live and die, come with me," she said to me one day. "It is safe enough now, but ten years ago not the bravest would have gone up that alley alone. Even now they sometimes kick a missionary down stairs, or you encounter a drunken pair clinching and rolling at their leisure from top to bottom. But we can go up safely, though I warn you beforehand of the smells. Often, well-seasoned as I am, I have to run out to the hallway and lean over the stairs for a breath of something a shade less nauseous. Come."

Standing at the entrance to the alley, I hesitated and shrank instinctively from further attempt to penetrate the mysteries of these shadows. Over the stones, slimy with indescribable filth, we picked our way through garbage and refuse of every order. Above, a frowsy woman looked out with an oath, followed by more as a neighbor's head emerged from the window below and tossed back a reply which evidently meant the re-opening of old hostilities. The voices had risen to a shriek as we entered the low door at the end of the alley and began the ascent of the stairs, on which something moved, shrinking close to the wall, damp with the exhalations from privy and sewer. It was too dark to see more than that it was a girlish figure waiting silently for us to pass on, but the doctor paused. The girl had turned her face to the wall, and bent still lower as the doctor said,—

"In trouble again, Sophy? Why didn't you come to me? You promised."

Then she gave a little cry and rushed through the darkness

A TYPICAL TENEMENT-HOUSE BACK YARD.

for the door below. A shuffling step followed her. It was a man who had been lurking in some niche above, and who held to the shaky stair-rail as he descended, looking back for a moment, with an evil glance felt rather than seen. On the

next flight — darker, if that were possible, than the last — three or four children were quarreling, with oaths caught from their elders and used with a horrible fluency. One of them caught at the doctor's hand as she passed.

"Mammy's lookin' for you," she said. "She's crazy most, an' I've been watchin' for you."

"Who wouldn't be crazy in such a hole?" another voice answered out of the darkness, and another form appeared from above and felt its way toward us.

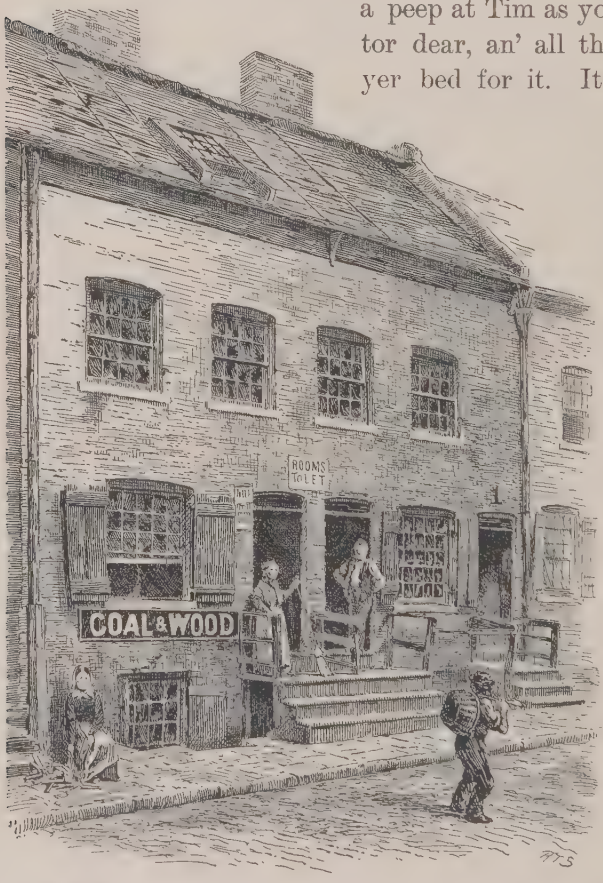
"Who, indeed?" the doctor murmured under her breath, but made no pause. Our eyes, which had gradually accustomed themselves to the darkness, could now dimly make out doors here and there, one of which the doctor opened and passed through. A dim light came from windows crusted with dirt. It fell on little save walls in the same dirty condition, and a mattress black with age in one corner on the floor; a tiny cooking-stove, one leg gone and its place supplied by a brick; a table propped against the wall for the same reason; and a single rickety chair. On a shelf were a few dishes, and on the stove an old tomato-can held water. No wild beast's den could offer a more hopeless prospect for a human being, yet on this mattress a human being lay, and turned heavy eyes toward the doctor, who tenderly took the bony hand for a moment, feeling the pulse mechanically.

"He's been at it again," the husky voice whispered. "He went off with the saucepan and one of the coverlets this morning, an' by this time they're drunk up. It don't make any matter. I'll be done in a day or two now."

The fact was so evident that no comment was possible, nor did the doctor make any. The child who had followed us brought some water in a tin basin, and watched while the pain-drawn, pallid face was sponged off. But even alleviation was impossible in such surroundings, and death was too near for any attempt to better things. An old Irishwoman, bent and twisted with rheumatism, hobbled in, and nodded with an attempt at cheerfulness.

"Shure, an' it's a beautiful breakfast she's afther atin', an' I

makin' it wid me own hands. A bit o' ilegant beef, an' tay strong enough to float an egg. That'll kape her up an' take her through the day, but she's set as ever, she won't go to hospital, an' small blame to her. Ye needn't worry, Doctor dear Me eye is on her, an' on that murtherin' villain of a Dinnis that's dhrunk up every stick o' furniture, an' may it choke him unbeknownst an' stick forever in the evil throat of him. Take a peep at Tim as you go by, Doctor dear, an' all the saints make yer bed for it. It's naught else I've got but a wish, an' thim's plenty in a hole like this, though there's little in 'em that's fillin'."



A TENEMENT HOUSE ON HAMILTON STREET KNOWN AS "THE SHIP." 1, NARROW ENTRANCE TO THE REAR LEADING TO THE GARRET ROOMS.

The voice rambled on as we passed again into the hall and opened the door into another room, a trifle cleaner, but hardly less bare. Tim, a stalwart Irishman, asleep on the bed in one corner, was, so far as one could judge, simply in a drunken stupor, for the smell of stale beer was in the air, its pungency dominating other un-

savoriness. In the back room three lads, also asleep, lay across a bed, and on the floor was stretched a woman, her sodden face, with a great bruise over one eye, indicating what kind of orgie had been held there. The doctor closed the door.

At the top of the house we entered a low and narrow room under the eaves; the bed was pushed as far as it would go against the sloping wall; a chair or two, a small table, and a tiny cooking-stove, over which a man bent stirring something in a saucepan, made up the furniture of the room. So deadly and heavy was the smell, as the door opened, that a mighty effort was necessary before I could enter at all.

"She's a grain easier, but only a grain," said the man, coming forward and addressing the doctor. "She's been prayin' to be released, if it's the Lord's will, an' I've come to be willin'. Look at her."

The bandages had been removed, and I saw a painful sight; cancer of the face and head; yet life enough in the poor lips to smile in the doctor's face.

"I'm most through, ain't I?" she whispered. "O, I hope so; I want to go, but I'm willin' to wait."

"Yes, you are almost through," answered the kind voice of the doctor. "You have only a day or two longer."

The man knelt by the bed, shaking with sobs, and the doctor prayed for release, for patience and strength to bear whatever pain must still be borne.

"That does me good," the dying woman whispered. "Come to-morrow an' every day till I'm gone."

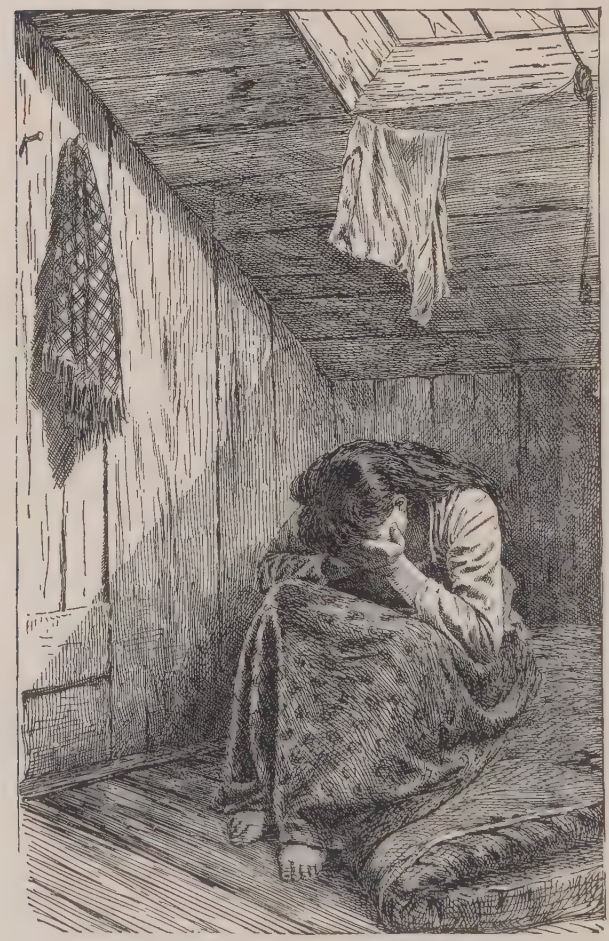
With a pressure of the wasted hand we hurried down the stairs.

"I thought you would faint," the doctor said, as we reached the street and the wind blew up cool from the river. "Stand still a minute. You're trembling."

"Why does not such a case as that go to the hospital?" I asked, when the fresh air had brought back color and voice. "She could at least have decent comfort there."

"We wanted her to, but her husband wouldn't hear to it. He wanted to be near the Mission, and so did she, and she said

she'd got to die any way, so that there was no use in going away. They were both converted there, and he's been tender as a woman with her. He's tended her all night, sleeping when he could, after working all day on the dock, and it breaks his heart to think she's going."



A ROOM AND ITS OCCUPANT AS FOUND IN THE GARRET OF "THE SHIP."

The next place, a six-story tenement-house, while less shaky than the one we had just left, was equally odorous; and how human beings lived through such pulling upon all the vital forces I could not see. We passed familiar faces on two of the landings, and I found that this house had gradually been filled up by "regular" attendants at the Water Street Mission, and though a liquor-saloon still flourished below, the building had lost its former character as one of the most brawling, disorderly houses in the block.

We climbed up to the fourth floor and entered a front room overlooking the street; a room of tolerable size, but intolerable dirt, where four little children sat on the floor eating bread and molasses, while a man sat in the corner smoking. He nodded surlily but said nothing, and I followed the doctor into an inner room; a dark bedroom, where no sunshine could ever reach, and which had the same heavy, oppressive smell I had noticed in the other house, — a fog of human exhalations. Propped up in bed, for easier breathing, was a woman in the last stages of consumption; a deep red spot on each cheek, and her frame the merest skeleton. I returned to the larger room, and tried to talk to the children, but they were absorbed in their bread and molasses, and the man eyed me so suspiciously that I sat silent, looking about. An old mattress was in one corner, evidently the children's bed at night; a few chairs; a closet, whose open door showed some broken crockery and one or two cooking utensils.

"I'll come round to-morrow, Patsy, and straighten up a bit," said a neighbor who had unceremoniously entered. "It's pretty hard on you, trying to do all yourself." The man grunted, and in a moment left the room.

"Come here, you poor, sticky little things," she went on, "and have your faces washed." Turning to me she said, "They can't see out o' their eyes for dirt. Their mother kept round till a month ago, but she can't help herself a stroke now."

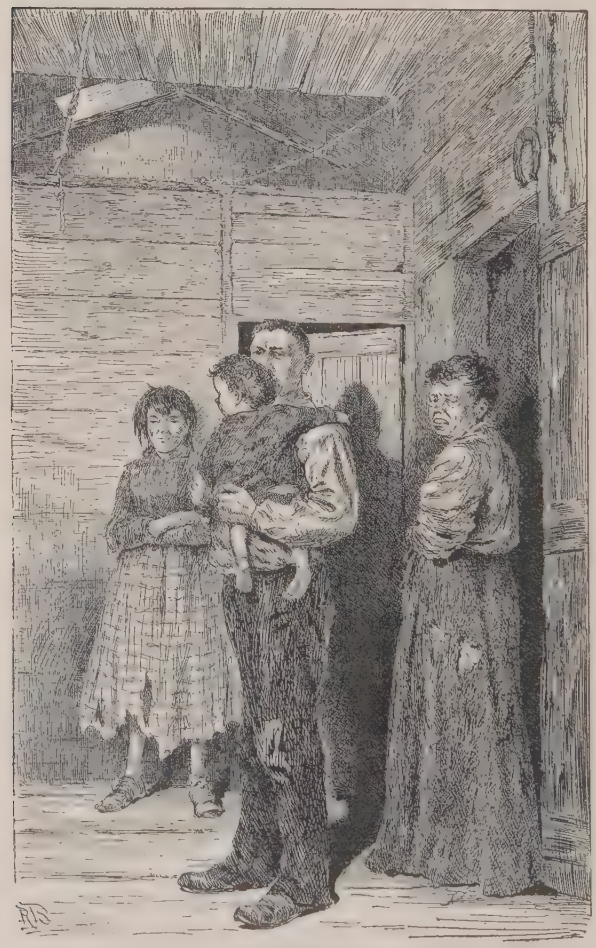
The oldest child, only five, but preternaturally old, and with a business-like expression, laughed.

"I washed yesterday," she said; "I borryed a little tub, an' I let Molly rub her own apron. It ain't dry yet. An' to-morry I'm goin' to scrub mother's floor with Mrs. O'Rafferty's brush."

"I'll be here," said the kind-hearted neighbor, who had already transformed the two youngest into very lovely looking children, whose dark curls and clear blue eyes were the best type of Celtic beauty. "You ought to wash 'em more, Bridget. You're old enough."

"They doesn't like it," said Bridget. "They hollers, an' that plagues mother. I can't make 'em be still for it, savin' sometimes."

The doctor's work was over; the bed freshly made, and the sick woman rendered as comfortable as possible, and after a prayer from this true ministering spirit we went out. Children looked from every door—it seemed to me—by dozens; they swarmed on the stairs and in the halls.



OUT OF WORK.—A LONGSHOREMAN'S FAMILY AND HOME.

"All just as usual," the doctor said, turning to me. "This floor—for you see there are doors on the other side of the hall—has nothing better to offer. In that room opposite you eleven people sleep at night; father, mother, two daughters who work in a bag-factory intermittently, and the rest boarders. My coming here is quite useless save that this dying woman craves it. She refused to go to hospital because she

thought she could perhaps keep her husband from drinking himself to death if she stayed on, and she has the prejudice of her class against hospitals. On the two floors below are families, three of which take boarders, each of whom has a certain portion of floor space and that is all. They are of the worst order of tenants. Some of the men work along the docks at odd jobs, laying off for a spree at least once a week, and always more or less full of liquor. Three of the women scrub office floors, and one takes in washing. The girls are in some of the various factories about here; those, at least, who make some show of earning an honest living. But you see for yourself how much chance there is for any life born in a house like this. Take it all in, for it belongs to one of the rich men of New York."

Such scenes may be witnessed in New York every day. There are men and women who lie and die day by day in these wretched tenement-house rooms, sharing in their weakness all the family trouble, enduring the hunger and the cold, and waiting, without hope, for a single ray of comfort, until God curtains their staring eyes with the merciful film of death.

We made our way slowly down the stairs, pausing for a minute as the doctor pointed out the sink at the end of each hall.

"That is a concession to popular prejudice," she said. "At first there was water only in the yard, and I am not certain but that they were as well off, since the sink is always stopped with filth; and the waterclosets fare the same, all the refuse going down there. The Board of Health! What could the Board of Health do in a house like this? Disinfect it as they might; order cleaning and new plumbing; but what good, when these human beasts flock here, with no chance of being anything but beasts so long as they have no desire to improve? It is a case of reflex action. The tenement pulls them down, but they also pull down the tenement. Let us try the one on the other side of the alley and see if it is an improvement."

Even the foulness of the alley seemed pure after the sickening passage down and out. On the step sat a little cripple, his

crutches lying beside him, and another child, a hunchback, playing "toss-up" with him. Children were playing in the gutter, down which a foul stream of dirty suds was running languidly, but which served to carry the boats they had made from bits of wood, and thus to give a hint of play. On the opposite side the story repeated itself, but with a difference. In the first there had been at least fairly sound floors and stairways. In the second, great gaps were in both. The stair-rail had given way at several points, and even for the sure-footed there was danger all the way. How drunken man or woman reached top or bottom without broken limbs was a question. The smell was unbearable. One sickened and grew faint in this atmosphere in which babies were growing up and human beings living on contentedly a life hardly above that of the maggot in a festering carcass.

"Stop a moment," the doctor said, when breath had been taken. "You have not seen the lowest depth. Turn around. There is a door at your left."

The door showed itself as she spoke. There was a step leading down into a narrow cellar room lighted only by one dirt-encrusted window, and containing a dirty bed in one corner, a broken-backed chair, a three-legged table, and a rickety stove. In the chair was seated a crying woman, with a deep cut across her cheek; a baby lay in her lap and five children huddled about her. In a corner, on some rags, groaning and telling her beads, lay an old woman, while across the bed was thrown the body of a man who breathed heavily in a drunken sleep. It is a frequent story, and he who runs may read. First, a carouse in any saloon of the neighborhood; then, on getting home, the agreeable pastime of beating his wife and children, throwing the few remaining dishes at the old grandmother, one of them taking the wife's cheek in its flight, and then tumbling on to the bed to sleep off the effects of the debauch, only to wake ready for another bout.

The doctor went quietly to work, washing the cut and plastering it from a roll she carried with her, while the woman told her tale.

"I wouldn't have yees see the eye on me if I could help it, for Mike's as kind a cratur whin the dhrink's not in him, as ye'd want to see. But he came in mad loike, an' the first thing was up wid his fist an' hittin' me. He'd worked nigh the whole week, an' there was good wages comin' to him, but the minute he'd his pocket full he wint to Jim's. I knowed he'd be there, an' I was on the watch for him, but he'd had more dhrink as

AN EVERY DAY SCENE IN A TENEMENT HOUSE ALLEY.

he come along, an' was jest full enough not to mind. I says to him, 'Mike, gim'me a dollar for the childer. We've none of us ate since mornin',' an' he swore and pushed me to wan side. Thin I begged him, and the saloon-keeper pushed me out, and said he wouldn't have no snivelin' women around. The baker wouldn't trust me, but wan o' me neighbors give me a quart o'

male and let me cook it on her shtove, so they wint to slape with somethin' in their stomachs. Thin I wint round to-day, an' I says, "For the love o' God, Mike, don't let the childer starve,' but he couldn't attind, bein' full o' the dhrink. I don't know what we'll be doin'. I've got wan day's washin' come Wednesday, but that won't kape us, an' what he hasn't swallyed they've tuk from him in the night. Oh, wurra! me heart's sick in me!"

This is one order of cellar homes, and in all this vicinity are others of the same sort, save that when the tide is high the furniture is set afloat, and that rats swarm at every turn. They are all homes, however; homes of every vice known to the most degraded forms of human existence, and all parts of this tenement-house system which we are trying to understand.

Scene after scene is the same. Rags, dirt, filth, wretchedness, the same figures, the same faces, the same old story of one room unfit for habitation yet inhabited by a dozen people, the same complaint of a ruinous rent exacted by the merciless landlord, the same shameful neglect of all sanitary precautions, rotten floors, oozing walls, vermin everywhere, broken windows, crazy staircases — this is the picture of the homes of hundreds of people in the tenement districts of New York.

No one who has seen how the poor live can return from the journey with aught but an aching heart. He will be brought face to face with that dark side of life which the wearers of rose-colored spectacles turn away from on principle. The worship of the beautiful is an excellent thing, but he who digs down deep in the mire to find the soul of goodness in things evil is a better Christian than he who shudders at the ugly and unclean and kicks it from his path.

Only a Zola could describe deliberately what any eye may see in this locality, but any minute detail of which would excite an outburst of popular indignation. Yet I am by no means certain that such detail has not far more right to space than much that fills our morning papers, and that the plain, bald statement of facts, shorn of all flights of fancy or play

of facetiousness might not rouse the public to some sense of what lies below the surface of this fair-seeming civilization of to-day.

An extreme case? If it only were, — but these are tenements built within a comparatively recent period, and thus nominally more comfortable than older dwellings. The older buildings still show their dormer windows here and there, and

SICK AND DESTITUTE. A GROUP AS FOUND IN A CHERRY STREET TENEMENT.

give to the tenants of upper rooms walls sloping at the back almost to the floor, and but one window to the room. Yet they swarm no less than the newer ones, with the added disadvantage that the ancient timbers and woodwork are alive with vermin and saturated with all foulness beyond even the possibilities of brick. The older tenements are battered and worn-looking, so hideously massed together in places as to be without yards, or huddled together like styes among stables, factories, and vile-smelling outhouses. Rows of dirty houses are crowded on the narrow sidewalk, with still more forlorn rear tenements crowding behind them.

A rear tenement is sometimes reached by a low tunnel or alleyway running through the front house. This tunnel is not much higher than one's head, is two to three feet wide, and is always partially dark. The air is sickening in most of the yards. The garbage-barrels are odorous with decaying refuse, and the smells from the cellars are vile. Oftentimes the cellars are ankle-deep in water, or are choked with rubbish.

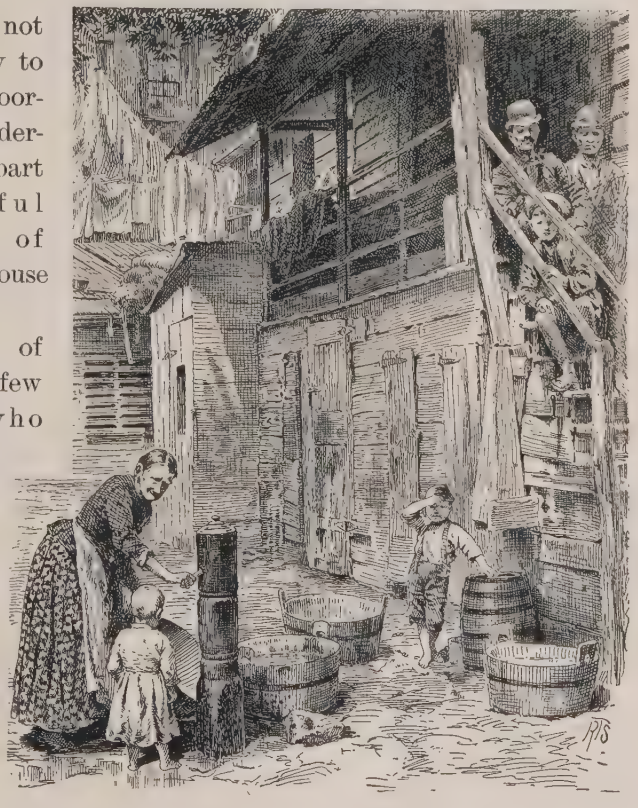
The sun slants into the yard but for a short time in the day, if it comes at all, and dirty water lies in stinking pools on the flags. Here old and young, sick and well, live in a deadly atmosphere laden with the stink of nasty garbage and whiffs of stale liquors from neighboring saloons. Even the breezes blowing cannot make much difference. Scores of children play on the sidewalks, and tiny big-eyed creatures sit on the dirty flags against the house wall. The children have three playgrounds, the yards, the cellars, and the streets. It is especially common in these regions to find three out of the four corners of a street filled with saloons, every other house in some places having one on the ground floor.

A MORNING WASH AT THE BACKYARD HYDRANT.

The glimpses into the nooks and dens where work is going on are horrifying. Here and there a cloud of dust comes up out of a cellar, where rag-picking is carried on, and the loosened filth so fills the air that the wretched beings bending over the filthy heaps are indistinguishable.

Smells, filth, degradation, and misery; old and young crowded together; evil, coarse, and suffering faces; tattered, faded, old clothes; dirty shops; drinking saloons right and left,— these things are scarcely lacking in any quarter, and are plentiful in many.

In each alley are several hydrants. All the water for use must be carried up stairs and dirty water brought down again. Here, as elsewhere, it is not necessary to enter a doorway to understand in part the awful meaning of tenement-house life.



IN A TENEMENT-HOUSE BACKYARD IN THE REAR OF MULBERRY STREET.

In one of them, a few women who worked for a fashionable cloak-manufacturer on Canal Street had brought their machines together, and then clubbed to keep the tin teapot on the little stove, filled with the rank tea that is their chief source of strength, and hardly less destructive than the drink most of their husbands take from their earnings to supply.

Through the crowded streets the doctor made her round, preaching the gospel of cleanliness and decent living as she went, and here and there finding good ground on which the seed might bring forth fruit. But for the most part there seemed but one course that could mean any real good,— total destruction and a new start; like the summary proceedings in Glasgow in 1870, when by Act of Parliament ten thousand houses were torn down, and a new city arose on the spot; the result in two years being an extraordinary change for the better in health returns, prevention of crime, and the raising of a new standard of living. But, save for a model tenement here and there,— tenements, by the way, which have demonstrated that better things are as possible for New York as for Glasgow, — the ward is given over to this order of home for its inhabitants. Not one day's visit but many were needed to take in all features of evil possibility. There are grades of degradation and misery with which we have yet to deal, but chiefest of all sources of misery and infamy in the better order is the fact that well nigh every family harbor from two to eight or ten additional inmates, and that life is as promiscuous as that of brutes. The saloon is a perpetual invitation to spend earnings, and the atmosphere of the ward is one not only of wretchedness but of crime of every order.

Take one house on a side street just back of the Water Street Mission. Four families to a floor is the general rule, but the top floor has a family to every room. These are ragpickers chiefly, and they pay four dollars a month for this accommodation. In one room are four men and three women living together. In the next a widow has seven boarders, and the floor is thick with them at night. On the floor below another widow takes in servant girls out of employment, at ten cents a night. Back of her is another ragpicker, with four boys, and they sort the bones and rags in the dark room opening from the larger one. The Health Board has interfered and forbidden this, but as their visits are only occasional the occupant goes on with his foul work. In front of him is a washerwoman with four small children, and with three men

as lodgers besides the two boys of eighteen and twenty. Four families are on the floor below, — all earning wages, but all drinkers. In this house are thirty-two dark rooms with no possibility of air or light except from the one into which they open. Whoever sleeps in a room like this wakens with a feeling as if an iron band were screwed about the head, and with a craving and sinking at the stomach that long ago they learned to quiet with whiskey. Small wonder that they drink.

A RAG-PICKER'S CELLAR IN AN ALLEY OFF BAXTER STREET.

Small wonder that vice thrives and that prisons are full and asylums running over. From one block alone in this ward, — the old Gotham Court on Cherry Street, — hundreds of criminals have gone out, to be followed by other hundreds from other blocks close at hand.

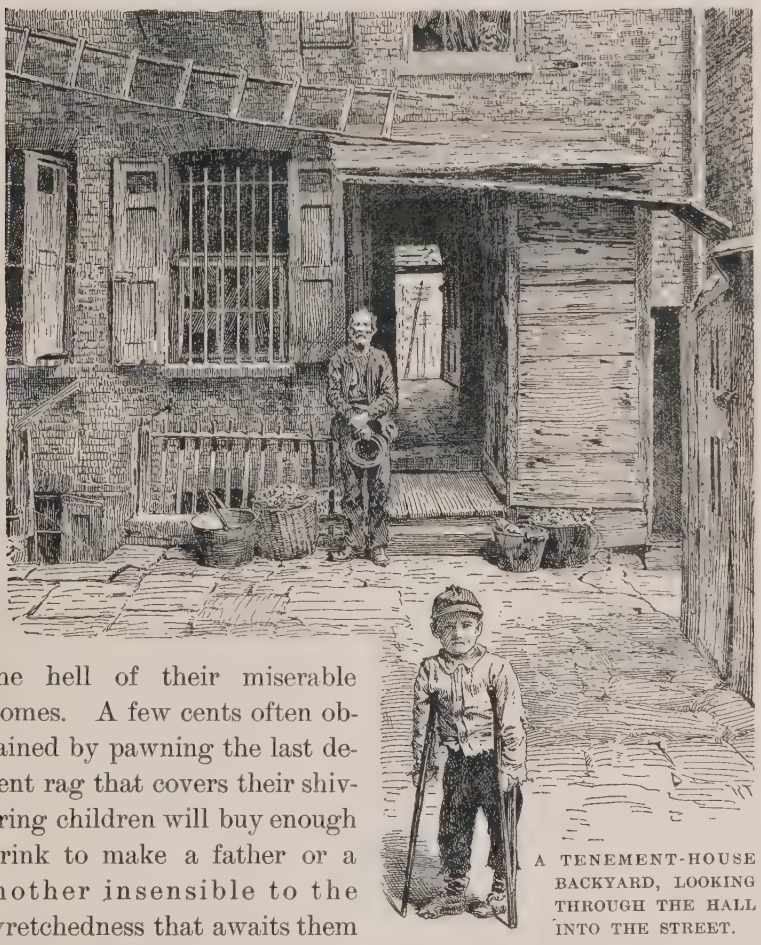
The tall houses are packed from sub-cellar to attic. One may see on any summer night many a roof crowded with rest-

less and uneasy tenants seeking relief from the sickening heat of their airless quarters. If one climbs the stairs of any of these wretched tenement-houses on a warm summer night, the whole population seems to have sought the roof, and lies upon it in every uncomfortable attitude, — men, women, and children huddled together, and all alike moaning in troubled sleep. Wherever tenement-houses rise this is the only refuge from the heat, and the tenant who begins sleep on the doorstep is tolerably certain to end the night on the roof.

It is not always criminals and drunkards who house here. Often respectable men and women out of work drift into the neighborhood, falling always a little lower and lower, till the worst is reached in one of these houses given over to uncleanness. Sometimes, driven by despair, they take to drink and end in as wretched fashion as the original inhabitants, and sometimes, though rarely, better days come and they emerge from the dens where they have hidden and take their rightful place once more. To-day, in a fresh look at the familiar ground, there shambled along the street a man once hard-working and honest. Drink led him here, and a weak will and constant temptation made him powerless to reform. He married a woman in the ward, who, as he went lower and lower, took in washing and tried her best to give the children a chance. Eleven of these came into the world, each a little more burdened than the last with the inheritance of evil tendency. Five died before they were three weeks old, from want of proper food and from vitiated blood. Two were born idiots and are in an asylum. Two are in prison serving long terms, and one has disappeared. Those in prison are having their first chance to learn a trade, to eat wholesome food, and possibly turn into decent citizens.

Drink is the curse of these communities. Not only is the temptation to drink created by their fearful surroundings, but a positive craving for it is engendered by the foul and fetid atmosphere they continually breathe. Saloons flourish in these localities, and stale-beer dives are numerous. Drink is sustenance to these people; it dulls every sense of shame, takes the

sharp edge from sorrow, leaves the drinkers for a while in a fool's paradise, and ultimately reduces them to the level of the brutes. To many of them the saloon is heaven compared to the hell of their miserable homes. A few cents often obtained by pawning the last decent rag that covers their shivering children will buy enough drink to make a father or a mother insensible to the wretchedness that awaits them at home. With these people to be drunk is to be happy.



A TENEMENT-HOUSE BACKYARD, LOOKING THROUGH THE HALL INTO THE STREET.

The tenement-house and its life have done effectual work and one that goes on day by day. It is here that we must seek for the mass of the poor, and it is here that we find the causes which, combined, are making of the generation now coming up a terror in the present and a promise of future evil beyond man's power to reckon. They are a class apart, the

poor Irish forming by far the larger proportion. They retain all the most brutal characteristics of the Irish peasant at home, but without the redeeming light-heartedness, the tender impulses, and strong affections of that most perplexing people. Sullen, malicious, conscienceless, with no capacity for enjoyment save in drink and the lowest forms of debauchery, they are filling our prisons and reformatories, marching in an ever-increasing army through the quiet country, and making a reign of terror wherever their footsteps are heard. With a little added intelligence they become Socialists, doing their heartiest to ruin the institutions by which they live. The Socialistic leader knows well with what he deals, and can sound every chord of jealousy and suspicion and revenge lying open to his touch.

And so the evil thrives; and then come ever-increasing appropriations for prisons, reformatories, asylums, and homes. For this, all give joyfully, each fresh building being pointed to with pride as evidence of progress and the beautiful humanitarian spirit of the age. Prevention would make less show, and with prevention successfully at work this chapter perhaps would have found less material; but till prevention is attempted New York cannot be said to be civilized, nor indeed any great city in which the like conditions are to be found.

CHAPTER IV.

NEW YORK NEWSBOYS—WHO THEY ARE, WHERE THEY COME FROM, AND HOW THEY LIVE—THE WAIFS AND STRAYS OF A GREAT CITY.

The Newsboys' Code of Morals—Curious Beds for Cold Winters' Nights—Shivering Urchins—Sleeping in a Burned-out Safe—Creeping into Doorways—The Street Arab and the Gutter-Snipe—A Curious Mixture of Morality and Vice—His Religion—"Kind o' Lucky to say a Prayer"—Newsboys' Lodging-Houses—First Night in a Soft Bed—Favorite Songs—Trying Times in "Boys' Meetings"—Opening the Savings Bank—The "Doodes"—Pork and Beans—Popular Nicknames—Teaching Self Help—Western Homes for New York's Waifs—"Wanted, a Perfect Boy"—How a Street Arab Went to Yale College—Newsboy Orators—A Loud Call for "Paddy"—"Bummers, Snoozers, and Citizens"—Specimens of Wit and Humor—"Jack de Robber"—The "Kid"—"Ain't Got no Mammy"—A Life of Hardship—Giving the Boys a Chance.

HOW shall one condense into one chapter the story of an army of newsboys in which each individual represents a case not only of "survival of the fittest," but of an experience that would fill a volume? They are the growth of but a generation or two, since only the modern newspaper and its needs could require the services of this numberless host. Out of the thousands of homeless children roaming the streets as lawless as the wind, only those with some sense of honor could be chosen, yet what honor could be found in boys born in the slums and knowing vice as a close companion from babyhood up?

This question answered itself long ago, as many a social problem has done. The fact that no papers could be had by them save as paid for on the spot, and that a certain code of morals was the first necessity for any work at all, developed such conscience as lay in embryo, and brought about the tacitly understood rules that have long governed the small heathen

who supply this prime need of the business man, — the morning and evening papers.

Most of us have never bothered ourselves about how the newsboy lives. We know that he exists. We are too apt to regard him only as a necessary evil. What is his daily life? What becomes of him? Does he ever grow up to man's estate, or are his inches never increased?

Though it is by no means true that all newsboys are wanderers, yet most of those seen in New York streets have no homes. Out from the alleys and by-ways of the slums pours this stream of child humanity, an army of happy barbarians, for they are happy in spite of privations that seem enough to crush the spirit of the bravest. Comparatively few in number before the war, they increased manyfold with the demand of that period, and swarm now at every point where a sale is probable. Naturally only the brightest among them prospered. They began as "street rats," — the old name of the police for them, — and pilfered and gnawed at all social foundations with the recklessness and energy of their prototypes. Their life was of the hardest. Driven out from the dens in tenement districts, where most of them were born, to beg or steal as need might be, they slept in boxes, or under stairways, and sometimes in hay barges in coldest nights of winter. Two of them were known to have slept for an entire winter in the iron tube of a bridge, and two others in a burned-out safe in Wall Street. Sometimes they slipped into the cabin of a ferry-boat. Old boilers were a favorite refuge, but first and chief, then and now, came the steam gratings, where at any time of night or day in winter one may find a crowd of shivering urchins warming half-frozen fingers and toes, or curled up in a heap snatching such sleep as is to be had under adverse circumstances.

Watch a group of this nature. Their faces are old from constant exposure as well as from the struggle for existence. Their thin clothes fluttering in the wind afford small protection against winter's cold, and are made up of contributions from all sources, often rescued from the ragpicker and cut down to meet requirements. Shoes are of the same order, but worn

THEIR ONLY BED.—SUPPERLESS AND HOMELESS STREET BOYS SLEEPING OUT AT NIGHT.—A NIGHT SCENE IN AN ALLEY.

Many of the newsboys and street boys of New York have no homes. Driven out from the alleys and by-ways of the slums, and from the dens in tenement districts, where most of them were born, they sell papers, black shoes, beg or steal, as need be, and sleep wherever night overtakes them. Their faces are old from constant exposure as well as from the struggle for existence. Their thin clothes afford small protection against the winter's cold. It is not till one sees them at night curled up on some doorstep, tucked away in old barrels and empty packing boxes, lying in any and every sheltered spot in dark alleys or deserted hallways, that one begins to realize that there is no softer pillow for them.

only in winter, the toes even then looking stockingless, from gaping holes stopped sometimes by rags wound about the feet. Kicked and cuffed by every ruffian they meet, ordered about by the police, creeping into doorways as winter storms rage, they lose no atom of cheer, and shame the prosperous passer-by who gives them small thought save as a nuisance to be tolerated.

GETTING POINTS FROM THE LAST EDITION.

They are the pertinacious little chaps who spring up at every crossing, almost at every hour of the day and night, and thrust a paper under your nose. They run to every fire, and are present wherever a horse falls down, or a street car gets into trouble, or a brawl is in progress. They are the boys who play toss-penny in the sun in the City Hall Park, who play baseball

by electric light, who rob the push-cart of the Italian banana-seller, who can scent a "copper" a block away, and who always have a plentiful supply of crocodile tears when caught in *flagrante delicto*.

The tiny fellow who flies across your path with a bundle of papers under his arm found out, almost before he ceased to be a baby, that life is very earnest, and he knows that upon his success in disposing of his stock in trade depends his supper and a warm bed for the night. Though so young he has had as many hard knocks as are crowded into the lives of a good many folk twice his age. He is every inch a philosopher, too, for he accepts bad fortune with stoical indifference.

Homeless boys may be divided into two classes,—the street arab and the gutter-snipe. The newsboy may be found in both these classes. As a street arab he is strong, sturdy, self-reliant, full of fight, always ready to take his own part, as well as that of the gutter-snipe, who naturally looks to him for protection.

Gutter-snipe is the name which has been given to the more weakly street arab, the little fellow who, though scarcely more than a baby, is frequently left by brutalized parents at the mercy of any fate, no matter what. This little chap generally roams around until he finds some courageous street arab, scarcely bigger than himself, perhaps, to fight his battles and put him in the way of making a living, which is generally done by selling papers. In time the gutter-snipe becomes himself a full-fledged arab with a large *clientèle*, two hard and ready fists, and a horde of dependent and grateful snipes.

This is the evolution of the newsboy wherever he be found. Some of them bring up in penal institutions and reformatories, and no wonder. Their mornings are too apt to be spent in pitching pennies or frequenting policy-shops. They are passionately devoted to the theatre, and they will cheerfully give up a prospect of a warm bed for the night for an evening in some cheap playhouse. Their applause is always discriminating. They despise humbug, whether in real life or on the mimic stage. The cheap morality current in Bowery plays, where the villain always meets his just deserts, gives

them a certain standard which is as high as can well be when one lives among fighters, stealers, gamblers, and swearers. After squandering his earnings for an evening's entertainment of this sort, a convenient doorway or a sidewalk grating, through whose bars an occasional breath of warm air is wafted from underground furnaces in winter, are often the only places he has to sleep. This is the boy who is the veritable street arab, the newsboy pure and simple. You can see him early any morning hugging some warm corner or huddled into some dark passage, waiting for the moment when the papers shall be ready for distribution.

Their light-heartedness is a miracle. Merry as clowns, flashing back repartee to any joker, keen and quick to take points, they manage their small affairs with a wisdom one would believe impossible. Their views of life have come from association with "flash-men" of every order, with pugilists, pickpockets, cockfighters, and all the habitués of pot-houses or bucket-shops. Yet Charles L. Brace of the Children's Aid Society, who knew them best and did most for them, wrote:

"The newsboy has his code. He will not get drunk; he pays his debts to other boys, and thinks it dishonorable to sell papers on their beat, and, if they come on his, he administers summary justice by 'punching.' He is generous to a fault and will always divide his last sixpence with a poorer boy. Life is a strife with him, and money its reward; and as bankruptcy means to a street boy a night on doorsteps without any supper, he is sharp and reckless if he can only earn or get enough to keep him above water. His temptations are to cheat, steal, and lie. His religion is vague. One boy, who said he 'didn't live nowhere,' said he had heard of God, and 'the boys thought it kind o' lucky' to say over something to Him which one of them had learned, when they were sleeping out in boxes."

Almost forty years ago these were the conditions for hundreds as they are to-day for thousands, though philanthropy has fought every step of the way, as industrial schools

lodging-houses, and Homes bear witness. Chief among these rank the Newsboys' Lodging-Houses, in many respects the most unique sight to be seen in New York.

A thousand difficulties hedged about the way of those who first sought to make life easier for this class, not the least of which were how not to assail too roughly their established opinions and habits, nor to touch their sturdy independence. They had a terror of Sunday-schools, believing them only a sort of trap to let them suddenly into the House of Refuge or some equally detested place. Even when the right sort of superintendent had been found, and a loft had been secured in the old "Sun" building and fitted up as a lodging-room, the small skeptics regarded the movement with great suspicion and contempt.

"EXT-R-A-H 'DISHUN."

It was in March, 1854, that the new quarters were opened. A good bed, a bath, a supper, the first two for six cents, the last for four, was evidently a fact, but behind this fact what dark design might not lurk! They formed their own theory at once. The Superintendent was to their mind undoubtedly a street-preacher, and had laid this elaborate trap to get them into the House of Refuge. They accepted his invitation for a single night, which they concluded would be

better than "bummin'," that is, sleeping out; but they planned to turn it into a general scrimmage in the schoolroom after they had cut off the gas, and end with a fine row in the bedroom.

Never was there a blander or more benevolent reception of such programme. Gas-pipes were guarded; the ringleaders were sent down to the lower floor, where an officer was in waiting; and up in the bedroom, when the first boots flew from a little fellow's bed across the room, he found himself suddenly snaked out by a gentle but muscular hand, and left in the cold to shiver over his folly. Mysteriously it dawned upon them all that authority reigned here and was getting even with them, and they finally settled down to sleep, suspicious still, but half believing good might be meant.

The night went on, broken now and then by ejaculations from the new tenants. "My eyes! Ain't these soft beds!" "I say Jim! This is better'n bummin' ain't it?" "Hi, Pat! It's most as good as a steam gratin', an' not a cop to poke you up!"

A morning wash and a good breakfast completed the conversion. One and all they went out sounding the praises of the "Fulton Lodge," which soon became a boys' hotel, one loft being known to them as the Astor House. Often the boys clubbed together to pay the fee for the boy who wanted to try it and had no pennies saved, and each one came at last to look upon the place as in degree his private property. No word as to school had yet been spoken, but one evening the Superintendent said:

"Boys, there was a gentleman here this morning who wanted an office-boy at three dollars a week."

"My eyes! Let me go, sir!" and "Me, me, sir!" came in loud voice from scores of excited boys.

"But he wanted a boy who could write a good hand."

Deep dejection among the boys, who looked at each other blankly.

"Well now, suppose we have a night school and learn to write," the Superintendent ventured.

"All right, sir," sounded from a dozen of the most unruly. Soon the evening school began, and the tired little fellows struggled with their copy-books and readers, — learning, however, with surprising success.

Already they had been taught to sing together in the evening, generally preparing for the ceremony by taking off their coats and rolling up their sleeves, but no mention had yet been made of any Sunday meeting. A great public funeral produced a profound impression upon them, and the Superintendent for the first time read them a little from the Bible. They were astonished at what they heard. The Golden Rule they declared to be impossible for "fellers that got stuck and short and had to live."

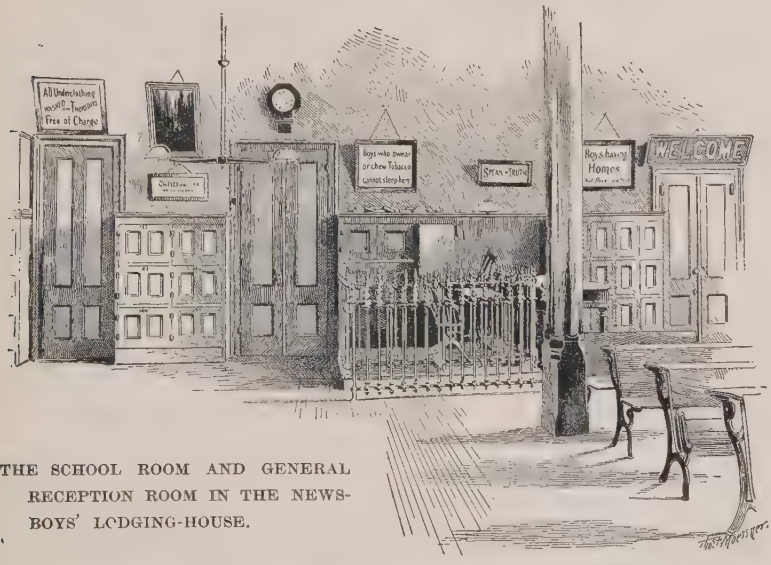
Miracles from Holy Writ created no surprise, and they found great satisfaction in learning that a being like Jesus Christ was homeless and belonged to the working classes. Whatever gentle elements were in them seemed to find expression in their singing. "There's Rest for the Weary" was a great favorite with these untiring little workers, and "There's a Light in the Window for thee, Brother," they sang with deepest pathos, as if they imagined themselves wandering alone through a great city by night till some friendly light shone out for them.

The early days of those "Boys' Meetings" were stormy. The boys, as is well known, are exceedingly sharp and keen, and somewhat given to *chaff*. Unhappy was the experience of any daring missionary who ventured to question these youthful inquirers.

How to break up their special vice of money-wasting was the next problem, and this was accomplished by opening a savings bank and letting the boys vote as to how long it should remain closed. The small daily deposits accumulated in such degree as to amaze their owners; the liberal interest allowed pleased them and stimulated economy, and thus was formed the habit of saving which is now regarded by all of them as part of the business. Often three hundred dollars and more are deposited in a month, and this has done much to

break up the habit of buying policy-tickets, though that remains a constant temptation.

The old building soon proved inadequate, and another one was taken at 49 and 51 Park Place, which was retained for many years. Its Superintendent had been in the British army in the Crimea, and was a man of excellent discipline but generous in feeling and a "good provider." The house was kept clean as a man-of-war's deck, and no boy ever left the table hungry. His wife was equally valuable, and many a man, once a newsboy, looks back to both as the closest friends his youth ever knew.


All Undershirting washed & Thoroughly Free of Charge
Boys who Swear or chew Tobacco cannot sleep here
Speak the Truth
Boys having Homes
WELCOME

THE SCHOOL ROOM AND GENERAL RECEPTION ROOM IN THE NEWSBOYS' LODGING-HOUSE.

In 1869 and 1870 8,835 different boys were entered. Many of them found good homes through the agency of the Children's Aid Society; some found places for themselves; and some drifted away no one knows where, too deeply tainted with the vices of street life for reclamation. In this same year the lads themselves paid $3,349 toward expenses.

What sort of home is it that their money helps to provide? The present one, with its familiar sign, "Newsboys' Lodging House," on the corner of Duane and Chambers Street, is planned like the old one on Park Place. The cleanliness is

perfect, for in all the years since its founding no case of contagious disease has occurred among the boys. The first story is rented for use as shops. The next has a large dining-room where nearly two hundred boys can sit down at table; a kitchen, laundry, store-room, servant's room, and rooms for the family of the superintendent. The next story is partitioned off into a school-room, gymnasium, and bath and wash-rooms, all fully supplied with cold and hot water, a steam-boiler below providing both the latter and the means of heating the rooms. The two upper stories are large and roomy dormitories, each furnished with from fifty to one hundred beds or berths, arranged like a ship's bunks, over each other. The beds have spring mattresses of wire and are supplied with white cotton sheets and plenty of comforters. For these beds the boys pay six cents a night each, including supper. For ten cents a boy may hire a "private room," which consists of a square space curtained off from the vulgar gaze and supplied with a bed and locker. The private rooms are always full, no matter what the population of the dormitories may be, showing that the newsboy shares the weakness of his more fortunate brothers.

Up to midnight the little lodgers are welcome to enter the house, but later than that they are not admitted. Once in, he is expected after supper to attend the night school and remain until the end of the session; and once outside the door after the hour of closing he must make the best of a night in the streets.

Confident of his ability to take care of himself, he resents the slightest encroachment upon his freedom. The discipline of the lodging-house, therefore, does not seek to impose any more restraints upon him than those which are absolutely necessary. He goes and comes as he pleases, except that if he accepts the hospitality of the lodging-house he must abide by the rules and regulations.

Supper is served at seven o'clock and is usually well patronized, especially on Mondays and Thursdays, which are pork-and-beans days. Every boy has his bed-number, which corres-

ponds with the number of the locker in which he keeps his clothes. When he is ready to retire he applies to the superintendent's assistant, who sits beside the keyboard. The lodger gives his number and is handed the key of his locker, in which he bestows all his clothing but his shirt and trousers. He then mounts to the dormitory, and after carefully secreting his shirt and trousers under his mattress is ready for the sleep of childhood.

BOYS APPLYING TO THE SUPERINTENDENT FOR A NIGHT'S LODGING.

The boys are wakened at different hours. Some of them rise as early as two o'clock and go down town to the newspaper offices for their stock in trade. Others rise between that hour and five o'clock. All hands, however, are routed out at seven. The boys may enjoy instruction in the rudimentary branches every night from half-past seven until nine o'clock, with the exception of Sundays, when devotional services are held and addresses made by well-known citizens.

A large majority of the boys who frequent the lodging-houses are waifs pure and simple. They have never known a mother's or a father's care, and have no sense of identity. Generally they have no name, or if they ever had one have preferred to convert it into something short and practically

descriptive. As a rule they are known by nicknames and nothing else, and in speaking of one another they generally do so by these names. As a rule these names indicate some personal peculiarity or characteristic. On a recent visit to a Newsboys' Lodging House pains were taken to learn the names of a group of boys who were holding an animated conversation. It was a representative group. A very thin little fellow was called "Skinny"; another boy with light hair and complexion, being nearly as blonde as an albino, was known only as "Whitey." When "Slobbery Jack" was asked how he came by his name, "Bumlets," who appeared to be chief spokesman of the party, exclaimed, "When he eats he scatters all down hisself." "Yaller" was the name given to an Italian boy of soft brown complexion. Near him stood "Kelly the Rake," who owned but one sleeve to his jacket. In newsboy parlance a "rake" is a boy who will appropriate to his own use anything he can lay his hands on. No one could give an explanation of "Snoddy's" name nor what it meant,—it was a thorough mystery to even the savants in newsboy parlance. In the crowd was "The Snitcher,"—"a fellow w'at tattles," said Bumlets, contemptuously, and near by stood the "King of Crapshooters." "A crapshooter," said Bumlets, "is a fellow w'ats fond of playin' toss-penny, throwin' dice, an' goin' to policy shops." The "King of Bums" was a tall and rather good-looking lad, who, no doubt, had come honestly by his name. The "Snipe-Shooter" was guilty of smoking cigar-stubs picked out of the gutter, a habit known among the boys as "snipe-shooting." "Hoppy," a little lame boy; "Dutchy," a German lad; "Smoke," a colored boy; "Pie-eater," a boy very fond of pie; "Sheeney," "Skittery," "Bag of Bones," "One Lung Pete," and "Scotty" were in the same group; and so also was "Jake the Oyster," a tender-hearted boy who was spoken of by the others as "a reg'lar soft puddin'."

Every boy shown in the full-page illustration was proud of the fact that he "carried the banner," i. e., was in the habit of sleeping out doors at night. Only the bitterest cold of winter

WAIFS AND STRAYS OF A GREAT CITY.—A GROUP OF HOMELESS NEW YORK NEWSBOYS.

WHITEY. YALLER. KING OF BUMS. BUMLETS. THE SNITCHER. KELLY THE RAKE.
DUTCHY. SLOBBERY JACK. KING OF CRAPSHOOTERS. SHEENY. SNODDY.

Most of the boys who frequent the Newsboys Lodging Houses are waifs, pure and simple. They have never known a mother's or a father's care, and have no sense of identity. As a rule they are known by nicknames, and they generally speak of each other only by these names.

drove them to seek the shelter and warmth of the lodging house. An empty barrel or dry goods box; deserted hallways, dark alleys, or the rear of buildings were the only sleeping places these boys had at night from early spring to mid-winter.

The sixty thousand dollars required for fitting up the building was raised in part by private subscription and in part by an appropriation of thirty thousand dollars from the Excise fund, by the Legislature, it being regarded as just that those who do most to form drunkards should be forced to aid in the expense of the care of drunkards' children. This fund grew slowly, but by good investment was increased to eighty thousand dollars, and with this the permanent home of the newsboys in this part of the city has been assured. It is their school, church, intelligence-office, and hôtel.

THE WASH-ROOM IN THE NEWSBOYS' LODGING HOUSE JUST BEFORE SUPPER TIME.

Here the homeless street boy, instead of drifting into thieves' dens and the haunts of criminals and roughs, is brought into a clean, healthy, well warmed and lighted building where he finds room for amusement, instruction, and religious training, and where good meals, a comfortable bed, and plenty of washing and bathing conveniences are furnished at a low price. The boy is not pauperized, but feels that he is

in his own hotel and supporting himself. Some are loaned money to begin business with; others are sent to places in the city or far away in the country. The whole class are partly redeemed and educated by these simple influences. The pauper is scarcely ever known to have come out of these houses, and self-help is the first lesson learned.

Since the foundation of the first Newsboys' Lodging House in 1854, the various homes have sheltered nearly two hundred and fifty thousand different boys at a total expense of about four hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The amount contributed by the lads themselves during these years is nearly one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. Multitudes have been sent to good homes in the West.

To awaken the demand for these children, thousands of circulars were sent out, through the city weeklies and the rural newspapers, to the country districts. Hundreds of applications poured in at once from the farmers, especially from the West. At first an effort was made to meet individual applications by sending just the kind of boy wanted. Each applicant wanted a "perfect boy," without any of the taints of earthly depravity. He must be well made, of good stock, never disposed to steal apples or pelt cattle, using language of perfect propriety, fond of making fires at daylight, and delighting in family-worship and prayer-meetings more than in fishing or skating.

The defects of the first plan of emigration were speedily developed, and another and more practicable one inaugurated which has since been followed. Companies of boys are formed, and after thoroughly cleaning and clothing them they are put under a competent agent and distributed among the farmers, the utmost care being taken to select good homes for all. The parties are usually made up from the brightest and most deserving, though often one picked up in the street tells a story so pitiful and so true that he is included.

Once a dirty little fellow presented himself to the Superintendent. "Please, sir, I'm an orphant, an' I want a home!" The Superintendent eyed him carefully; he saw, amid his rags,

a neatly-sewed patch, and noted that his naked feet were too white for a "bummer." He took him to the inner office.

"My boy! Where do you live? Where's your father?"

"Please, sir, I don't live nowhere, an' I hain't got no father, an' me mither's dead!" Then followed a long and touching story of his orphanage, the tears flowing down his cheeks. The bystanders were almost melted themselves. Not so the Superintendent. Grasping the boy by the shoulder,

"Where's your mother, I say?"

IN ONE OF THE DORMITORIES IN THE NEWSBOYS' LODGING-HOUSE.

"Oh, dear, I'm a poor orphant, an' I hain't got no mither."

"Where is your *mother*, I say? Where do you live? I give you just three minutes to tell, and then, if you do not, I shall hand you over to the police."

The lad yielded, his true story was told, and a runaway restored to his family.

An average of three thousand a year is sent to the West, many of whom are formally adopted. A volume would not suffice for the letters that come back, or the strange experiences of many a boy who under the new influences grows into

an honored citizen. The following letter is but one of thousands received from these boys:

YALE COLLEGE, New Haven.

"REV. C. L. BRACE,

"Dear Sir:—I shall endeavor in this letter to give you a brief sketch of my life, as it is your request that I should.

"I cannot speak of my parents with any certainty at all. I recollect having an aunt by the name of Julia B———. She had me in charge for some time, and made known some things to me of which I have a faint remembrance. She married a gentleman in Boston, and left me to shift for myself in the streets of your city. I could not have been more than seven or eight years of age at this time. She is greatly to be excused for this act, since I was a very bad boy, having an abundance of self-will.

"At this period I became a lawless vagrant, roaming all over the city. I would often pick up a meal at the markets or at the docks, where they were unloading fruit. At a late hour in the night I would find a resting-place in some box or hogshead, or in some dark hole under a staircase.

"The boys that I fell in company with would steal and swear, and of course I contracted those habits too. I have a distinct recollection of stealing on to the roofs of houses to tear the lead from around the chimneys, and then taking it to some junk-shop and selling it; with the proceeds I would buy a ticket for the pit in a cheap theatre, and something to eat with the remainder. This is the manner in which I was drifting out in the stream of life, when some kind person from the Children's Aid Society took me in charge. Two years after one of your agents came and asked how many boys who had no parents would love to have nice homes in the West, where they could drive horses and oxen, and have as many apples and melons as they could eat. I happened to be one of the many who responded in the affirmative.

"Twenty-one of us had homes procured for us in Indiana. A lawyer from T———, who chanced to be engaged in court matters, was at N——— at the time. He desired to take a boy home with him, and I was the one assigned him. He owns a farm of two hundred acres lying close to town. Care was taken that I should be occupied there and not in town. I was always treated as one of the family. In sickness I was ever cared for by kind attention. In winter I was sent to the Public School. The family room was a good school room to me, for there I found the daily papers and a fair library.

"After a period of several years I taught a public school in a little log cabin about nine miles from T———. There I felt that every man ought to be a good man, especially if he is to instruct little children.

"Though I had my pupils read the Bible, yet I could not openly ask God's blessing on the efforts of the day. Shortly after I united with the Church. Previous to this I had attended Sabbath school at T———. Mr. G——— placed me in one the first Sabbath. I never doubted the teachings of the Scriptures. Soon my pastor presented the claims of the ministry. I thought about it for some time, for my ambition was tending strongly toward the

legal profession. The more I reflected the more I felt how good God had been to me all my life, and that if I had any ability for laboring in His harvest, He was surely entitled to it.

"I had accumulated some property on the farm in the shape of a horse, a yoke of oxen, etc., amounting in all to some $300. These I turned into cash, and left for a preparatory school. This course that I had entered upon did not meet with Mr. G———'s hearty approbation. At the academy I found kind instructors and sympathizing friends. I remained there three years, relying greatly upon my own efforts for support. After entering college last year, I was enabled to go through by the kindness of a few citizens.

"I have now resumed my studies as a sophomore, in faith in Him who has ever been my best friend. If I can prepare myself for acting well my part in life by going through the college curriculum, I shall be satisfied.

"I shall ever acknowledge with gratitude that the Children's Aid Society has been the instrument of my elevation.

"To be taken from the gutters of New York city and placed in a college is almost a miracle.

"I am not an exception either. W. F———, who was also taken West, in a letter received from W——— College, writes me: 'I have heard that you were studying for the ministry; so am I. I have a long time yet before I enter the field, but I am young and at the right age to begin.' My prayer is that the Society may be amplified to greater usefulness.

Yours very truly,

J. G. B."

The stranger in New York can hardly find a more interesting sight than the gymnasium or schoolroom through the week, or the crowded Sunday night meeting, where the singing is always a fascinating part of the programme. Thanksgiving Day, with its dinner, is no less amusing and suggestive. The boys watch all visitors and know by instinct how far they are in sympathy with them. They call loudly for talk from any one whose face appeals to them. Often they make speeches on their own account. Here is a specimen taken down by a stenographer who had been given a dark corner at the end of the room and thus was not suspected by the boys.

Mr. Brace, whose appearance always called out applause, had brought down some friends, and after one or two of them had spoken, he said,

"Boys, I want my friends to see that you have some talkers amongst yourselves. Whom do you choose for your speaker?"

"Paddy, Paddy!" they shouted. "Come out, Paddy, an' show yerself."

Paddy came forward and mounted a stool; a youngster not more than twelve, with little round eyes, a short nose profusely freckled, and a lithe form full of fun.

"Bummers," he began, "Snoozers, and citizens, I've come down here among yer to talk to yer a little. Me an' me friend

THE GYMNASIUM IN THE NEWSBOYS' LODGING-HOUSE.

Brace have come to see how ye're gittin' along an' to advise yer. You fellers w'at stands at the shops with yer noses over the railin', a smellin' of the roast beef an' hash, — you fellers who's got no home, — think of it, how are we to encourage yer. [Derisive laughter, and various ironical kinds of applause.] I say bummers, for ye're all bummers, [in a tone of kind patronage,] I was a bummer once meself. [Great laughter.] I hate to see yer spending yer money for penny ice-creams an' bad cigars. Why don't yer save yer money? You feller without no boots over there, how would you like a new pair, eh? [Laughter from all the boys but the one addressed.] Well, I hope you may get 'em. Rayther think you won't. I have hopes for yer all. I want yer to grow up to be rich men,

— citizens, gover'ment men, lawyers, ginerals, an' inflooence men. Well, boys, I'll tell yer a story. Me dad was a hard un. One beautiful day he went on a spree, an' he come home an' told me, where's yer mother? an' I axed him I didn't know, an' he clipped me over the head with an iron pot an' knocked me down, an' me mother drapped in on him an' at it they wint. [Hi-hi's and demonstrative applause.] An' at it they wint agin, an' at it they kept; ye should have seen 'em, an' whilst they were a fightin' I slipped meself out o' the back dure an' away I wint like a scart dog. Well, boys, I wint on till I come to a Home; [great laughter among the boys] an' they tuk me in, [renewed laughter] an' thin I ran away, an' here I am. Now, boys, be good, mind yer manners, copy me, an' see what ye'll become."

A boy who wished to advocate the claims of the West, to which he was soon to go with a party sent out from the Children's Aid Society, made a long speech, a paragraph of which will show the sense of humor which seems to be the common property of all.

"Do ye want to be newsboys always, an' shoeblacks, an' timber merchants in a small way sellin' matches? If ye do, ye'll stay in New York; but if ye don't, ye'll go out West an' begin to be farmers, for the beginning of a farmer, me boys, is the makin' of a Congressman an' a President. Do ye want to be rowdies an' loafers an' shoulder-hitters? If ye do, why, thin, ye can keep around these diggins. Do ye want to be gintlemin an' indepindent citizens? Ye do? Thin make tracks fer the West. If ye want to be snoozers, an' bummers, an' policy-players, an' Peter-Funk min, why ye'll hang up yer caps an' stay round the groggeries; but if ye want to be min to make yer mark in the country ye'll get up steam an' go ahead, an' there's lots on the prairies waiting for the likes o' ye. Well, I'll now come off the stump. I'm booked for the West in the next company from the Lodging-House. I hear they have big school-houses there, an' a place for me in the winter time. I've made up me mind to be somebody, an' you'll find me on a farm in the West an' I hope yees will come to see me

soon. I thank ye, boys, for yer patient attintion. I can't say no more at present, boys. Good bye."

The newsboys' lodging-houses are like the ancient cities of refuge to these little fellows, and yet there are cases which the lodging-houses never reach.

AN EVENING GAME OF DOMINOES IN THE NEWSBOYS' LODGING-HOUSE.

"Recently," said a gentleman, "I found a tiny fellow playing a solitary game of marbles in a remote corner of the City Hall corridors. His little legs were very thin, and dark circles under his big gray eyes intensified the chalk-like pallor of his cheeks. He looked up when he became aware that some one was watching him, but resumed his game of solitaire as soon as he saw he had nothing to fear from the intruder.

"What are you doing here, my little fellow?" I asked.

The mite hastily gathered up all his marbles and stowed

them very carefully away in his capacious trousers pocket. Then he backed up against the wall and surveyed me doubtfully. I repeated my question, — this time more gently, so as to reassure him.

"I'm waitin' fur Jack de Robber," he piped, and then, as he began to gain confidence, seeing no signs of "swipes" about me, he added, "him as brings me de Telies (Dailies) every day."

"And you sell the papers?"

"I sells 'em for Jack," he promptly answered.

I was glad, when I looked at the lad's attire, that he was protected for the time being by the comparative warmth of the corridor. Outdoors it was cold and blustering. Still I resolved to wait and see "Jack de Robber." Shortly after three o'clock a short chunky boy with a shock of black hair hustled through the door and made in the direction of my pale little friend. He was struggling with a big mass of papers and was issuing orders in a rather peremptory tone to his diminutive lieutenant.

"Do you know this little boy?" I asked.

"Jack de Robber" gave me a look which was not reassuring. "Does I naw him? Of corse I naws him. What de——!"

"Why don't you send him home to his mother; he's neither big enough nor strong enough to sell papers?"

At this Jack gave utterance to an oath too utterly original for reproduction; then he said, "Dat ere kid ain't got no mammy; I looks after dat kid meself."

I slipped a coin into Jack's hand and urged him to tell me the whole story. He dropped his heap of papers, tested the coin with his teeth, slid it into his pocket, and began:—

"Blokes is allus axin' 'bout dat ere kid, but you is de fust one what ever raised de ante. Dat ere kid don't naw no more 'bout his mammy'n me. Cause why? Cause he ain't never had no mammy."

Here Jack paused, as if determined to go no further, but another coin gave wings to his words.

"Dat ere kid," he resumed, "ain't got no more sand'n a John Chinee. He'd be kilt ony fur me. He can't come along de Row or up de alley widout gitin' his face broke. So I gives him papers to sell and looks arter him meself."

I asked Jack where the "Kid" and himself slept. "I ain't givin' dat away," said he, "ony taint no lodgin'-house where you has to git up early in the mawnin'. De 'Kid' and me likes to sleep late."

OLD WOMEN WAITING AT THE DINING-ROOM DOOR FOR SCRAPS FROM THE NEWSBOYS' TABLE.

The "Kid," however, was now eager to be off with his papers, and without another word the protector and protégé sped into the street, filling the air with their shrill cries.

This is one case of a class which the lodging-houses do not reach, and other instances might be given. One little fellow of six years makes a practice of frequenting the lobby of one of the big hotels after dark. As soon as the streets become deserted, and the market for his papers ceases to flourish, he

pushes open the heavy swinging doors of the hotel and proceeds to cuddle his cold little body close to one of the heaters. No employé has ever shown any disposition to dispossess the tiny newsboy. His shrill voice re-echoes through the stately recesses of the hall whenever he thinks he sees a possible customer, but although on more than one occasion irate officials have come rushing forth to exterminate the offender, one and all have paused dismayed before the absurd proportions and wonderful self-possession of the little waif.

The brawny porter took the boy in hand one night and said with forced gruffness:

"Look here, young feller, what do you come in here fur?"

"I dunno," said the morsel.

"Where do you live?"

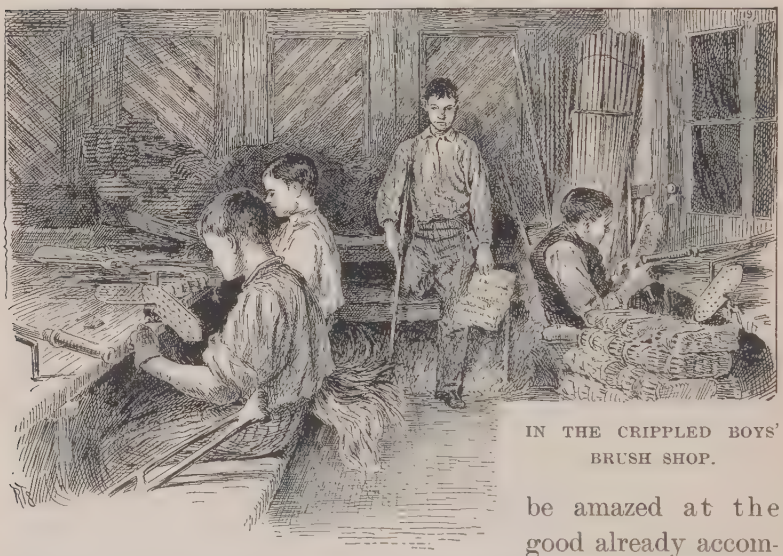
"I dunno."

The boy, however, finally admitted that he had a home, but obstinately refused to say where it was. When he left the hotel he was followed. He was a most lonely little specimen of humanity. He spoke to no other boys and was accosted by none. In the end he went to sleep in one of the dark corners of a newspaper counting-room.

Instances of this class of newsboys could be multiplied indefinitely. These are the absolute Bohemians of their kind, who prefer a doorway to a warm bed, and the sights of the streets any time and all the time to the simple restraints imposed by the lodging-houses.

The newsboy's life is filled with the hardest sort of work. His gains are not always in proportion, for he must begin often before light, huddling over the steam gratings at the printing-offices, and waiting for his share of the morning papers. He scurries to work these off before the hour for taking the evening editions, and sometimes cannot with his utmost diligence take in more than fifty cents a day, though it ranges from this to a dollar and a quarter. The period of elections is the harvest-time. A boy has been known to sell six hundred papers in two hours, at a profit of between eleven and twelve dollars.

Among over twenty-one thousand children who in the early years of the work were sent West, but twelve became criminals, and not more than six annually return to New York. No work done for children compares with this in importance, and whoever studies the record of the Children's Aid Society will



IN THE CRIPPLED BOYS' BRUSH SHOP.

be amazed at the good already accomplished. Twenty-one industrial schools, twelve night-schools, two free reading-rooms, six lodging-houses for girls and boys, four summer homes, and the Crippled Boys' Brush Shop, are the record plain to all; but who shall count the good that no man has recorded, but which has rescued thousands from the streets and given them the chance which is the right of every human soul.

CHAPTER V.

THE ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND LITTLE LABORERS OF NEW YORK — CHILD WORKERS — THEIR HOMES AND DAILY LIFE.

One Hundred Thousand Little Workers — Little Mothers — Early Lessons in Drinking — A Sup of the "Craytur" — A Six-Year-Old Nurse — A "Widdy Washerwoman" — "See How Beautiful He Sucks at the Pork" — Heavy Burdens on Small Shoulders — What a Child of Eight Can Do — Feather Strippers — Paper Collar Makers — Tobacco Strippers — Youth and Old Age Side by Side — Cigar-Makers — Deadly Trades — Working in Cellars — "Them Stairs is Killin'" — What Jinny and Mame Did — Pinched with Hunger — "She Could Sew on Buttons when She Wasn't Much Over Four" — A Tiny Worker of Five — "Stitch, Stitch, Stitch, in Poverty, Hunger, and Dirt" — Scenes in Working Children's Homes — "She's Sewed on Millions of Buttons, that Child Has" — "A Hot Place Waitin' for Him" — Preternaturally Aged Faces — An Appeal for Justice.

WHOEVER reads that in the State of New York some twenty-four thousand children are employed in factories, but that the law forbids the admission of any under thirteen years of age, settles back comfortably certain that with few exceptions all waifs and strays are provided for, and that at thirteen a child is not likely to be stunted or overworked. If parents told the truth as to age, and if there were fifty instead of the two inspectors who must cover the ground for the whole State, there would be some chance for carrying out the law. But it is hardly more than a form of words, evaded daily by parents, who want the earnings of the child, — the children themselves aiding them in the deception. The Census returns touch only children in factories. They do not include either mercantile establishments or trades carried on in tenement-houses.

Figures drawn from the registers of night-schools and from many other sources make the number of little workers in New

York city over one hundred thousand. In one night-school for boys two hundred of them were employed in industries outside of factories. The registers of these schools are full of suggestion, and in running over them one finds over two hundred employments in which children are engaged. Ink in all its processes, tassel-making, tin and paper boxes, whips, whalebones, feathers, artificial flowers, and tobacco are samples. The boys like to enlarge their profession and write themselves down as blacksmiths, architects, and in one case, "sexton's assistant." The last dusted pews and helped to shake cushions, while the young blacksmiths and architects were simply errand and general utility boys.

Girls share the same ambition that the boys feel, and in one school eighty of them registered as "nurses." Being interpreted this means that they take care of the baby at home while the mother goes out to "day's work." It is astonishing to see the real motherliness of the little things, who lug about the baby with devotion; and if they feed it on strange diet they are but following in the footsteps of the mothers, who regard the baby at six months old as the sharer of whatever the family bill of fare has to offer. The small German child is early taught to take his portion of lager with national placidity; the Irish children have tea or coffee and even a sup of the "craytur," and so each nationality is instructed according to the taste that is part of its inheritance. I have seen a six-year-old girl scrubbing the floor of the one room in which lived a widowed mother and three children.

"She's a widdy washerwoman," said the dot, a creature with big blue eyes and a thin eager little face. "Yes, ma'am, she's a widdy washerwoman, an' I keep house. That's the baby there, an' he's good all the time, savin' whin his teeth is too big for him. It's teeth that's hard on babies, but I mind him good an' he thinks more o' me than he does of mother. See how beautiful he sucks at the pork."

The small housekeeper pointed with pride to the bed, where the tiny baby lay, a strip of fat pork in his mouth.

"He's weakly like, an' mother gives him the pork to set

him up. An' he takes his sup o' tay beautiful too. Whin the summer comes we'll get to have him go to the Children's Home at Bath, maybe, or down to Coney Island or somewhere. I might be a 'Fresh Air' child meself, but I have to keep house you know, an' so mother can't let me go."

This is one phase of child-labor, and the most natural and innocent one, though it is a heavy burden to lay on small shoulders, and premature age and debility are its inevitable results. Far truer is this of the long hours in shop or manufactory. A child of eight — one of a dozen in a shop on Walker Street — stripped feathers, and had for a year earned three dollars a week. In this case the father was dead and the mother sick, and the little thing went home to do such cooking as she could, though like many a worker she had already learned to take strong tea and to believe that it gave her strength. She was dwarfed in growth from confinement in the air of the workshop, from lack of proper food and no play, and thousands of these little feather-strippers are in like case.

In another workshop in the same neighborhood, children of from eight to ten, and one much younger, cut the feathers from cock-tails. The hours were from eight to six, and so for ten hours daily they bent over the work, which included cutting from the stem, steaming, curling, and packing.

Eight thousand children make envelopes at three and a half cents a thousand. They gum, separate, and sort. The hours are the same, but the rooms are generally lighter and better ventilated than the feather workers' surroundings. Many more burnish china, for, strange as it may seem, the most delicate ware is entrusted to children of ten or twelve. The burnishing instrument is held close against the breast, and this is a fruitful source of sickness, since the constant pressure brings with it various stomach and other troubles, dyspepsia being the chief.

Paper collars employ a host. The youngest bend over them, for even a child of five can do this. One child of twelve counts and boxes twenty thousand a day, and one who pastes the lining on the button-holes does five thousand a day. Over ten thousand children make paper boxes. Even in the making

of gold-leaf a good many are employed, though chiefly young girls of fifteen and upwards. It is one of the most exhausting of the trades, as no air can be admitted, and the atmosphere is stifling.

Feathers, flowers, and tobacco employ the greatest number. A child of six can strip tobacco or cut feathers. In one great firm, employing over a thousand men, women, and children, a

TIRED OUT. — A FACTORY GIRL'S ROOM IN A TENEMENT-HOUSE.

woman of eighty and her grandchild of four sit side by side and strip the leaves, and the faces of the pair were sketched not long since by a popular artist. With the exception of match-making and one or two other industries there is hardly a trade so deadly in its effects. There are many operations which children are competent to carry on, and the phases of work done at home in the tenement-houses often employ the entire family. In cellars and basements boys of ten and twelve br'ne, sweeten, and prepare the tobacco preliminary to stem-

ming. Others of the same age keep the knives of the cutting machines clean by means of sponges dipped in rum, thus spending their young lives in an atmosphere of liquor and tobacco. Cigar-making in the tenement-houses goes on, though the fact is often denied.

In a report of the State Bureau of Labor it is stated that in one room less than twelve by fourteen feet, whose duplicate can be found at many points, a family of seven worked. Three of these, all girls, were under ten years of age. Tobacco lay in piles on the floor and under the long table at one end where cigars were rolled. Two of the children sat on the floor, stripping the leaves, and another sat on a small stool. A girl of twenty sat near them, and all had sores on lips, cheeks, and hands. Some four thousand women are engaged in this industry, and an equal number of unregistered young children share it with them. As in sewing, a number of women often club together and use one room, and in such cases their babies crawl about in the filth on the wet floors, playing with the damp tobacco and breathing the poison with which the room is saturated.

Skin diseases of many sorts develop in the children who work in this way, and for the women and girls nervous and hysterical complaints are common, the direct result of poisoning by nicotine. In this one house alone thirty children were at work, thirteen of them strippers, doing their ten hours of work daily.

Twine-factories are clean and well ventilated, but they are often as disastrous in their effects. The twisting-room is filled with long spindles, innocent-looking enough, but taking a finger along with the flax as silently and suddenly as the thread forms. In one factory two hundred children under fifteen years old are employed spinning, winding, and twisting flax. In one room ten little boys so small that they were mounted on a platform to enable them to reach the clamps that hold the flax, run the hackling machines, and change the clamps as necessary. The machine must be fed continuously at both ends, and the boys work with an energy and

steadiness that to the casual observer seems as if they were trying to show off. They are driven by the machine, and the overseer laughed as he said,

"Yes, there isn't much let up for 'em. They have to run pretty lively, else they get into trouble."

In the twisting-room several children lacked a finger or two, and one explained how it happened in her case.

"You see you mustn't talk or look off a minute. They just march right along. My sister was like me. She forgot and talked, and just that minute her finger was off, and she didn't even cry till she picked it up. My little finger always did stick out, and I was trying to twist fast like the girl next to me, and somehow it caught in the flax. I tried to jerk away, but it wasn't any use. It was off just the same as hers, and it took a great while before I could come back. I'm sort of afraid of them, for any minute your whole hand might go and you'd hardly know till it was done."

In a small room on Hester Street a woman at work on overalls — for the making of which she received one dollar a dozen — said :—

"I couldn't do as well if it wasn't for Jinny and Mame there. Mame has learned to sew on buttons first-rate, and Jinny is doing almost as well. I'm alone to-day, but most days three of us sew together here, and Jinny keeps right along. We'll do better yet when Mame gets a bit older."

As she spoke the door opened and a woman with an enormous bundle of overalls entered and sat down on the nearest chair with a gasp.

"Them stairs is killin'," she said. "It's lucky I've not to climb 'em often."

Something crept forward as the bundle slid to the floor, and busied itself with the string that bound it.

"Here you, Jinny," said the woman, "don't you be foolin'. What do you want anyhow?"

The something shook back a mat of thick hair and rose to its feet, a tiny child who in size seemed scarcely three, but whose countenance indicated the experience of three hundred.

"It's the string I want," the small voice said. "Me and Mame was goin' to play with it."

"There's small time for play," said the mother; "there'll be two pair more in a minute or two, an' you are to see how Mame does one an' do it good, too, or I'll find out why not."

Mame had come forward and stood holding to the one thin garment which but partly covered Jinny's little bones. She, too, looked out from a wild thatch of black hair, and with the same expression of deep experience, the pallid, hungry little faces lighting suddenly as some cheap cakes were produced. Both of them sat down on the floor and ate their portion silently.

"Mame's seven, and Jinny's goin' on six," said the mother, "but Jinny's the smartest. She could sew on buttons when she wasn't much over four. I had five, but the Lord took 'em all but these two. I couldn't get on if it wasn't for Mame."

Mame looked up, but said no word, and, as I left the room, settled herself with her back against the wall, Jinny at her side, laying the coveted string near at hand for use if any minute for play arrived. In the next room, half-lighted like the last, and if possible even dirtier, a Jewish tailor sat at work on a coat, and by him on the floor a child of five picking threads from another coat.

"Nettie is good help," he said after a word or two. "So fast as I finish, she picks all the threads. She care not to go away — she stay by me always to help."

"Is she the only one?"

"But one that sells papers. Last year is five, but mother and dree are gone with fever. It is many that die. What will you? It is the will of God."

On the floor below two children of seven and eight were found also sewing on buttons — in this case for four women who had their machines in one room and were making the cheapest order of corset-cover, for which they received fifty cents a dozen, each one having five buttons. It could not be called oppressive work, yet the children were held there to be ready for each one as completed, and sat as such children most

often do, silent and half asleep, waiting patiently for the next demand.

"It's hard on 'em," one of the women said. "We work till ten and sometimes later, but then they sleep between and we can't; and they get the change of running out for a loaf of bread or whatever's wanted, and we don't stir from the machine from morning till night. I've got two o' me own, but they're out peddlin' matches."

THE LITTLE COAL SHOVELERS.

Descending the stairs to reach the rear of the building, our way led past three little girls shoveling coals into bags.

On the lower floor back of the small grocery in which the people of the house bought their food supply — wilted or half-decayed vegetables, meat of the cheapest order, broken eggs, and stale fish, — a tailor and two helpers were at work. A girl of nine or ten sat among them and picked thread or sewed on buttons as needed — a haggard, wretched-looking child who did not look up as the door opened. A woman who had come down the stairs stopped a moment, and as I passed out said: —

"If there was a law for him I'd have him up. It's his own sister's child, and he's workin' her ten hours a day an' many a day into the night, an' she with an open sore on her neck, an' cryin' out many's the time when she draws out a long needleful an' so gives it a jerk. She's sewed on millions of buttons.

that child has, an' she but a little past ten. May there be a hot place waitin' for him!"

From the notes of a physician whose name is a guarantee of accurate and faithful observation, and whose work is in connection with the Board of Health, I have a series of facts, the result of eighteen months' work. During this period of daily observation in tenement-house work, she found among the people with whom she came in contact 535 children under twelve years old, most of them between ten and twelve, who either worked in shops or stores or helped their mothers in

MAKING ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS AT TWELVE CENTS A GROSS.

some kind of work at home. Of these 535 children but 60 were healthy.

In one family a child of three years old had infantile paralysis easily curable. The mother had no time to attend to it. At five years old the child was taught to sew buttons on trousers. She is now, at thirteen years, a helpless cripple, but she finishes a dozen pairs of trousers a day, and the family are thus twenty cents the richer. In another family she found twin girls four and a half years old, sewing on buttons from six in the morning till ten at night; and near them a family of

three,— a woman who did the same work, and whose old father of eighty and a little girl of six were her co-workers.

Does the Compulsory Education Law help these? It requires only fourteen weeks of the year, and the poorer class work from early morning till eight A. M., and after school hours from four till late at night. What energy for study is left under such conditions? The chief harm is not here, though this is harm enough. It is in the inevitable physical degeneration of the child. Thoughtful owners and managers here and there realize this, and many have testified that a child put out into factory life at eight or nine years of age becomes practically useless by the time twenty is reached. Physical, mental, and moral development are not only wanting but rendered impossible.

This is no place for the many questions involved, but every woman who reads, every man whose children look to him for teaching, may well ponder the issues involved. A world of thought and action is already given to the rescue of children from the slums. Let it reach one step farther and rescue them with no less eagerness and determination from the factory. If present methods of production cannot go on without them, alter the methods. The loss on one side will be more than balanced by a lessening rate in our asylums, and a gradual lowering of the tax for their support, paid now with a cheerfulness which may well be transferred to another form of loss, — loss to-day, perhaps, but gain for all days to come. We expend money for foreign missions while the heathen are here at our own doors. Out from the child faces, preternaturally aged, brutalized, and defrauded of all that belongs to childhood, look eyes that hold unconscious appeal for that justice which is the birthright of every soul born to the Republic. Ignore it, deny it, and the time comes when the old words sound again, and we hear the judgment: "Whosoever shall offend one of these little ones that believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he were cast into the sea."

CHAPTER VI.

CHILD-LIFE IN THE SLUMS — HOMELESS STREET BOYS, GUTTER SNIPES AND DOCK RATS — THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A DAY-BREAK BOY.

Gutter-Snipes — Imps of Darkness — Snoopers — Rags and Tatters — Life in the Gutter — Old Sol — Running a Grocery under Difficulties — Youthful Criminals — Newsboys and Bootblacks — Candidates for Crime — "He's Smart, He Is" — "It's Business Folks as Cheats" — Dock Rats — Unreclaimed Children — Thieves' Lodging-Houses — Poverty Lane — Hell's Kitchen — Dangers of a Street Girl's Life — Old Margaret — The Reformation of Wildfire — The Queen of Cherry Street — Sleeping on the Docks — Too Much Lickin' and More in Prospect — A Street Arab's Summer Residence — A Walking Rag-Bundle — Getting Larruped — A Daybreak Boy — Jack's Story of his Life — Buckshot Taylor — A Thieves' Run-way — Escaping over Roofs — A Police Raid — Head-first off the Roof — Death of Jack — His Dying Request — An Affecting Scene — Fifteen Thousand Homeless Children.

"GUTTER-SNIPES! That's what I call 'em. What else could they be when they're in the gutter all day and half the night, cuttin' round like little imps o' darkness. Not much hair on 'em either — not enough to catch by, and clothes as is mostly rags that tears if you grab 'em. The prison barber wouldn't get any profit out of 'em, I can tell you. Men around here don't shave till their beards stick out like spikes, and the women cut the children's hair to save combin'. Gutter-snipes. That's it, and they snoop around stores and slink off a salt fish or a bundle of wood or anything as comes handy, and home with it like the wind. Mother is there, you may be sure, and washin' may be. Do you suppose she asks any questions like, 'Lor, Billy, where did you get that?' Not she. She takes the fish, or whatever it is, as innocent as a lamb and sends Billy for some bits o' coal to cook it.

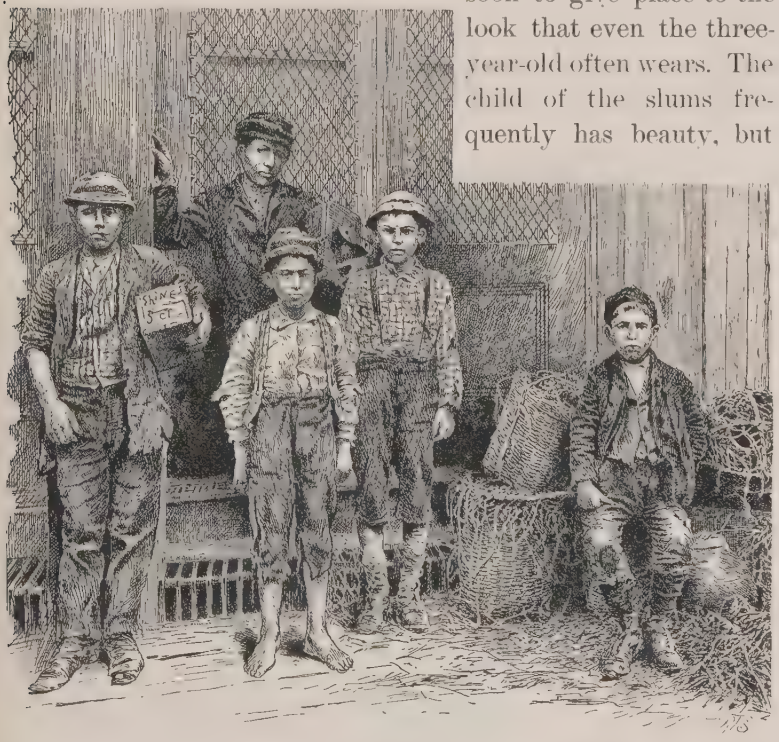
"Yes, that's the way it is down here. Rags and tatters are

our style, and we wouldn't feel nat'ral if we had to try any other way. Parints' fortin's don't give gutter-snipes anythin' very stylish. Walk round here most anywheres and you'll see it's so,— yes and more so. What's to come of 'em I don't know. The Island pretty soon, I suppose. That's the way the city looks out for 'em. Good a way as any may be, if they've got to live in the gutter from the day they can crawl till the law thinks they're old enough to get a grip on. Takes a gutter to make their kind, and their kind to make the gutter, and what 'you goin' to do if you're bound to let the gutter alone? If I was the Lord I'd send a high wind and blow the whole region to kingdom come, or else the tail of a comet to switch us right out o' sight before you could say Jack Robinson. That's what'll happen some day, I'm thinkin', and I'd like it in my time too, so's to know there wouldn't be any more breedin'-places for such as these."

This was the voice of old Sol, an old man whose little grocery in Monroe Street had been raided so often that it was a wonder how he dared leave any stock outside. He kept a long stick, slender and tough, in hiding behind his counter, and watched the groups of street arabs as they sauntered by with a carelessness he knew covered deep designs. If a hand went out and stole a potato, a bunch of turnips, or anything that could be easily caught up to help out the dinner at home, the old man would give a leap as agile as their own, and the stick would play about legs and shoulders of any or all of the party, who ran and shouted half with glee, half with terror. Sometimes he recaptured the booty and went back nodding and chuckling. If he did not it was the boy's turn to chuckle. And so the warfare went on as it had for years, and will go on till old Sol is gathered to his fathers and a new phase of the same story begins for his successor.

The gutter life begins with the baby who is tugged down the long stairs by brother or sister and given the freedom of the street. It is wonderful to see how soon the little things learn their bounds and keep out of the way of trucks and horses. Where the earth is soft, they dig and make the im-

memorial mud-pie, or they play with such pieces of string or paper as may have been deposited there. A gay bit of cloth, a rejected paper-box, is a mine of enjoyment; but it is the other children and a consideration of their ways that most fascinates the baby, whose eyes still hold baby innocence, too soon to give place to the look that even the three-year-old often wears. The child of the slums frequently has beauty, but



A GROUP OF STREET BOYS, AS FOUND ON DOYERS STREET.

on all of them is the look of experience, of cunning, or a self-reliance born of constant knocking about. When eight or ten years old such care as may occasionally have been their portion ceases. They must begin to earn, and are allowed the utmost freedom of choice.

The most energetic and best endowed by nature turn to the newsboys' calling and often find it the way to their first fragments of education, as well as to the comfort learned in the Newsboys' Lodging-Houses. Next comes bootblacking,

and from this they often drift into thieving as a profession. The bootblack has many idle hours, and, as surplus energy must be worked off, he gives them to tossing pennies, gambling in easy forms, cheating, and fighting. They are often practised pickpockets, and in brushing a customer's coat will steal a handkerchief or other light article with the skill of their older brethren in the same trade. The Italian with his chair has driven many to find some other calling, but a remnant still lingers on the East Side or here and there on the West.

A GROUP OF BOOTBLACKS.

The enforced leisure which comes to bootblacks after the busy time of the morning is used by some in gymnastics, and often they become almost as expert as circus performers. Now and then they improvise a performance in one of the parks and collect pennies from the spectators. Two of them astonished an audience at a picnic by a series of feats which they announced would "beat old Barnum holler." They col-

lected forty cents, but even here, as partners, one cheated and managed to get twenty-five cents into his mouth, from which an energetic Sunday School teacher forced him to eject it. The clothes of both of them had to be pinned up before they began the performance, the fluttering rags giving way in every direction with each twist of their bodies. Billy, the younger, smiled admiringly as his partner spit out the quarter and dodged from the expected blow.

"He's smart, he is," he said with a chuckle. "Me on the lookout every minute, an' I never seed him do it."

The elder smiled with a superior air as they went away together, no whit disconcerted by the experience, but an elder boy, a newsboy, said to the crowd in general, —

"He'd ought'r be licked. Partners ain't no business to cheat. We don't, never. It's business folks as cheat."

Anywhere along the docks are facilities for petty thieving, and, guard as the policeman may, the swarms of small street rovers can circumvent them. A load of wood left on the dock diminishes under his very eyes. The sticks are passed from one to another, the child nearest the pile being busy apparently in playing marbles. If any move of suspicion is made toward them, they are off like a swarm of cockroaches, and with about as much sense of responsibility. Children of this order hate school with an inextinguishable hatred. They smash windows, pilfer from apple-stands, build fires of any stray bits of wood they can collect, and warm themselves by them, and, after a day of all the destruction they can cram into it has ended, crawl under steps, into boxes or hallways, and sleep till roused by the policeman on his beat, or by a bigger boy who drives them out. No Home can reach them all. No Lodging-House can give them room. Numbers are taken in, and in time trained into some sort of decent living or sent to the West. But even with every power thus far brought to bear, fifteen thousand unreclaimed children rove the streets to-day, a few of them peddlers of matches or small notions, but the majority living by their wits. Swill-gatherers and ragpickers employ some of them, but the occupation is hardly better than

roaming at large. In the cheap lodging-houses older pick-pockets and burglars train numbers for their own work. There are gangs of many orders, — "copper pickers," "wood-stealers," young garrotters and burglars, who for years made the neighborhood about Hammersley Street and Cottage Place as much to be dreaded as the Five Points. Poverty Lane; "Dutch Hill," the home of ragpickers and swill-gatherers, and later

A SLEEPING STREET BOY.

"Hell's Kitchen" and many another nest of infamy, are crowded with children wild as hawks and as fierce and untamable. Thin, eager, hardened faces the most of them, with now and then one with a beauty of form or expression that no debasement has the power to kill. Each one is an appeal for rescue before the work of ruin is completed and punishment steps in to do what prevention could have accomplished.

The homeless boy is a sufficiently pitiful object, but the girl child fares even worse. The boy is often far less perverted than he seems. His sins belong to his ignorance and his condition, and drop away under an entire change of environment. There is many a hard-working farmer in the West who began

HOMELESS AND FRIENDLESS.

life as a New York street boy, fighting and stealing, his hand against every man, and who dates back all present good to the day when an agent of the Children's Aid Society coaxed him into one of their Lodging-Houses.

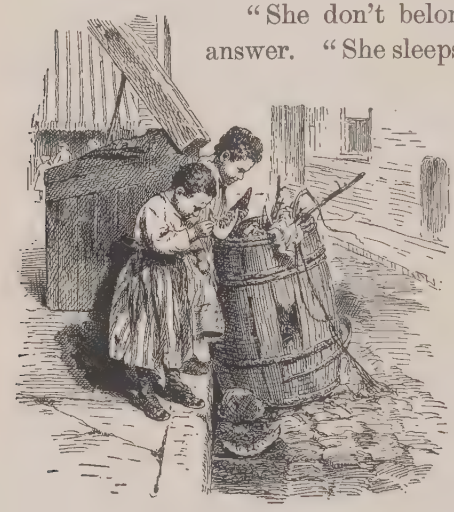
For the girl there is less chance in every way. She develops in mind and body earlier than the boy, and runs dangers from which he is free. If there is any trace of beauty, she is watched by the keepers of infamous houses, who tell her what fortune awaits her if she trusts to them. Lodged since birth in crowded tenement-houses or in cellars, herded with dirty people of all ages and both sexes, she has no instinct of purity to defend her.

Why girls should be less susceptible of reformation it is hard to say, save that the special sins to which they are liable are weakening to both brain and body, and thus moral fibre is lacking in greater degree than with the boy. For both alike it is prevention that is demanded. Possibilities for good lie beneath the most apparently hopeless exterior, and decent food, physical training and development, and severe yet kindly discipline, will go far toward calling out the man. Tradition saddles the girl with a weight from the beginning, in making her carry the penalty of her sins as no man is ever forced to do. Her past is held up against her as his almost never is, and she feels herself handicapped in the very beginning of such struggle as she may make. The largest charity, the wisest, tenderest dealing, are necessary for this class, and with these it is soon shown that the difference is often imaginary rather than real, and that for both new life is fully possible.

Now and then a woman, herself in the depths of poverty and struggle, comes to the rescue of some child. Old Margaret on "Dutch Hill" was one of these. Owning a shanty, in the spot where she had squatted on some rich man's land, she lived with her pigs and cats and goats in one room, trailing about through the day with her swill-cans and the little wagon drawn by two dogs. In one of her expeditions she saw a child hardly five years old sitting on a pile of refuse and eating a crust picked from the gutter. Clear, dark-blue eyes looked out

from the mat of tangled hair, and when the crust was eaten the child broke into singing a foul song taught by some boy, and so frightful on the childish lips that even old Margaret's soul was stirred.

"For the love o' God!" she cried. "Where do you belong, an' why has folks left you here on an ash-heap?"



GUTTER CHILDREN.

"She don't belong nowhere," a boy made answer. "She sleeps with me in a hay-barge, or under them steps, an' there ain't nobody that knows zac'ly whose she is."

"Then she's mine," said old Margaret. "You come with me, me pretty, an' you shall play with the dogs an' have all the supper you want."

The child danced forward, taking the offer in perfect faith, but stopped short.

"I belong to Dick," she said. "What'll Dick do?"

"I know who the old woman is," said Dick. "I'll come an' see ye. Go with her,"—and with a whoop Dick disappeared.

"What's your name?" old Margaret asked. "Wildfire," said the child, and no after-questioning brought out different answer or made her willing to own to any other title. Wildfire she was, and she soon proved her right to the name, for a more passionate little sinner never bewildered the mind of man. But old Margaret had no heart to beat her, as is the manner of her kind. She cried instead, and with the first tear the spirit of mischief was extinguished, and the child dissolved in tears herself. She clung to the old woman with passion. No hardship or neglect had been sufficient to kill her ardent little nature, and she loved dog and cat and pig and petted every living thing in her way. She mourned for Dick, who failed to ap-

pear, and who was lost to sight for weeks. At last on a rainy evening he walked in and stood sheepishly while Wildfire flew to his neck and hugged him with delight.

"I've been hangin' round here," he said, "cos I wanted to see how you'd get on. Now I want you to go to school."

"The thought that's been on me own mind," said old Margaret. "But where?"

"Where but the East Side Industrial School," said Dick proudly. "I'll take her there to-morrow if you say the word."

"I'll take her meself; 't will have the best look," said the old woman, and the next morning she appeared at the school and soon settled that her charge should come every day.

Probably no more troublesome pupil ever presented herself to teachers, well experienced in all forms of troublesomeness; but the child's affectionate nature was always her safety, and in time she came to represent some of the best results of the work done there. She remained lawless save for this. Wandering blood was in her, and she grew wild if forced to remain more than a few hours within doors. But she learned to sew and to care for the shanty, which under her energetic hands grew neat and decent. She tried going out to service, but no one understood her needs or could tolerate her desires, and so she constantly drifted back to those who had first befriended her. Dick in the meantime had from newsboy turned to boatman, and, having begun as cabin-boy on a coasting vessel, came at last to the post of boy-of-all-work on a canal boat which lay in the Erie Basin in the winter, and so afforded him opportunity to try other trades.

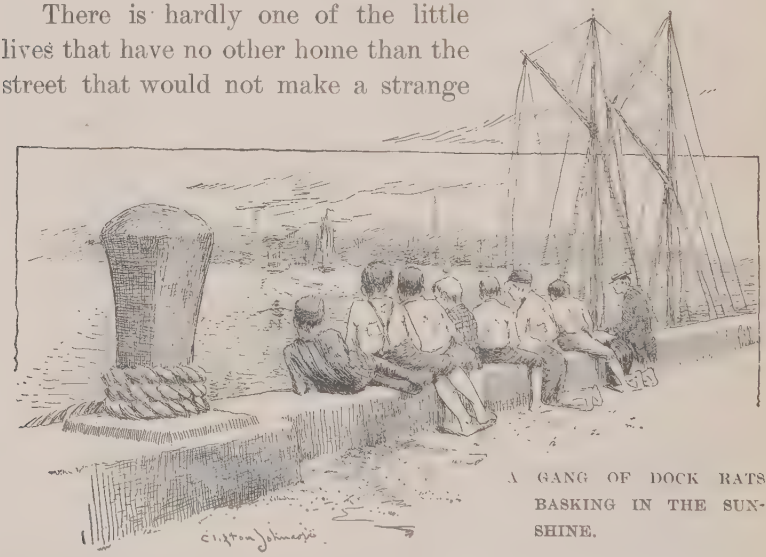
The shanty finally made way for buildings. The dogs were sold, and old Margaret turned her attention to ragpicking. Wildfire, grown a tall girl, with the same dark-blue honest eyes, helped her sort rags when they were not too dirty, and took in washing or did odd jobs as her share of the work, till one day, when Dick — now a tall fellow of twenty — appeared in the tenement-house where they had two rooms, and without waste of time told both that he had been promoted and was ready to marry.

"Shure I'm too old," said old Margaret with a twinkle. "It must be some one else you're meanin'."

"Right you are," said Dick calmly. "'Tis some one else, an' there she stands. It's Wildfire I want, an' no other," and Wildfire rushed to him as she had done long ago, and cried for joy that he really wanted her.

"So they were married and lived happy ever after," is thus far true. Dick is captain of a canal boat. His wife finds the life sufficiently full of excitement, and any one who knows the Erie Basin knows what resources it possesses, and will be certain that occupation will never be wanting.

There is hardly one of the little lives that have no other home than the street that would not make a strange



A GANG OF DOCK RATS BASKING IN THE SUNSHINE.

record for these pages, and hardly one that under right conditions does not show itself full of possibility.

The story of Jack and a "Daybreak" boy known as "Buster" illustrates a loyalty and devotion seldom equaled in any walk of life. It was a beautiful face that looked up from the hospital bed; a face that any mother might be proud to call her boy's, — gray eyes, large and full of expression, with lashes a girl would envy, clear-cut features, and a head full of promise. Jack belonged in Cherry Street. There were many reasons why he found it the best spot. That he was un-

der-sized, pale, and with a look of sharp experience that is a part of the street-boy's make-up, was owing to many things; poor food or no food while he was growing, cigarettes and beer before he was eight years old, and generally all that he might better never have known. He had graduated from Cherry Street a year or two before, but had returned there on a quest the nature of which I shall give in his own words, with such translation of his method as may be necessary, for Jack had two languages; one learned in night-school at the Newsboys' Lodging-House; the other that to which he was born and into which he fell from old habit. He lay flat on his back, his leg in splints, and his side bandaged; all of it the result of certain experiences to be recorded here. His eyes were singularly honest, and he smiled like a baby as he looked confidently into the hospital doctor's face. The following is the story he had to tell.

Jack's Story.

You wouldn't believe it,— that's the trouble. I've read dime books and the story papers ever since I could read at all, an' there was never a thing stranger than what I know o' many a one in Poverty Bay; yes, an' anywhere you're a mind to pick out. But if you tell it folks say, "Oh, he's drawin' it strong. He's seein' what he can make you swaller." Go down there for yerself, an' you'll see you couldn't make up worse than there is.

You see, me an' the Buster was both kicked out into the world about the same time. He wasn't the Buster then, but nothin' but the smallest boy you ever did see, and his real name was Dick. His aunt was the "Queen o' Cherry Street," an' she could drink more stuff an' not show it than any ten women that went with her. His mother was killed in a mistake on the other side o' the hall. A man shot her that thought she was another woman, an' his father died of the trimmins* in the station-house, where they'd taken him after pickin' him up for dead. He didn't do nothin' but drink any way, an' he pawned

* Delirium Tremens.

whatever there was to lay his hands on, down to the teapot. So his aunt took Dick, an' he slep' along with the other lodgers, an' had what he could pick up to eat unless she happened to think, an' then she let him buy pie.

That was Dick, but he turned into the Buster, an' that's what I'll call him now, so you'll know. My father was a ragpicker on Baxter Street, an' our house was 47; do you know it? When you go in there's a court an' a hydrant in the middle, an' out o' that court opens seven doors as like as seven peas, an' there's seven rooms with the window alongside o' the door, an' so on all the way up the five stories. It's all Eyetalian now, an' they've got big Eyetalian beds that hols six or seven easy, an' over them they slings hammocks an' piles the children in, an' then fills up the floor, an' so they make their rent an' may be more.

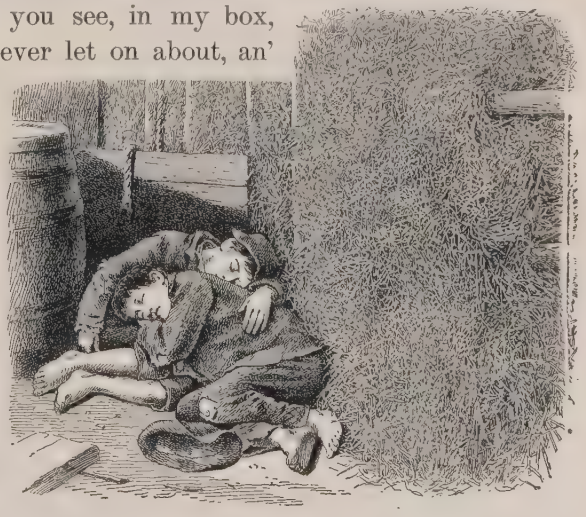
We wasn't so thick, and lucky, for my father wanted room to tear round when he stopped pickin' rags an' had a drunk. He'd smash everything he could reach, an' my mother, who was little an' kind o' delicate like, she'd hang everything high, so's he couldn't get at it. He knocked her round awful, an' one night, when he come home a little worse than any one ever seed him, he just kicked us both downstairs an' broke her all to smash, ribs an' everything; an' then when he'd smashed up the room too, he just sat down an' cut his own throat awful, so when they come to arrest him on account o' my mother that they had picked up an' sent to Bellevue, there wasn't nothin' to get but a stiff.*

I hung round a bit till I saw the ambulance, an' then I made sure they'd do somethin' awful with me, an' I cut. I made a run for the river, because I allus liked it along the docks. You could often pick up oranges an' bananas, an' many a time I've licked molasses off the barrels. I'd often slep before in barges an' most anywhere, an' so I knew a good place where there was most always some bales o' hay, an' so I put for that. There was lots o' boxes an' barrels piled up, an' empty ones too; an'

* A corpse.

way behind 'em, where they hadn't looked for a good while, was some big bales o' hay.

It was rainin', peltin' straight down, an' sleet with it, an' awful cold. I remember because Buster cried awful when I found him. He wasn't bigger'n a rat much, an' when I come pitchin' along he made certain I was goin' to turn him out. There he was, you see, in my box, that I hadn't never let on about, an' he just sniveled an' turned out an' started to run. So I took him by the scruff an' I says, "Where you goin', an' who are you?" an' drew him back by one o' the legs o' his pants, that was big enough for six like him, an' then he told me. He'd had so much lickin' at home that he couldn't stand up straight, an' his aunt wanted to lick him more because he couldn't, an' so he made up his mind to run. Well, he'd slep' in that box a good while, an' the boys had fed him. He'd earned bits holdin' a horse or something like that, an' he'd picked up odds an' ends; but he was most naked an' hungry, an' when he dried up his eyes after a good cry, I says to him, "We'll go hunks, an' whatever I have you shall have the same."



STREET BOYS SLEEPING ON THE DOCKS.

That's the way Buster an' me come to be pardners, but I expect we was both smaller than we thought we was, for we couldn't get much to do till a boy gave me his old blackin' kit an' taught me to shine. So I did that when I got a chance, an' Buster sat round an' admired, an' we did fust-rate an' slep in the box the whole winter.

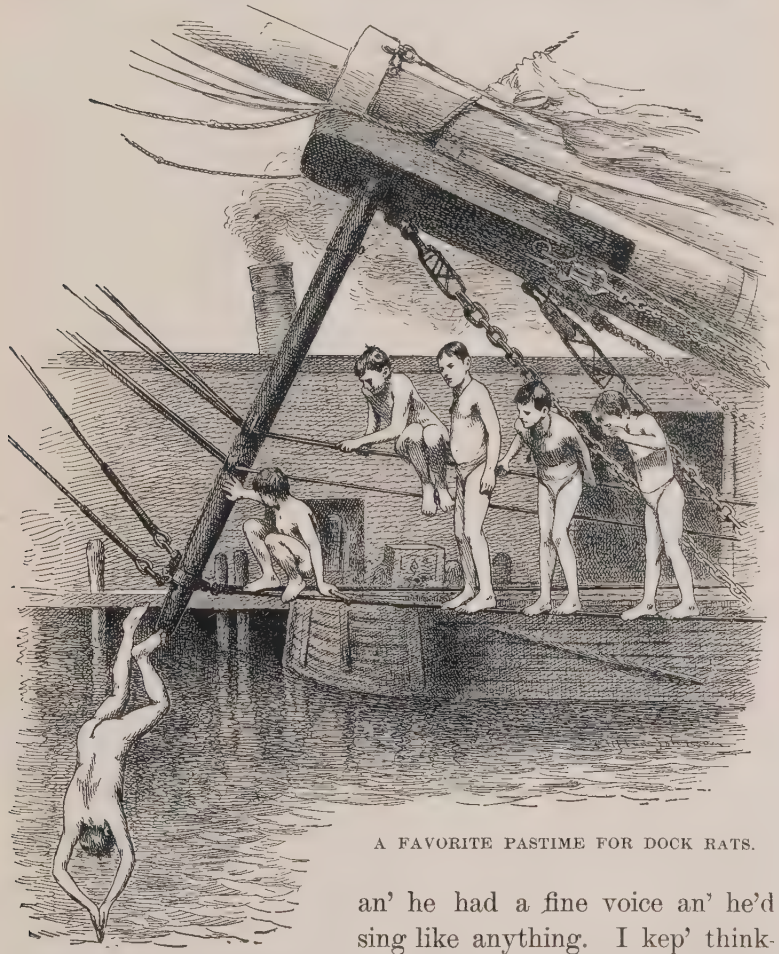
In the spring we had to budge. They cleaned the dock along where our box was, an' we never got a place like it again. But we had a pretty good one under some steps that did for summer, an' another boy named Liverpool went shares with us. He was eleven, an' we hung together awhile because there wan't no one else. He was English, an' his father died in hospital, an' his mother was respectable an' not fond o' drinkin' or such He went wanderin' round on the docks in Liverpool, an' he heard 'em talkin' about America an' reckoned it would be a good place to come to, so he begged captains to take him for cabin-boy till he found one that didn't so much mind his bein' little.

A DOCK RAT'S DAY NAP AFTER AN ALL-NIGHT TOUR.

Well that captain larruped him the worst way, an' just for cussedness; for Liverpool was like a lamb for disposition, an' you couldn't make him mad unless he saw somebody abused. But he come ashore all black an' blue an' raw, an' no money, an' not much clothes but some cast-off ones a sailor give him, big enough to wrap up three of him. When they wore out, another give him some more, an' he looked like a walkin' rag-bundle the whole o' the time. It was him that got me to turn newsboy, for he was picked up by a man that goes round among the boys, an' I went with him when it was settled that he was to go to the West. They asked me to go too, but I hung on here. Seemed as if I must on account o' Buster, for he didn't want to do much but loaf, an' I had to have an eye to him.

I tried papers awhile an' tried to make Buster take hold,

but it's hard work whatever folks may think. It was for him, anyhow, for he was sort o' weakly. I learned to read an' write in the school, an' sometimes Buster would come awhile,



A FAVORITE PASTIME FOR DOCK RATS.

an' he had a fine voice an' he'd sing like anything. I kep' thinkin' I'd go West some time, an' I tried to save a little, but couldn't very well. So that's the way we did for a good while, an' then Buster turned "Daybreak Boy" an' that broke me all up.

You don't know what a Daybreak Boy is! It's a whole gang what steals from small craft below Hell Gate, an' sell their stealin's for whatever they get, which is mostly nothin'. They're all the same as dock-rats, only there ain't so many of 'em.

Buster learned to swim an' dive, an' was near enough a dock-rat anyhow, an' then Buckshot Taylor kind o' took to him, an' that was the worst thing that ever happened to him.

Buckshot Taylor got his name because he was chuck-full o' buck-shot in his legs an' back, an' his face was all bust up too. He'd dive under a wharf and fasten one end of a wire rope to one of the rafters. Then he'd sneak along on board a lead-loaded schooner and fasten the end he'd carried with him to whatever come handy. Somebody keeps watch all the time while he does it. Then he drops it in the water when he gets the chance, an' down it goes out o' sight. Then he dives again an' comes up under the wharf, an' all he's got to do then is to draw it in, an' a heavy bar will sell for three or may be even four dollars.

Well, he took to the Buster, an' soon he had him in trainin', an' all I could do wouldn't stop him. He liked the fun of it, an' he was so little he could sneak in anywheres an' he got to be a champion "Daybreak," an' that tickled him. Sometimes, to please me, he'd swear off awhile, but he couldn't stan' it. Then I wanted him to go West, because he had to be doin' something, but he wouldn't, an' so I hung on waitin' for him to get caught and sent up.

That's just what happened. He was in the Reformatory awhile, an' there the boys taught him more deviltry than he'd ever knowed, an' he come out about as bad as they make 'em. I knew just as much bad as he did, but I couldn't stan' it. He could, an' I dunno as it was his fault. He kept fond o' me, an' I was fond o' him, an' so we sort o' held together.

That went on for a good while; but three months ago I lost him, an' I've been lookin' for him ever since. It was some worse racket than ever he tried before that has kep' him hidin'. I got my eye on him once, but he was in a "run-way" an' slinked out o' sight. He sent word he'd be sent up for life if they caught him, an' I mustn't be seen with him. You don't know what a "run-way" is! This one where I saw him is this way. Most o' the lots on Cherry an' Water an' Hamilton Streets have two houses built on 'em, with a way between

the two. Cherry an' Hamilton Streets back up together, an' there's only three feet between 'em at the rear tenements. Now if you're chased on Cherry Street, all you've got to do is to run up to the roof of the rear house an' jump to the other, go down the skylight, an' there you are in Hamilton Street an' can get off easy, while the policeman is comin' round the corner. The crooks have fixed it to suit themselves. They go climbin' round over roofs an' fences till they've got it plain as a map. Sometimes they hammer in blocks of wood for steps an' they don't come out where the cops are expectin' 'em. There's a hundred run-ways, an' they knows 'em all.

I was awful worried over Buster. I know'd if he could only get away he'd do well enough, an' I planned to hire him to go West an' try it. They'd dyed his hair an' made him all up different; but I knew where he hung out, an' so a week ago I went in one night, bound to find him. The police had laid for a raid that night, but I nor nobody knew it. Buster was there, sure enough, an' he was way down in the mouth. We talked awhile, an' he had about promised me he'd do as I wanted when the woman in the next room gave the alarm.

I don't know how Buster ever took such a thing in his head, but he did. He made for the roof, an' I after him, an' just as we got there he drew on me. "You meant to give me away, did you?" says he. "D—n you! Take that!" an' he gave it to me in the side. I pitched over, an' down I went into the run-way, an' there they picked me up an' brought me here. He didn't mean it, an' he got away, an' so I don't care, an' he sent me word the other day that when I got well he'd go West or anywhere I wanted. So you see it's come out pretty good after all, an' I don't mind lyin' here because I go over it all in my mind an' it's good as the the-a'ter to think they haven't got him an' won't. An' when I get well, ——

Jack's voice had grown steadily weaker. "I'm so tired," he went on. "I think I'm goin' to sleep. If"—and here he looked up silently for a moment; "If I ain't goin' to get well, Buster'll go to the bad certain, for there ain't nobody but me

he'll listen to. But I shall get well soon, an' now I'll have a sleep an' thank you for comin'."

"Will he get well?" I whispered to the nurse as we went down the ward.

"At first we thought he would," she made answer. "Now it is doubtful, for there is something wrong internally. He may live and he may go at any time," and she turned away to another patient.

A week later came this note from the nurse:—

"Jack asked to have you sent for yesterday, and when we said you were out of town he begged for pencil and paper and made me promise to seal his note up at once and let no one see it. It is inclosed herein, just as he dropped it when the end came. We found him lying there quite dead, and you will see a smile bright as an angel's on his beautiful face when you come, which must be at once if you want to see him before he is buried."

On the scrap of paper within he had traced in staggering letters,

"Plese find Buster at ———."

There it ended, nor has any questioning yet revealed who it was for whom he sold his life,— unwittingly, it is true, but given no less fully and freely.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

No work in the great city so appeals to all that is just, all that is generous in man, as the welfare of these street children, and none yields larger reward. And yet the final word must be that fifteen thousand homeless, hungry, cold, and naked children wander to-day in our streets, and as yet no agency has been found that meets their need, and the hands that would rescue are powerless. The city money jingles in Tammany pockets, and the taxpayers heap up fortunes for Tammany politicians, while these thousands of little ones are outcasts and soon will be criminals.

The children of the slums are with us, born to inheritances that tax every power good men and women can bring to bear on them for their correction. Hopeless as the outlook often

seems, salvation for the future of the masses lies in these children. Not in a teaching which gives them merely the power to grasp at the mass of sensational reading which fixes every wretched tendency and blights every seed of good, but in a practical training which shall give the boys trades and force their restless hands and mischievous minds to occupations that may ensure an honest living.

CHAPTER VII.

THE OPEN DOORS OF MERCY — THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN — BRUTES IN HUMAN FORM — THE DEMON OF DRINK — RESCUE WORK.

"That is Mary Ellen" — The First Child Rescued — A Dying Woman's Request — What the Court Saw when the Blanket was Unrolled — A Dramatic Scene — Little Acrobats — Helpless Little Sufferers — Specious Pleas of Criminal Lawyers — Inhuman Parents — A Lovely Face Hidden under Filth and Clotted Blood — Extreme Cruelty — A Fit Subject for the Lash — Restored to Home at Last — A Sad Case — "Before and After" — Two Boy Tramps — Driven from Home — Cases of Special Brutality — Shivering from Fright — Wild-Eyed Children — A Fresh Arrival at the Society's Rooms — "Everything Must be Burned" — "He is Alive" — The First Sleep in a Bed — A Life of Pain — A Drunken Mother of Seven Children — Unspeakable Horrors — A Lily from a Dung-Heap — The Sale of Liquor to Children — Children as Fierce as Starved Dogs — Terrible Instruments of Torture — The Good Work of the Society.

THE brutal American is of the rarest. It is because New York is less an American city than almost any other in the United States that the need for the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children" was so sore. As the foreign element increased, and every form of ignorance with it, drunkenness as well as natural brutality worked together. Women no less than men were guilty of almost unspeakable crimes toward helpless childhood, but no law then in existence allowed of interference between parent and child. If screams resounded through a tenement-house it was taken for granted that the child deserved all it got and more; and if it were a case of beating by drunken father or mother, the neighbors simply counseled hiding, or, in extreme cases, running away.

So it went on till 1875. The frightful increase of brutality to animals had resulted in the formation of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals,"—a step which was

long opposed on the ground that it interfered with the right of the individual to do what seemed best with one's own. By this time, however, it had demonstrated its necessity, and gained public respect and sympathy in a fashion that has never ceased; but for the children there was neither help nor protection.

What began it? Open the door of the gallery of hundreds of photographs, to be seen by all in the President's room at the headquarters of the Society, and heading the list on the first leaf of the great frame is a child's face.

"That is Mary Ellen," the attendant states, as if the name explained itself as easily as if he had said "That is Victoria" or "The Princess of Wales."

Yes, Mary Ellen began it, and this is how.

Late in 1874, on the top floor of a wretched tenement-house in the Fourth Ward, a dying woman lay in the last stages of consumption. With the horror of the very poor for all hospitals she had refused to be taken to one, and lay there dying by inches and visited by the City Missionary, a woman beloved by Protestant and Catholic alike.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" she questioned one day, and the woman answered,

"My time is short, and it don't make much difference for me, but oh, can't you do something for that poor little girl next door? I can't die in peace while they beat her so. She screams so that some have tried to get at her, but she's always locked up. It's her stepmother does it. Can't something be done?"

The missionary sent to the Police Station, and her story was listened to with the respect she had earned, but the Captain shook his head.

"You must furnish evidence of assault before we can arrest," he said. "Unless you can prove that an offense has been committed, we can't interfere, and all you know is only hearsay."

A series of visits to different benevolent societies charged with the care of children brought the same reply from all.

"If the child is legally brought to us under an order of the Court, and is a proper subject, we will take it, otherwise we cannot act in the matter."

Hampered thus on every side she went next to several well-known charitable gentlemen, and asked what could be done. From each and all came the same reply,—"It is a dangerous thing to interfere between parent and child. You might get yourself into trouble if you did so, as parents are proverbially the best guardians of their children."

Day after day the piteous appeal of the dying woman went on: "I can't die till something is done. The child is being murdered by inches,"—till at last in desperation the missionary said:

"I must make one more effort. There is one man in New York who has never turned a deaf ear to the cry of the helpless, and who has spent his life in just this work for the benefit of unoffending animals. I will go to Henry Bergh."

She went; and Mr. Bergh, who knew the force of law, turned at once to his friend, the counsel for the society, Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry. To interfere unless backed by the law might mean death or something worse for the child, but after much consultation Mr. Gerry decided that if there was no law the time had certainly come when there must be one, and that this should be made a test case. As he himself assumed all responsibility a warrant was granted and the person of the child secured. The hour for holding Court was near, and the lawyer and officers alike looked dubiously at their tiny client; a child of six, with matted hair, covered with filth, alive with vermin, and her few rags insufficient to hide her starved and beaten little body, a mass of livid bruises.

A blanket was brought, and the child rolled in it, and in the officer's arms the strange bundle was brought into court followed by a curious throng, who wondered what the tall and elegant counsel might have on his hands now. The case was called, and Mr. Gerry, stepping forward, announced that he was present with his client, and, unrolling the blanket, placed the child on the table where all could see. A murmur

of pity and indignation went up as the scared little thing looked around in terror. A thousand witnesses could not have spoken so forcibly as the one look that showed what life had done for her thus far. The judge made small delay, and the child was transferred temporarily to the custody of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" till Mrs. Wheeler, the missionary, herself decided to take her in charge.

As if by magic a flood of such cases poured in. The news of the trial had spread through every court and alley, not only in the Fourth Ward, but throughout all the poor quarters of the city; and an appalling list of outrages and abuses mounted up. Mothers came to show bloodstained clubs and bent pokers with which drunken fathers had assailed helpless little ones. The children themselves, bruised, gashed, often maimed for life, were brought in evidence. It was impossible for Mr. Bergh or his aids, already overworked, to do justice even in faint degree to the crowding claims, and very shortly followed the creation and speedy incorporation of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children," the first of its kind in the world.

One most notable feature of the work was its effect upon child beggary, these children having to a great extent disappeared from the streets. Miserable little girls, compelled to sell flowers at the doors of places of vile resort, — their business being often a cover for vile practices, no longer linger there night after night. Every one who reads the daily papers will day after day find therein reports of the cases prosecuted, and the details of the rescue of hundreds of children from lives of pauperism and crime. The shameful exhibition of little children in acrobatic performances, dangerous to life and limb, has been wholly suppressed, and Juvenile Opera Troupes, in which children of a tender age are compelled, night after night, to lose their natural rest in order to put money into the pockets of avaricious managers and thoughtless parents, have been broken up.

The year 1879 saw one of the most vital pieces of work ever accomplished by this Society. For years previously an organized system had existed by which miserable little Italian child

ren were sold by their parents and relatives into a state of bondage as bad as, and in some features worse than, any phase of slavery. Men known as "padroni" went to Italy, and bought up little peasant children in troops, under pretence of teaching them music. They were then shipped to America and compelled to work in the streets and highways of the country as wandering musicians and peddlers, while their entire earnings were seized and squandered by the human brutes who beat and tortured them till they dared not complain.

More helpless than others, because ignorant of English, these children suffered on, till one who had picked up enough to understand, heard that the Society existed, and with two of his companions decided to appeal to the Italian Consul-General, and through him to the Society. The results were beyond the wildest hopes of the forlorn little exiles, who were the last to suffer under the shameful oppression of the first years of Italian immigration.

Another engine potent for good was enlisted in the service of the Society, its first use being in the Report for 1887. So long as the few woodcuts given as portraits of the children were the work of any artist on illustrated journals, the defendants in special cases were always able to urge the plea,

"Oh, the child never looked like that! The artist touched up the sketch so as to make it as sensational as possible."

Over and over again have the lawyers of the Tombs urged this in behalf of their clients, and even at times moved the jury to momentary conviction that they must be right. But with the advent of the portable camera, and even before this ally of the detective had reached such perfection, came the possibility of showing things in their actual condition at the hour of appeal or of transfer to the Society. The Report for 1887, with its half dozen illustrative pictures, needs no other recommendation of its work. Cases as sad, and as full of shame and horror that such evils could exist, are on the pages of each and all, year after year giving glimpses of a life hardly credible in a civilized community; but seldom had such reality looked from the printed page as faced one in the picture of little Antonia

Cava, a seven-year-old child who for a year after the mother had forsaken husband and children had been in the care of a woman living in the "Great Bend" on Mulberry Street.

In this case an anonymous letter called the attention of the Society to the case. The woman, whose husband kept a stale beer dive, drank, and the two had spent their drunken fury on the child, who when found was a wild-eyed creature shrinking in abject terror from whoever came near. She had reason. Her hair was matted with blood, and her face, arms, and body were covered with wounds around which the blood had dried and remained. A few rags of clothing could not hide the hideous bruises, and yet a lovely face was hidden under this mask of filth and clotted blood. Transferred, as is the custom of the Society, to those of her own faith, the Sisters of St. Dominick have good reason to be proud of this marvelous change, no greater, however, than that encountered a little farther on.

PATRICK LACEY — AGE 10.

As rescued by the Society's officers. — Face cut, bruised, and swollen by beatings from drunken parents.

Here is a boy barely ten years old, whose left eye is nearly destroyed, and whose ears have been partially torn from his head by a drunken father, who at the same time threw the eighteen-months baby across the room and beat his wife till she escaped and ran to the street for help. This man, already

on the Society's books, was sentenced for one year, and the Judge regretted that he could not order a hundred lashes in addition.

Next follows a case numbered 23,891 in the Report: An anonymous communication received by the Society stated that a child of six years, living with her father and stepmother at No. 403 East One Hundred and Twenty-first Street, was inhumanly treated. An officer called at the apartments and found Jennie Lewis, a tiny, frail child, six years of age, upon her knees, brush in hand, scrubbing the floor, her face covered with bruises. "Mamma has gone out walking," she said, "please go away, for if she comes back and finds I have let any one in she will beat me," — and the little form shivered from fright. The officer tried to quiet her by assurances that she should not be hurt. Her face and body were much discolored and covered with bruises, and her emaciated arms were patched with red spots from pinches. The child at last told her sad story. She once had an own mother, but did not know where she was now. Her "papa's name was Mr. White, now, but it used to be Mr. Lewis." Her own mamma, who, she added, "is dead, I guess," was good to her, but this one beat her and never let her go downstairs, and "yesterday she took me by the hair and jammed my face on the floor, — that's why it looks so now;" and then with a frightened start she added: "You *must* go now, or I will get beat again."

Examination showed that the father had abandoned his wife and taken the child, going off with another woman. The child's real mother, who had searched for her in anguish, knew nothing of her whereabouts until the newspapers published reports of the case as prosecuted by the Society, when, still hoping to find her child, she inquired at the Society's office and learned the whole truth.

The mother rejoiced as over one risen from the dead, and as she proved honest and worthy the Society gave her the custody of the child, — injured it may be for life in weakened body and crushed spirit, but at least certain of love and care.

Turn now to the Gallery in the President's room in the

Society's building at Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue. Here is an arrangement like that of the Rogue's Gallery at the Police Headquarters; and though it is impossible to give every case, all the representative ones may be looked at in turn. "Before and after" is the order of the photographs, but often there is no "after" save that brought by merciful death.

Here on a soap-box is a picture of the body of an eleven-months baby starved to death by a drunken mother. The little frame is only a skeleton, and the pitiful face has a strange smile, as if of triumph at escape. Near it is the figure of a seven-year-old child found far up town on the East side, with her hands tied with a bit of old rope cutting into old sores. Body, head, and face were covered with bruises and cuts, many of them fresh and bleeding. This had been done by a drunken father and stepmother, who had also nearly starved her; and an indignant policeman on the beat had taken the law into his own hands and arrested both without waiting for any process. Both were convicted, and the child herself recovered with that marvelous recuperative power of even the most defrauded childhood, and looks out with happy eyes from the photograph taken a few weeks later.

PATRICK KIELEY — AGE 11.
As found half starved by the Society's officers. Face cut and body bruised by inhuman parents.

Farther on one encounters the photographs of two street Arabs, brothers, John and Willie D ——, two small beggars, made so by their father, whose only object in life was dis-

covered to be that of getting enough money to keep him in lager beer. The boys were arrested and held for examination until an investigation could be made of their home and surroundings. Their father was found in the upper room of a tenement-house where he had his "home," if such it could be called; his wife dead, and a daughter of twelve years his only housekeeper. The boys kept the family in food by their begging expeditions, often sleeping out nights in boxes or hogsheads. Neither ever attended school, nor could they read or write. Beaten when they failed to beg enough, the ragged little fellows plied their trade till rescued and committed to the care of the Juvenile Asylum, where hundreds of their kind have found refuge.

JOHN AND WILLIE D——.
Two boy tramps, brothers, as they appeared when arrested.

An officer of the Society, patrolling the streets in Harlem for just such cases, found on one of the stormiest days of winter a little child of ten, half naked and begging from door to door with the old story of drunken parents, who found in his pitiful face their fund for drinking. It is a matter of daily occurrence, yet the sadness is never less, for each case

holds new forms of barbarity and outrage, and, accustomed as the officers are to every phase of wrong that unhappy childhood can suffer, it is impossible to grow callous or indifferent.

Turning the leaves of this wonderful photographic record, the beauty of many of the children is a constant surprise. Especially is this true of the many English children brought over in acrobatic troups, many of whom are as fair as those far remote ancestors whom the good bishop looked upon as well-nigh angels rather than captive Anglo-Saxons.

Americans are few till we come to older girls, and here the saddest stories begin, for many have been rescued from lives of shame to which they have often been sold by infamous parents or relatives. Here are faces so fair that they might have come from the highest ranks of society, and each has its tale impossible to give here. Some are now happy wives and mothers. Others have yielded to care and for a time welcomed better life, then, through sudden temptation, have fallen, often to be called back again and again till lost to sight in the under world in which a part of the great city dwells.

Take a day of the Society's work as it goes on from hour to hour before all who care to watch. Day and night alike the doors stand open, for night is the time in which drunkenness most abounds, and with it the beatings and assaults that give the Society its most frequent cause of interference.

Entering the great old-fashioned house, giving barely room for all that must be done, we find the chief office or Bureau of Reception in a small outer room, where several clerks are at hand to receive applications or complaints, or inquiries as to the welfare of cases already received and provided for. Here come the patrols of the Society with street waifs driven out by cruel parents, or the policemen who have interfered in cases of special brutality. Here, too, is the telephone through which sounds many a cry for help and demand for instant sending of an officer of the Society, whose badge takes him safely into the worst localities. Each case as it appears is registered in the great books, and then handed over to the matron and attendants in the temporary home where all are kept till the case

is tried if necessary, or the child transferred to an asylum or protectory.

Between forty and fifty can be housed and fed, for the upper part of the building is fitted up with dormitories for boys and girls, and a bedroom or two for special cases. There is also a great wardrobe lined with shelves on which multitudes of garments await wearers; dining-rooms, kitchen and laundry, with play and sitting-rooms, all of spotless neatness. The rows of snow-white little beds can hardly be matched by any other hospital or asylum in all the long list, the matron seeming to have a positive genius for cleanliness.

Day or night the usually half-starved child — for starvation is part of the torture of such lives till the Society comes to the rescue — is sure of a meal, — bread, milk, and light food being always in readiness.

MICHAEL NEVINS — AGE 10.
As rescued by the Society's officers. Face bruised and swollen by constant beating.

Here, as eleven o'clock strikes, is led in, stumbling from weakness, and half blind from a deep cut over the eye, a boy of ten. There is a cut on his head too, about which the hair is matted, and bruises at every point where a bruise can show. "Michael Nevins," recites the officer to the waiting clerk. "Found on a grating in Ann Street, driven out by a drunken father after a beating. Father arrested and to answer to-morrow morning in the Tombs Court."

Down go name, age, etc., and a door opens at the end

of the partition and the matron takes the boy's hand. A look from her is sufficient.

"Everything must be burned," she exclaims. "He is alive."

The "alive" means not the child, who truly seems half dead, but the vermin that a moment's inspection shows are swarming all over the wretched little figure.

"Sometimes it is possible to wash the clothing, but generally it goes at once into the furnace," says the attendant, and we follow for a moment and look into the bath-room, marble-lined half way to the ceiling, with porcelain-lined tubs, not a pipe concealed, and every precaution against either vermin or possibility of contagion provided for perfectly. Often the head must be shaved, and generally doused with larkspur tincture, the only effectual destroyer of the pests for head and body. One well-known druggist makes his contribution to the Society in the form of gallons of larkspur, which is used with a freedom born of long experience.

Often this bath is the first the child has ever known, and, as the casing of dirt dissolves, the little bodies show strangely perfect and lovely, even with the hideous life that has been theirs from the beginning. But most frequently they are so scarred and marred with such pitiable bruises, cuts, and sores, that the tenderest handling is required. Wounds are dressed, bruises treated, and after as large a meal as is deemed good, the child, stupefied with wonder at the whole process, and often crying for joy, is put in one of the little white beds, and sleeps such sleep as it has never known, waking incredulous to find that food and warmth and comfort are not dreams but happy realities.

Returning to the office when the processes just described have been completed, we find that two little girls, abandoned by a drunken mother and half starved, have just been brought in. They are comfortably dressed and less dirty than would be expected after two days in the streets; but the same processes are necessary, and they disappear through the waiting doorway, looking shyly up in the matron's face.

As they pass within, a tall policeman appears, bearing a

two-years-old baby, mute from fear, and not only half naked, but covered with bruises. Its mother is well known. Most of her time is spent on the Island, — a drunken spree as soon as she comes out from serving one sentence sending her back to serve another. There were some older ones who care for the smaller children, seven in all, but Ann had been specially active this time and had beaten every child who did not have presence of mind enough to escape, ending with the baby, whose pitiful screams had drawn in the nearest policeman. He tells his tale, and the baby passes in for its share in the blessedness the others have found.

Unspeakable are many of the tales that one must hear. Atrocious assaults occur of so gross a nature that it seems impossible to credit the hideous details. One little thing of six is brought up from a sailors' boarding-house in the Fourth Ward, a basement in which during her short years she has witnessed nightly orgies of drunken women and sailors. She has innocent blue eyes and a delicate face, but is a mass of filth neglected from babyhood. An hour later she lies in a little white bed, as fair a face as child could own, and smiles up at the matron with a look so sweet that one marvels how such a lily can have sprung from such a dung-heap. But it happens more often than one would think, and the little lives grow into gentle girlhood and in more than one case happy and prosperous afterdays, in which their own children bear no taint of the foulness left behind.

Still another class of cases are children arrested as they are entering or leaving liquor-saloons to which they have been sent to buy drink. The law providing for such cases was enacted some years since, and makes it an indictable offense to sell liquor in this way, but the proprietors of cheap saloons do it persistently, asking no questions and taking their chances of prosecution. Hundreds of children are employed in this way, and many of them find their way at last to the Society.

This was the case with two or three brought in, and passed on to the shelter of the Home till their cases could be decided. From the Chinese quarter, where unspeakable outrage goes on,

came one, a baby of three, the child of an Irishwoman and a Chinaman, dressed in Chinese costume, and a subject of fierce dispute in these unsavory regions, as the Chinaman wished to send her to China, and had planned to do so when the Society was notified and interfered.

NELLIE BRADY — AGE 7.
As found by the Society's officers.

Some of these waifs are as fierce and wild as starved dogs, but for the most part they are silent, scared, trembling little wretches, covered with bruises, knowing no argument but the strap, and looking with feeble interest at the large collection, at the Society's headquarters, of whips, knives, canes, broomsticks, and all the weapons employed in torture, many of them still blood-stained or bent from the force of the blows given. There they hang on the wall of the inner room, a perpetual appeal to all who look, to aid in the work of rescue and make such barbarity forevermore impossible. Face after face comes up, each one an added protest against the misery it has known. Here is little Nellie Brady, with hair a painter would gaze at with delight, found hungry and abandoned, wandering in the streets. The gallery of photographs shows what one day of care had brought about, and gives a face full of sweetness and promise like hundreds of others in like case.

What has been the actually accomplished work of the Soci-

ety? During the sixteen years of its existence it has investigated nearly 55,000 complaints, involving about 160,000 children. Of these complaints over 18,000 cases have been prosecuted; over 17,500 convictions secured; about 30,000 children relieved and rescued; 7,500 sheltered, fed, and clothed in its reception rooms, and upwards of 70,000 meals furnished.

NELLIE BRADY.

After a day in the Society's care. Never claimed.

By its action and example 227 Societies have been organized and are now in active operation throughout the world, working in unison with it. It has framed and secured the passage of laws for the protection and preservation of children, which have been copied and re-enacted not only throughout the United States but in Europe. And it enforces those laws by the prosecution of offenders with a vigor which has made it a terror to every cruel brute. Its work never ceases by day or night, during summer or winter.

CHAPTER VIII.

MISSION WORK IN TOUGH PLACES — SEEKING TO SAVE — A LEAF FROM THE EXPERIENCE OF AN ALL-NIGHT MISSIONARY — RESCUE WORK IN THE SLUMS.

The Cremorne Mission — A Piteous Cry for Help — "Lock me up" — Mrs McAuley's Prayer — A Convert from the Lowest Depths — Ragged Kitty, the News Girl — Marks of a Mother's Cruelty — "Let me out" — "I Want me Pat" — Distressing Scenes — "Mashing" the Baby — Begging for Shelter and Warmth — An All-Night Missionary's Story — A Baxter Street Audience — "Roll, Jordan, Roll!" — Story of Welsh Jennie — A Mother's Love — "She is Dead" — Seeking to Save — A Midnight Tour through Dens of Vice and Misery — Horrible Sights — An Emblem of Purity in the Midst of Vice — "It's no Use! It's no Use!" — "Don't you Know me Mother? I am your Jennie" — Affecting Meeting of a Mother and her Erring Daughter — Old Michael's Story — Fifty-three Years in Prisons — Taking the Last Chance.

"IT'S life and death! Don't stop me! Clear the way, I tell you, or there'll be mischief done!"

Truly it looked liked it. The man's face was flushed to a dark red, and yet was curiously pale about the lips. He was tall and powerful; a bullet head and heavy jaw, and long strong arms that swung like flails as he ran wildly down the street.

"It's murder," some one said, as with frightened eyes all made way for the fleeing man. A policeman hastened his steps as the fugitive rounded the corner into Thirty-second Street, for the first rush had been down Seventh Avenue from one of the high tenement-houses not far away. The broad doors of the Cremorne Mission swung open the instant the man reached them as if some one behind them had felt the rush and answered the cry of a need unknown as yet, but of the sorest.

"Lock me up!" he cried, as the doors swiftly closed behind him, and he fell limp and breathless on one of the long benches.

"Lock me up! You promised to help me. Help me now or I'm gone. It's on me, I tell you. I'm going mad if I ain't helped."

ENTRANCE TO THE CREMORNE MISSION.

Frank, to whom this appeal was addressed, was the faithful man in charge of the Cremorne Mission rooms, and was himself a convert from the lowest depths. He had been a drunken sailor, dragged into the Water Street Mission by a friend, and to his own intense and always fresh surprise was converted before the evening ended. The most secret cranny of a drunkard's mind was an open book to him. He knew every possibility and phase of this and of every other malady of soul that could possibly be brought before the Mission, and he regarded each fresh case as another chance for him to bear

witness to the power of the work he had chosen as his own. His serious eyes and firm-set jaw testified to power enough for every emergency. He said little, but somehow the worst cases submitted to him and followed his directions implicitly. He nodded once or twice in answer to the appeal, then took the trembling man by the arm and led him toward the stairway at the back of the Mission, leading to a room above.

"She'll see to you," he said, as a door was reached, and he pushed the shuddering figure before him. "Stop your worryin', an' Jesus an' all of us will pull you through."

The policeman had reached the door and put his head in with an interrogative look.

"It's all right," called back Frank, who shut the door at the foot of the stairs and shot the bolt. "It's a feller with the trimmins comin' on, an' he wants to be looked out for. Not comin' on either. It's the craze to get a drink into him, an' the fear he'll break his promise an' cave in. Go 'long; it's all right,—you're not needed for that kind o' thing."

The fugitive, with as deadly a terror upon him as any who in an older day fled toward the cities of refuge, had thrown himself on the floor, and beside him knelt a woman whose face and voice carried with them a power that stilled the most turbulent and tempest-tossed spirit. He caught at her dress and held it with the clutch of a drowning man.

"God!" he said. "It's the devil's own fire inside of me. You don't know how it feels. I'll have to go."

"No you won't," said Mrs. McAuley in a quiet but firm voice. "Here comes Frank. Now, drink this, and you will not mind so much."

Wise woman. Frank was there with a cup of steaming-hot, strong coffee, made on the instant, in his little office below. He knew what would steady the quivering nerves so accustomed to the pull of alcohol upon them that only the strongest substitute would make any impression. The patient was O'Rafferty, a convert of only a few months' standing; a man who had been the terror of the ward, and whose first coming into the Mission had been to threaten another man

with a licking for daring to do the same thing. Time and again he had been "sent up" to Blackwell's Island for countless offences committed in drunken sprees. Every boy in the ward knew his name, and all had watched to see how his new craze would turn, and how long he would hold out. Night after night he had risen in the old Mission in Water Street with anxious look and knitted brow.

THE READING DESK IN THE CREMORNE MISSION ROOM.

"Lord, if I shouldn't hold out, what a disgrace on the Lord Jesus and the whole Mission," had been his form of prayer. "Pray for me, friends, that I needn't fall away, for I'll be like to cut me throat if I do."

"There'll be no need o' anything as strong as that," Haggerty once said with a little twinkle, in reply to O'Rafferty's despondent prayer. Haggerty, who knew every phase of drunkenness, had also been converted in the old Water Street Mission, and chose to stay there and work in the same fashion that Frank did at the Cremorne. Now and then he called at the Cremorne to see his old friends and ask, "What cheer?" He had dropped in that very morning, and, recognizing O'Rafferty, he said with cheery yet earnest voice, "The Lord Jesus is plenty powerful enough to hold you stiddy. Stop frettin', and just take it for granted you'll be kept straight. That's the way it was with me. You've got to trust, an' then the devil can't get nigh you."

This time the devil was nearer than at any time since the trial began. Frank watched his excited charge closely and knelt down beside him as Mrs. McAuley prayed for peace and deliverance to come to this poor tempted soul; and then he led him to an upper room and pointed to the bed, which had held many another in like condition.

"Don't let me out whatever I may say," the man begged, and Frank nodded encouragingly.

"Don't you fret. We're goin' to pull you through."

"It's a pretty fair day," Frank said to himself as he closed the door behind him and descended to the floor below, where Mrs. McAuley was facing three women, one of them dressed in the extreme of fashion, and with all the make-up of an experienced actress. "Only eleven o'clock, an' three hard ones in already," he said to Mrs. McAuley. "It'll be a good day I'm thinkin'."

"A good day for Frank is the one that gives him the most to do," Mrs. McAuley said to the women with a smile. "But that's so for all of us. Now, tell me just what you want and I'll see what we can do for you."

"I want you to stop interfering with my girls," the painted woman said. The other two looked at her a little fearfully. They were all of the same profession, but the speaker was practically at the head in the house which harbored them and which had been many times raided by the police. It is because women here lure other women to destruction, and no one has yet found a way to check such traffic that the Water Street Mission has come to the rescue of a region supposed to need such assistance in far less degree. Drunken sailors are fewer here than in and about

DRINKING FOUNTAIN ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF JERRY McAULEY NEAR THE CREMORNE MISSION.

Water Street, it is true, but every other order of crime is represented, the pettier sorts predominating. But the fearful life led by these women could not by any possibility be classed under the head of petty crimes. Their errand to the Mission had not been suspected. There was sorrow and also deep indignation in Mrs. McAuley's face as she turned to reply, but ere the words could be spoken the woman went on.

"You've taken away three of my best girls that I was always a mother to, and you may ask them if I wasn't. I've done you no harm. Let me and my house alone, for there's plenty in it more respectable than you was once."

"She's crazy," said one of the other women apprehensively. "She would come, but there's no sense in such asking. What I've come for is to find out about Lena that you took in here last month. Her folks have searched her out and want to take her back home, and they were ashamed to come here for her."

"They'll have to get over it then," said Mrs. McAuley after a moment's look at the crafty face studying her's as intently. She knew the trick. Two or three girls who had taken refuge in the Mission had in the very beginning of their new life been taken out on this plea. "You'll have to try some other way. I'm pretty well used to this one," Mrs. McAuley went on with a smile; and Frank, who had lingered near, watched the trio out and shook his fist after the retreating figures.

"God forgive me," he said; "but them's the kind I could most strangle with me own hands till they promised to let other women alone. I'll have another look at O'Rafferty up stairs. He was dangerous when he come in, but he'll be pulled through."

At this moment a child, impish, skinny, tearful, and ragged, entered the doorway and rushed toward Mrs. McAuley.

"See," was all she said; but the black-and-blue bruises on her lean little arms told the story more powerfully than words.

"See," she said again as she thrust out a stockingless leg on which were more black-and-blue marks. "I wants to stay here

till me mother's out o' her drinkin' fit. I sold me papers good. All the boys helps me. There isn't wan round the station doesn't give me a chance, an' I'd twinty cints o' me own, an' me mother took it all for drink, an' thin basted me whin I snatched an' got back a penny. I give Tim the money for me papers to-night, but what'll I do if me mother comes after it? Please let me stay here a while."

"Stay and welcome, you poor little soul," said Frank, and then made a rush up the stairs as he heard the sound of vigorous kicks on the door of the little room in which he had left O'Rafferty.

"Easy now!" he shouted. "What are you up to in there? Easy now! Easy now!"

"Let me out! For the love o' God let me out," came back the answer with a roar like that of a wild beast. "I tell you I'll do murder if I'm not let out. Oh, no, for the love o' God *don't* let me out."

The roar changed to a cry. There were sobs and groans within, and Frank's own eyes were not dry.

"Poor soul," he answered. "I'm here. I'll stay a bit with you, O'Rafferty. You shan't be let go, to get into worse trouble."

He listened a little. The sobs lessened. O'Rafferty was on his knees, praying in an agony, and outside the door Frank answered him:—"Lord Jesus, that holds up all them as is nigh fallin', and did it to Peter on the water, hold up this soul and never let go till he's inside the kingdom. Amen, Amen."

Downstairs again he ran, for another call had come from below; a voluble Irishwoman, half drunk and wholly dirty and foul, had come straight from the police court, where she had been fined five dollars after a night in the cells.

"I want me Pat!" she cried, with maudlin tears,—"me Pat that ye tuk from me an' turned agin his own mother that bore him. He'll not see me put upon and made the spoort o' all. Where's me Pat? Answer me that now, or it'll be the worse for ye, murtherin' turncoats ivery wan o' ye."

It was Frank's business to quiet her, and he succeeded at last in getting her away, watched by the little news-girl, who had curled down on one of the seats and was enjoying the warmth and the sense of shelter and protection. Meantime a woman who had entered silently dropped on her knees and prayed for a moment, then rose and looked apologetically at Frank.

"I can't help it," she said; "I'm too used to goin' into a church to do me prayin', not to miss it a bit sometimes, an' this is nearer church than anything I know. Do you think it's wicked?"

"I'll not be sayin'," Frank returned. "But I will say you mustn't turn your prayin' into idolatry an' think it's any better than down on your knees in your own room an' none to see nor hear. Here's this Kitty, the news-girl, again, black-an'-blue from her mother's beatin'. You're in the same house with 'em. Can't you keep a kind of an eye to her an' save a rap or two maybe? It's hard on the young one, and she the bread-winner for herself, let alone the little baby at home."

"The baby's most through with its troubles," the woman returned. "Its mother mashed it worse last night, rollin' on it, and I doubt but that she might be tuk up for it. It would be a good thing for the whole house if she was."

Kitty burst into tears and made toward the door, pushing away Frank's detaining hand.

"It's me own fault," she sobbed. "I might 'a' known me mother'd mash him. I wisht she'd mashed me instead of the baby. I want to get him an' bring him here."

The woman turned with her, and nodded reassuringly to Frank, saying as she passed out, "I'll have an eye to all of 'em."

Their places were filled by a girl whose face was red with weeping, and who, with one scared look at Frank, flew up the stairs and almost threw herself upon Mrs. McAuley.

"I didn't go away from the Mission of my own will," she said. "They watched for me, and Willy was there, and he asked me just for his sake to come and have dinner with them,

and then — and then, — You don't believe me. You don't trust me. Oh, what shall I do? What will become of me!"

She threw herself down in a passion of weeping, clenching her hands as the sobs threatened to become hysterics.

"Let me tell you all," she cried. "I never told you the whole. If I do that, then perhaps you will believe me."

Let us leave her with Mrs. McAuley's tender eyes bent upon her, her gentle voice bidding the girl take comfort. Such story as hers cannot have room here, though indeed it might well be told for every girl who turns with longing toward the great unknown city, and pines to escape from the irksomeness of country life. We cannot even follow the Mission through its day. From early morning till late night its doors are open and sad souls tell their tale and beg for shelter, for sympathy, for aid, and not one of them goes away unanswered.

In Loving Memory
OF
Jerry McAuley
Founder of the Water St. Mission Sept. 1872
Founder of the Cremorne Mission Jan. 1882
His first prayer was "God be merciful to me a sinner" His last words were "It's all right"

BRONZE TABLET TO THE MEMORY OF JERRY McAULEY ON THE WALL OF THE CREMORNE MISSION ROOM.

The night mission work of Mr. H. B. Gibbud among the very lowest outcasts in tenement-house districts is typical of the work now carried on by the Florence Night Mission. The following incident in his experience illustrates one phase of the work performed by these all-night missionaries. He says:—

My congregation was a motley crowd assembled in a small second-story room on Baxter Street, in one of the lowest sections of New York. The audience was gathered from

neighboring alleys, narrow streets, saloons, dance-halls, and dives. Jews, Gentiles, olive-skinned Italians, and almond-eyed Chinamen, sat side by side. Sailors were in the majority. Dissolute women, both white and black, and a few loafers who had found the corner chilly on that bitterly cold night, gathered round the stove. A scattering of beggars and tramps sought refuge from the wintry blast. Several boys and girls, attracted by the singing, helped to fill the room.

Among the notables present was "London," the leader of a gang of thieves, whose friendship I had won and who helped to keep order. Poor fellow, he was murdered in front of the Tombs prison not long after. There was "Lame William," a shiftless, drunken fellow, who had helped us to rescue a girl from the slums. He was afterwards led to Christ and became a sober, earnest Christian worker. There was "One-Eyed Tommy," who was an expert in his line of business, which was to find intoxicated men on the Bowery, lead them around to "Bottle Alley" or the "Flat Iron," and there rob them of their money and strip them of their clothes. Business must have been slack, for he was quite sober and looked as pious as it was possible for a one-eyed man to look.

Among the female portion of the audience was a small colored girl of local repute as a fighter. When drunk and in a fighting mood she became the terror of the neighborhood. She had been nicknamed "Roll Jordan" because of her fondness for the refrain of that name. When she was drunk, in spite of all I could do, she would sing in a loud shrill voice,—

"Dar am no hippercrites
In de heaben ob my Lor,
Oh how I longs ter go!
Judgment, Judgment,
Judgment day am a rollin' along
Oh how I longs ter go!"

And then all would join in the chorus,

"Roll, Jordan, roll,
Roll, Jordan, roll,
I wants ter go to heaben when I dies
Ter hear ole Jordan roll."

Then there was the "Midget," with innocent, doll-like face, and others of less notoriety.

The room was well filled, so I brought the song service to a close and was about to read the Scripture, when the discordant sounds of an approaching street band caused the audience to rise *en masse* and rush down the stairs, leaving me alone save one or two tramps whose deep slumbers could not by any possibility have been disturbed. It was a common occurrence for my audience to leave without ceremony. A dog-fight or any disturbance on the street would empty the room immediately.

I was obliged to go out again and "compel them to come in." When order was restored I read the story of the Prodigal Son. All listened quietly, and I was only interrupted by the stertorous snores of the sleepers, and by the yells and cat-calls of street boys who persistently hooted at the door. The story was familiar to many, some of whom had literally left good homes, gone into a far country, spent their substance in riotous living, and had arrived at the pig-pen point of the journey; and my prayer was that some might arise and come back to their Father.

I was urging them to do this when a woman entered and crouched near the door. My attention was drawn to her at once,—she was such a wreck. Though not over twenty she looked forty. Ragged, dirty, bruised, and bloated, she had hardly the semblance of a woman. I told for her benefit the story of the Scotch lassie who had wandered away from home, and of her return and welcome by a loving mother. I ended by saying, "There are those here to-night who have a loving mother still praying for them." This shot at a venture struck home. Her lips quivered; tears ran down her cheeks. She was the first to come forward for prayers. She told me between her sobs that she was the only daughter of a praying mother, then living in another part of the city. She had erred in the choice of her company, and an elder brother in anger had put her out of the house, threatening to kill her if she returned to disgrace the family. Driven from home she

gradually sank from one level to another until she became an outcast on the street. For five years she had neither seen a relative nor heard from home. I urged her to return, but she hesitated, doubting her welcome. I promised to visit her mother and plead for her, and the girl finally promised to be at the meeting the next night.

The next day I visited her mother. She was a Welsh woman, sixty years of age, living on the top floor of a cheap tenement-house. She had been a Christian for many years. After conversing with her on other matters I cautiously inquired if she had a daughter named Jennie, and was surprised when she calmly answered "No." I told her I had been informed that she had.

"Well, I once had a daughter by that name," she slowly said; "but she is dead."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Yes. At least I think she is. Yes, I am sure she is. We have not heard from her in five years. Then we heard she was dead."

I told her she was still alive and anxious to return home. The mother's love returned. In great agitation and with tears streaming down her face she exclaimed:—

"Tell her she is welcome. Oh, find her and bring her to me, and all shall be forgiven. For God's sake do not disappoint me. It will kill me if you do."

I promised to bring Jennie home without fail. But that night she was not at the meeting. In vain I searched all the haunts of vice in the neighborhood, but found no trace of her.

In one of the saloons I met an acquaintance,—a young prize-fighter. He had drifted into the mission room one night and had disturbed the meeting so much that in sheer desperation I suddenly seized him by the collar and bounced him through the door with such quick despatch that it had won his profound admiration and warm friendship. I told him the object of my search. He said that Jennie was probably in some stale-beer "dive," adding that stale-beer dives were underground cellars or small rooms kept by Italians, where liquor

was sold at one cent per pint, and where the most degraded wretches of both sexes often gathered for a night's lodging for which they paid two or three cents each.

He volunteered to pilot me and help to search for her. It was near midnight, and the thought of venturing into such dens

A TENEMENT-HOUSE BACKYARD IN THE ITALIAN QUARTER.

was not pleasant. But the promise to Jennie's mother decided me, and I said, "Lead on, I'll follow."

"Well, mishener (missionary)," he said, as we went along, "I ain't much stuck on religion. Yer see I didn't have no mother to religious me an' I guess that's the reason. But I'd

help any one out of them dives. I ain't religious like, yer understand? Yer can't be religious an' fight, can yer? Well, that's how I makes my eat. No fight, no eat, see? So its either eat or religion, an' as I takes naterally to eat an' don't to religion, I eats an' fights an' fights an' eats. See? I may reform some day an' git religion. I hain't got nothin' agin it nohow."

We walked rapidly through a narrow dark street; then turned into a long alleyway leading into an area or back yard, in which stood a typical rear tenement-house. We entered and climbed up the rickety stairs. My guide unceremoniously pushed open a door, and we found ourselves in a room dimly lighted by a peddler's lamp. The English language cannot describe the scene before us. The room was crowded with men and women of the most degraded type. Misery, rags, filth, and vermin were on every side, and above all arose a stench so utterly vile that, the nostrils once assailed, it could never be forgotten. All were more or less intoxicated and stared idiotically at us. A quick survey was all I could stand; the stench and sights were so horrible I beat a hasty retreat and was about to return to the street, when the fighter informed me that there were six other places of like character in that one house. He then led me downstairs into an underground room, the floor of which was bare ground; the walls were covered with green slime, and water was dripping from the ceiling. Yet crowded into this hole and huddled together were fifteen men and women.

As we entered, some one shouted, "What's wanted?" "A girl named Jinny," said the fighter. As he said this a young girl started up, but was knocked back by a big ruffian who rushed forward, cursing fearfully and asking "What's wanted with the girl?" As he advanced in a threatening manner and seemed about to annihilate me, I felt like withdrawing. But when he had nearly reached us the fighter struck out, knocking the brute over several others into the corner, where he lay rubbing his head. The fighter, satisfying himself that Jenny was not there, quietly withdrew.

We visited several other places, and finally one worse than

all, kept by an Italian hag named Rosa. We entered a hall and stumbled over several sleepers who lay on the floor too drunk to notice our stepping on them. Propped up on either side along the walls were men and women dead drunk or fast asleep. A dim light shone through the alley and into the hall from the street lamp, and by crouching down we soon ascertained that Jennie was not there. "We will go into this room if we kin git in," said my guide as he banged away at a door at the farther end of the hall. "Yer see de old gal, when dey gits full an' can't set up an' spend money, chucks 'em out into de hall an' pulls de knob of de door in so dey can't git back agin."

Sure enough the knob was in, and it took several vigorous raps to get a response from within. At last the door was cautiously opened by old Rosa, and the fighter pushed his way in.

The place was crowded. Our advent caused a flutter and muttered comment among those sober enough to notice us. Some tried to escape, taking us for detectives. Others said, "It's the Doctor, don't be afraid." I had a kind word for them all; the fighter, too, reassured them, and confidence was in a measure restored. While he was searching for Jennie, I looked around.

The room was filled with the hardest, filthiest set of men and women I had ever seen. Many were nearly naked. Bloated faces were cut and swollen, and eyes blackened, while on the neck, hands, and other exposed parts of the body could be seen on many, great festering sores. Vermin large enough to be seen with the naked eye abounded.

Boards placed on the top of beer-kegs made seats. Under these, piled in like sacks of salt, were those who had become too drunk to sit up. Others occupied the seats and dangled their feet in the faces of those underneath, often stepping with drunken tread on some upturned face. In one corner of the room was a bed made from dry-goods boxes, covered with an old mattress and rags. On this were lying two little Italian children. Their innocent faces were in strong contrast to

those of the bloated, blear-eyed crowd. On the mantelpiece a candle burned, shedding a ghastly light on the awful scene. On the foul wall hung a picture of St. Roco, who, Rosa the dive keeper said, was "a gooda saint in Eetally."

ITALIAN GARBAGE WOMEN ON MULBERRY STREET.

The plaster had fallen from the walls in several places, and the lathing had been removed to be used for fuel. This gave the room a skeleton-like appearance. An old stove set out from the fireplace was red hot. A man lying on a bench in front of it turned over, and in his drunken sleep threw his leg, which was bare, right on the stove. My attention was called

that way by the smell of burning flesh. The poor wretch was too drunk to notice it. I pushed his leg off, but not till it had been badly burned.

In the fireplace behind the stove four or five men had been thrown in a heap to sleep off their intoxication. In a small cupboard two men were crowded. In one corner, near the ceiling, was a coop containing a rooster and a hen, who were eking out a miserable existence. In a small birdcage, a white dove, the emblem of purity, looked down upon all that was impure. On the floor were piles of rags brought in from the ash-barrels of the street. The stench arising from these was sickening. Some of these rags had been washed and hung on lines across the room, and were still dripping. As the fighter bent over searching for Jennie, the drops fell on his neck and for a moment took away all the religious feeling he had.

I entered into conversation with the keeper. Her face was wrinkled, and her piercing, black, snaky eyes shone like beads. She looked the very incarnation of ugliness and had shown her temper by striking an old gray-haired woman full in the face with a bunch of keys, just after we entered. Rosa's knowledge of English was limited; but she enabled me to understand that her husband "picka de rag, my sonna he playa de harpa, makea muse," while her daughter "keppa peanutta stand an' sella banan." The one aim of the family was "to getta rich and go backa to Eetally."

In the mean time the fighter had been pulling out sleepers from under the seats and scanning their faces. At last, crouching in a corner among the filth, was found the child of many prayers. Aroused from her stupor I found the spirit of the previous evening had fled. In vain I pleaded with her to return home, and earnestly spoke of her gray-haired mother so anxiously waiting her return, willing to forgive all. But she would not go, making the excuse that "she had no shoes," hers having been stolen while she slept. The fighter went out and soon returned with an old worn-out pair he had begged, borrowed, or stolen. Still she refused to go. A policeman who had meantime stepped in to see what was going on and had

listened to my appeal now joined us in urging her to go home. He said, "You had better go; you know if you stay around here likely as not I'll be ordering the dead-wagon for you, and you'll be carted off and dumped in the Morgue and buried in Potters' Field." This had no effect. Finally, losing patience, he gave her a poke with his club, saying, "Get out o' here. You've got a good chance. If you don't take it I'll club the life out o' you if I ever catch you on my beat again."

Once on the street she became more tractable but more despondent, saying, "It's no use; it's no use."

The fighter, who had become intensely interested, exclaimed: "What yer want to do is to brace up an' go home an' do de straight thing. Don't give in. You'll get along. Don't it say, mishener, that de Lord will percure? I ain't religious much meself, but I think it does. For when I was a doin' ten days on de island a lady gave me a track that said something like that on it."

At length, though very reluctantly, she consented to go with us. She was in a terrible plight, being half naked and covered with filth. We took her to the house of a Christian woman who gave her a bath, combed her matted hair, and gave her clothing. Then we started for her home, reaching there about three o'clock. All was dark, but we groped our way to the top of the house, to her mother's door. The poor woman, worn out with watching, had fallen asleep, but woke at our rap. She told us to go into the front room. We did so. Jennie had been weeping silently, but now, as the old familiar pictures on the wall became visible by the dim light of the candle, she began to sob aloud. The mother entered with a lamp in her hand. She gave one glance at the girl, then quickly stepped back, nearly dropping the lamp. "That is not my daughter," she wildly cried. "You have made a mistake. No, no, that is not my Jennie. It can't be." She covered her face with her hands and sank to the floor beneath the burden of her grief. "Yes, mother, it is your Jennie, your poor, lost Jennie. Don't you know me? There's Willie's picture, and that's Charlie's," she said, pointing to some photographs on the

wall. "I am your Jennie. Oh, forgive me, mother, forgive me." With this cry for pardon she fell sobbing at her mother's feet.

I became interested in a picture at the other end of the room. When I turned again, mother and daughter sat side by side on the sofa, the black tresses of the daughter resting on the silver white locks of the mother, and tears were rolling down both faces. After a prayer we left. The fighter said, as we reached the street, "Two doses of this kind of biz would fix me sure. I'd have to git religion if I starved. I think if I did I'd be one of them what do yer call 'em, — Eve-angelists? I'd hold meetins in de te-a-ters an' git in all de boys and —— toughs like me. See? I might jine yer yit. Anyhow I hain't got nothin' agin yer. Good night."

The call next day at Jennie's home was one of many pleasant visits that finally led her to Jesus, and both mother and daughter joined a little church just started, and became followers and workers for the "Mighty to save."

Over on the east side, on Third Avenue, near Thirty-second Street, is another Mission, known simply as the Madison Square Mission, supported by a fashionable church on Madison Square. It is under the direction of a former popular evangelist, who after her marriage to Mr. Ballou — himself a reformed drunkard — came to New York for this Mission. Mrs. Ballou had at one time worked among the sailors on the docks, and her knowledge of human nature is of the same keen, sympathetic order as was Jerry McAuley's. Third Avenue has taken on many of the characteristics of the Bowery; and this Mission, though not open at all times like the others, does very efficient work in reclaiming drunkards. Naturally much the same scenes are enacted at their meetings. There is perhaps more formality, but no less earnestness, and the east side knows the name of the Ballous hardly less well than the west side does that of McAuley. All of these Missions deal with the poor, the sinful, and the struggling on the same basis. They may tell their story as they will, and to the

wretched this is much. They know little or nothing of Societies. The fact that real help and sympathy may be had here is passed by word of mouth from one to another of these poor souls, and the news quickly goes that in all these places or at Michael Dunn's one may tell the worst and never receive a slight or a scoff.

"That's the place where one never seems to know but what he's as good as the best," said a forlorn man in my hearing as I turned one day toward the Third Avenue Mission. He had been drinking, and had pawned all that could well be pawned, and he stood there now, shivering and pondering as to what he should say for himself when he faced the man and woman who had over and over again befriended him. But he presently shuffled toward the door of the Mission and went shame-facedly in, bent upon once more trying how far he could keep the promise so often broken.

How many of the same type and of every grade below pause before the doors of these Missions, where a welcome greeting awaits all alike. Now and then a comrade lures away a former crony to his old haunts, who but for this would have found safe refuge in one or another of these Mission harbors, whose lights may be seen at many points here in this quarter of the city. But the men who go in and out number many hundreds a year, and for most of them reformation is not a delusion. To one who sees the poverty and struggle of their daily lives, and adds to this the temptation they must continually fight and which is stronger almost than they, the miracle is that any remain steadfast. That they do not oftener fall away is a tribute to the strength of the influences thrown around them and to the depth of their conviction.

At old Michael Dunn's one could hear even sadder stories, if that were possible, than at the other Missions. Until he removed to another city Michael had a little Mission nearly opposite Jerry McAuley's old one on Water Street, and there he took in all who wanted to come, and as many more as he could coax into trying another type of life. He chose to turn

an honest penny after spending fifty-three years of his life in prisons all over the world. Other Missions show a very large percentage of drunken cases and a small one of crime. But at Michael's it was always the latter though often it was drink that had brought crime in its train. So many were young,—boys almost, who had been "sent up" for short terms, and so obtained their first knowledge of a trade, of regular meals composed of decent food, and of clean and wholesome quarters, while serving a criminal term. But the coming out of prison found them in as hard a place as when they went in. They were often better men than when they entered it; but the convict stamp was on them, and all men eyed them doubtfully, save the old set in the familiar saloons and bucketshops. It was here that Michael Dunn came in. He carried a tender heart for just such cases. He persuaded them to try life with him for a little time, and found some employment where they would not constantly be reminded of what they had been. It cannot be denied that Michael was sometimes disappointed and that his apparently most promising converts at times relapsed suddenly into their old life and went up for another sentence. But there is many a man to-day earning an honest wage and living the life of a good citizen, who owes any possibility of such life to the faith shown in him by Michael Dunn, and by other men of Water Street who, like him, have had a bitter experience and left it far behind them.

"Tell us how it was, Michael," his "boys" would say, respectfully, as he sat among them, his silver-bowed spectacles pushed back, and looking benignantly from one to another.

"It takes all me two minutes o' time," he made answer, "to tell the prisons I've been in. Why not, when I was trained regularly to steal? Me an' me grandmother, an' me aunt an' me brother, every one of us was in together for thievin', an' it come natural as breathin'. Thirty-five years I've spent in prisons in Sydney an' Australia, an' many a year in prisons in this country, fifty-three years in all. I knew Jerry McAuley well when he was a thief, an' one day I come in to his old Mission when I was just out after three year in. 'You're about

at the end o' your tether, Michael Dunn,' says he. 'Yes, you are. You've got brains an' you've used 'hem for naught, since God give 'em to you, but to do rascality an' teach the same to others. It's time now to turn round an' see if you can't undo some o' your wicked work. Do you like it? Do you want to keep on servin' terms till you go up to your last Judge? I believe you can be an honest man an' a happy one if you will.'

STATION HOUSE PRISON CELLS.

"I looked at him kind o' dazed like. *Me* — honest and happy! *Me* — that had never had wife nor home nor naught but from hand to mouth, in the few months I'd be' out! I laughed, but it wasn't a very cheerful laugh, an' Jerry says, stern-like as ever I heard: '*Michael Dunn, it's your last chance.* Come here to-night, an' see what you think o' what goes on in this place.'

"Well I come to the Mission that night. I was that sick an' sore inside I was ready for anything, an' when the door opened an' I heard 'em a-singin',—

"'For weary feet remains a street,
Of wondrous pave and golden,'—

"I says to myself, says I, 'I want to walk it some time, an' if there's any way o' learnin' how, I'll stay here till I find out.'

I was that hard-hearted that it did seem as if I never should, but it wasn't a week afore I knew that I was goin' to be let to try for it. I know now, if *I* can be happy an' hard at work makin' up for all the deviltry I was up to in the old days, that there ain't a man that can't do the same, an' so I lay for every one of you boys, an' I'm goin' to lay for you long as I live. You do the same, boys, an' between us we'll make over the Ward an' get things all our own way. There won't be many saloons when we're through, an' not a tenement-house anywheres in sight, to breed more o' the sort we were, an' that's a big enough job to work for as long as there's strength for work or thinkin' how to get even with the devil. An' that's Michael Dunn's first wish an' his last."

CHAPTER IX.

THE SLUMS BY NIGHT — THE UNDER-WORLD OF NEW YORK — LIFE AND SCENES IN DENS OF INFAMY AND CRIME — NIGHT REFUGES FOR WOMEN — FAST LIFE — CHRISTIAN WORK AMONG OUTCASTS.

A Nocturnal Population — Dens of Infamy — Gilded Palaces of Sin — The Open Door to Ruin — Worst Phases of Night Life — Barred Doors and Sliding Panels — Mysterious Disappearances — The Bowery by Night — Free-and-Easys and Dime Museums — A Region of the Deepest Poverty and Vice — Vice the First Product, Death the Second — Nests of Crime — The Sleeping Places of New York's Outcasts — Lowering Brows and Evil Eyes — The Foxes, Wolves, and Owls of Humanity — Thieves and Nook-and-Corner Men — Women with Bent Heads and Despairing Eyes — One More Victim — Night Tramps — A Class that Never Goes to Bed — The Beautiful Side of Womanhood — Girls' Lodging-Houses — Homes for the Homeless — Gratitude of Saved Women — The Work of the Night Refuges

SUNSET has come, diffusing mellow light over the beautiful harbor and the fair islands of New York bay. Nowhere is the soft twilight more enchanting. By five o'clock the great warehouses along the river front, and the office buildings and stores in the lower part of the city, begin to empty themselves, and merchants, brokers, lawyers, and clerks stream up town to their homes, or to the substitutes for them found in boarding-houses. The heavy iron shutters are lowered. Office-boys skip away with such alertness as is left in their tired little legs. Weary porters straighten boxes and strive to bring order out of the day's confusion. Presently the night watchman comes in, and, save for the rush of the elevated trains, lower New York, silent and forsaken, rests in quiet till morning once more brings the stir and roar of traffic and the anxious or eager or preoccupied faces of the men who are rulers in the business world.

They have come from homes where also quiet has reigned;

from long rows of brown-stone houses, or of "flats," equally monotonous in effect. Save for some dinner or other occasional festivity at home or with a friend, or an evening at theatre or opera, most of them live lives which mean a day of work and a night of the rest earned by work. What other life is there to live? you ask. Editors perhaps, and policemen, and a few erratic Bohemians who turn night into day,—these of course are not governed by ordinary laws, but they are the minority. The majority go to bed properly, you say.

This is the conviction of thousands upon thousands who have not the faintest thought that other thousands know daylight chiefly as a name, and begin their day just as reputable citizens are lying down to rest. As far as Mercury is from Saturn is this under-world from yours, gentle reader. It opens to the sight only when night descends, and often within a stone's-throw of the empty warehouses and the silent spaces of forsaken streets are its most hideous phases to be seen.

But the sum of horror that is the air of this under-world is by no means confined to these regions. In the Twenty-ninth Precinct alone—and this is a respectable portion of the city—there are over one hundred and thirty dens of death, and whole blocks where pandemonium reigns. The Cremorne Mission lifts its little light in this region, but what is one Mission against such odds? There are nearly six hundred of these dens of iniquity for the city as a whole.

Vice flaunts itself openly in many an unsuspected place. There is the night side of life for the rich, and the night side for the pauper, and it is these two classes that befoul the night. Hard work is a great antidote to vice, and the man, young or old, who has done a hard day's work, has no energy left for dissipation. The gambling-hells of the city and the dens of wickedness that abound on every side are filled, from eleven o'clock on, with men whose share in such life is often utterly unknown by those nearest and dearest to them. Were the roll called and each compelled to answer, it would be found that it included stockbrokers from Wall Street, great importers, merchants, and representatives from every wealthy class in the

city. The men who form this army go unscathed, so far as this world's judgment is concerned. The women end often in Water Street, or in a cellar, or in the ward of a charity hospital, and they sometimes seek a final refuge in the dark waters of the East or North Rivers.

Their places are quickly filled. There are no questions asked in this life, where all that is demanded is that pleasure shall not be mingled with troublesome reflections. For the silent player in the splendid gambling-houses on Broadway, and for the sharer in the sports of the innumerable dance-houses of Sixth Avenue, which pour out their patrons into saloons or cheap oyster-houses at one or two o'clock of the morning, there is one and the same purpose. Paris at its worst has been the model for these forms of life, not only for New York, but for London, which also copies Paris, and whose night life is as full of shame and horror as our own.

Perhaps the worst phase of night life, or ranking high among its worst, is the secrecy and insidiousness in which it works. For the most part "gambling-hells" hide behind a cover of respectability, and quiet houses in side streets opening from Broadway may be thronged all night, yet give no token of the business that is carried on in them save the deserted appearance by day, — the absence of any sign of family life.

There is ample reason for this. The statutes of the State of New York impose heavy penalties on convicted gamblers, yet in no other place east of the Rocky Mountains is gaming so universal. Gambling-houses flourish in spite of rigid laws, and there are said to be over two thousand professional gamblers in New York who are known to the police. Their business begins when daylight has fled. Iniquity thrives in darkness.

They are men of all orders, so far as methods are concerned. Some of the so-called first-class houses adjoin the most fashionable hotels, are superbly furnished and decorated, and often contain the choicest works of art in painting, sculpture, and bronzes. The most perfect service — usually by colored wait-

ers, choice wines, and elaborate nightly suppers under the charge of famous chefs, are ready for all who visit these infamous establishments, that sooner or later lures to ruin all who enter their doors.

The second-class houses also flourish at night, and they are far more dangerous than the first mentioned, for their visitors are generally strangers in the city, who have been "roped in" by agents of the gambling-house. Here everything belonging to gaming is openly displayed, but with every precaution. Doors are barred; sliding panels in them allow of inspection of the visitor before he is admitted, and everything adds to the sense of mystery which to the country lad is half of the pleasure and charm.

The majority of persons present in these houses are in league with the proprietors, and if the loser complains or shows fight when trickery is suspected or discovered, he risks not only his money but his life. "Mysterious disappearances," so common in the record of the city's life, are often traced back to these houses, and no man is safe who ventures inside their walls.

Policy-dealing belongs under the same head, though a degree lower in infamy. All sorts and conditions of men engage in this; black and white, rich and poor. Superstition as to lucky numbers abounds in a marvelous degree, and thousands of copies of a "dream-book" are annually sold to patrons of these dens. Often the unhappy victim loses mind as well as money, and the lunatic asylums contain many patients brought there through the passion for gambling in this manner.

Not only the excitement of the game, but the picturesqueness which is part of it, increase the temptation. On the West Side there is an attempt to disguise the real character of the better order of resort. On the East, the exact reverse is true, and all that light, warmth, and color can do to enchance the attraction of the dens is done to the utmost.

The Bowery is the main artery of night life on the East Side. At night it is a blaze of light from one end to the other.

It is a center for saloons of every order, from gin-palaces to bucket-shops; theatres, concert-halls, "free-and-easys," and dime museums abound, all of them profusely ornamented with every device of colored light. The lamps of street vendors who throng here add to the general brightness, while the lowest dives have gay transparencies of every hue. In and out of these resorts pours a constant crowd. Shouts of laughter come from within, mingled with the sound of orchestra or the jingle of cheap pianos. The German music-halls have respectable audiences. The rest are filled with young men and boys, and girls barely out of their teens. The shooting galleries are no less crowded, brilliantly lighted, and often open to the sidewalk, gaudily painted figures serving as targets, and every inducement being offered the passer-by to try his skill. An air of briskness and general enjoyment surrounds all these places, that is wonderfully seductive to the boy or girl fresh from the lonely country life. They take no note of anything but the bewildering excitement and interest of this gay life with all its light and color; and though this moving throng shows many a man and woman in every stage of intoxication, — often in the clutch of a policeman hurrying on to the station-house, — but faint impression is made.

From Chatham Square one turns off to the net-work of streets where crime lurks through the day to walk unabashed at night. The whole region is given over to the deepest poverty, and thus to its necessary and inseparable adjunct, vice. When in a space of thirty acres — and this is what the Fourth Ward contains — *seventeen thousand* people are housed, vice is the first product and death the second. There are spots in London which are historical for their overcrowding, — Whitechapel, St. Giles, Holborn, Southwark; but they are matched by the Fourth, Sixth, Eleventh, Fourteenth, and Seventeenth Wards in New York. In one room in one of these nests of crime fourteen people live, and at night, after the usual debauch is ended, take their share of the floor for such rest as it may afford. Small wonder that they haunt the streets or look with lowering brows on the passer-by.

For many there is not even the floor. The night tramp of the lowest order knows that he is one of an army made up of men and women too lazy to work, and picking up a living as they can. During the day they beg at doors, steal, or commit large robberies, and are a terror and a nuisance to all who face them. In the summer the Parks furnish them a sleeping-place. The benches are filled with sitters who learn to sleep sitting, and so evade the police, who keep a sharp lookout for them. Often they crawl under the shrubbery, especially in Central Park. If they have enough money they go to the cheap lodging-houses, the number of which is constantly increasing, and where a bed can be had for five or ten cents a night. In one of them, lodging, food, and bath are given in return for so much time spent in sawing, splitting, and bundling kindling-wood, but this house is not popular save with the few who are willing to work.

Such as these form one army, and an unfailing source of supply to city prisons and reformatories. There is yet another multitude tending toward the same life and destined to meet the same fate unless taken in time, — the fifteen thousand neglected and homeless children who last year were running wild in the city streets, and whose numbers do not lessen. As one explores this region at night where crowding begins, one chief wonder is the swarm of children everywhere. At first it it is taken for granted that they have homes. It is not till one sees them curled up on doorsteps, tucked away in old barrels and empty packing-boxes, sleeping in coal cellars under the sidewalk, lying in any and every sheltered spot, that one begins to realize that there is no softer pillow for them. Shoeless, hatless, homeless, these children, if arranged in double lines, would make a procession eleven miles long. Pale, hunger-bitten, diseased, experienced in every wickedness, the natural enemies of society, they are the seed which will ripen into fruit for prisons or end in hospitals or asylums. Last comes the Potter's Field, the rough box, the portion of a grave, nameless and unknown. The night side of a great city is no less the night side of life, and this under-world would appall even the man Dante, whose

journey lay through hell, and whose "Inferno" holds no more terrible picture than those to be encountered at a hundred points in a single night among the outcasts who call the streets their home.

In all this region there is a blaze of light till long after midnight. Troops of wayfarers come and go, and the many bars do a thriving business. Then one by one lights dwindle and

HOMELESS BOYS SLEEPING IN A COAL CELLAR UNDER THE SIDEWALK.

go out, and the foxes, wolves, and owls of humanity come forth and watch for their prey. From South Ferry up toward the Old Slip they lurk at corners, vigilant and silent, taking account of every passer-by, and robbing if a favorable moment comes. Thieves, smugglers, "nook-and-corner" men are seen for a moment and then vanish as swiftly as they came. Women are there, too, — some singing, or laughing a laugh with no merriment in it; but for the most part they, too, are silent. Now and then one who has walked with bent head and despairing eyes makes a sudden resolve; there is a swift, flying rush toward the dark water beyond, and the river closes over one more victim. Such a sight is a familiar fact to the policemen

of this quarter, who have more than once caught the desperate creatures as they fled, and found for them shelter and in the end a chance of something better.

Along the river front a forest of masts and rigging can be dimly seen rising above one's head, but for the most part darkness broods over the hulls of the vessels, affording every chance for river thieves to ply their trade. Opposite the docks are rows of old houses, their dormer windows telling to what era they belong. The dead and gone owners looked across to the green fields of Brooklyn, and went to bed peacefully at nine o'clock. Their successors haunt the docks and are of every order of evil, never going to bed at all —in any orthodox sense of the phrase.

All along this water side is one of the most curious features of night life in New York,—the sidewalk restaurants. Just beyond them fruit ships are unloading, and many eager street vendors flit about the docks in search of damaged fruit for the next day's trade. Worker, longshoreman, thief,—it is all one to the restaurant keeper, who pours his hot coffee with no questions, and only looks sharply at each piece of money as he rings it on the little counter. These places are not over five feet wide, and some ten or twelve long, and are enclosed with glass and boards. There is a shelf or counter at which half a dozen can sit at once, and on the opposite side are boilers, a range, a small desk, and some shelves for crockery. Codfish balls, hash, coffee, cakes and pies, are all the bill of fare affords,—the cakes, known as "sinkers," being a species of muffin, rudimentary in character, but in high favor. No one is turned away, and sailors, negro longshoremen, marketmen, and stray women, come and go, and fare alike.

Yonder is a little Italian eating-house no one would think of calling a restaurant. It is down in a cellar, and, as if to hide it more, the steps, old and broken, go down sidewise along the front wall. The room is lit by a smoky kerosene lamp. A little bar is in one corner, and narrow, wooden benches, black with use, run around the walls and are fastened to them. Here five cents will buy a plate of maccaroni, a bit of toast,

and a cup of coffee. It was in this dingy basement that a woman of about thirty drifted only the other day. She was a comely woman, with regular features and dark hair. A thin shawl was drawn over her shoulders; her dress was ragged and worn, her face deathly pale. She had no money, and when she faintly begged for food a swarthy Italian paid five cents for the coffee and a crust of bread that were served to her.

She drank the coffee, and thrust the crust into her pocket. She would have gone then, but she was trembling with weakness and the man who paid for her food held her back. She sat silent and thoughtful on the narrow bench until long after nightfall. Then she drew the crust from her pocket and began to nibble it.

"Let me warm the bread for you," said the keeper's little boy. He put it on the stove, warmed it, and brought it back to the woman, who suddenly gasped, and died.

The police propped her up on the bench, and all night long her lifeless body waited for removal in the dead wagon to the Morgue. In her pocket was found the remnant of the crust, and a copy of these verses printed on red paper:

On the street, on the street,
To and fro with weary feet;
Aching heart and aching head;
Homeless, lacking daily bread;
Lost to friends, and joy, and name,
Sold to sorrow, sin, and shame;
Ruined, wretched, lone, forlorn;
Weak and wan, with weary feet,
Still I wander on the street!

On the street, on the street,
Midnight finds my straying feet;
Hark the sound of pealing bells,
Oh, the tales their music tells!
Happy hours forever gone;
Happy childhood, peaceful home —
Then a mother on me smiled,
Then a father owned his child —
Vanish, mocking visions sweet!
Still I wander on the street.

On the street, on the street,
Whither tend my wandering feet?
Love and hope and joy are dead—
Not a place to lay my head;
Every door against me sealed—
Hospital and Potter's Field.
These stand open!—wider yet
Swings perdition's yawning gate,
Thither tend my wandering feet,
On the street, on the street.

On the street, on the street;
Might I *here* a Saviour meet!
From the blessed far off years,
Comes the story of *her tears*,
Whose sad heart with sorrow broke,
Heard the words of love He spoke,
Heard Him bid her anguish cease,
Heard Him whisper, "Go in peace!"
Oh, that I might kiss His feet,
On the street, on the street.

Of the dens of crimes hiding in the narrow streets opening up from the river the police have intimate knowledge. We leave them behind as once more the little light of the Water Street Mission comes in sight. In the midst of dark and bloody ground its rays shine forth, and behind the Mission doors—open day and night alike—is the chief hope that illumines the night side of New York.

It is to the Children's Aid Society that New York owes the first thought of protection and care for homeless girls, whose condition till girls' lodging-houses were opened was in many points far worse than that of boys. Actual hardships were perhaps no greater, but the very fact of sex made their position a more critical one, while it doubled and trebled the difficulties of the work to be done.

Years ago Mr. Brace, whose faith was of the largest, and whose energy never flagged, wrote of them:—

"I can truly say that no class we have ever labored for seemed to combine so many elements of human misfortune, and to present so many discouraging features as this. They form, indeed, a class by themselves. . . . It is no exaggeration

to say that the Girls' Lodging-House has cost us more trouble than all our other enterprises together."

In view of the fact that this form of philanthropy is a vital one, needed at every point in the United States where masses come together, it is quite worth while to note the nature of the difficulties encountered. They arise in the beginning from the nature of the material itself.

Take a hundred girls who may either apply for admission or be brought by some friend to one of the various Homes now open. Some have come from the country, from quiet respectable homes, drawn to the city as by a magnet, and certain that it holds plenty of work and good pay. Seeking this work, which most often eludes them, the scanty sums they may have brought with them dwindle away, till at last they may find themselves on the street, with their choice between the brightly lighted house of vice and the forbidding police-station.

This is one order, and a common one. No less common is the giddy class which has sought amusement in the city and has finally been induced to enter a house of bad character as a boarding-house, and so been entrapped, to break loose at last and take shelter even in prison if necessary. In other cases the ill treatment of a bad stepmother or father has driven girls from home, or drunkenness has made it hideous and any refuge welcome. Many are orphans; many the children of misfortune; and among the throng are those of all races and countries.

The first and worst effect of their life is the fact that they do not like steady labor; that their habits are utterly irregular; that nothing has been thoroughly learned; and that they have no shred of discipline. They do not know the meaning of neatness, their clothes are neglected, and if they earn a dollar or two it goes in some foolish expenditure. This is not the worst. From babyhood they have been lied to and betrayed, and they lie and betray in return, with no more sense of responsibility than kittens.

Here comes in the most difficult phase of the work that is intended to benefit them. They are often pretty and bright,

but they are absolutely superficial. Their virtues and vices alike are of the surface. They repent at one minute only to sin in the next, and they do each with equal alacrity.

"They seem to be children," said Mr. Brace, "but with woman's passion and woman's jealousy and scathing tongue. They trust a superior as a child; they neglect themselves, and injure body and mind as a child might; they have a child's generosity, and occasional freshness of impulse and desire of purity; but their passions sweep over them with the force of maturity; and their temper and power of setting persons by the ears, and backbiting, and occasional intensity of hate, belong to a later period of life. Not unfrequently, when real danger or severe sickness arouses them, they show the wonderful qualities of womanhood in a power of sacrifice which utterly ignores self, and a love which shines brightly even through the shadow of death."

These words were true not only of homeless girls made vicious through no fault of their own, but in many respects of those who wished to earn an honest living but had no training or discipline that fitted them for anything but the most poorly paid branches of labor. It was evident that something must be done toward giving a training, and plans were at once made.

When the Girls' Lodging-House on St. Mark's Place was opened, there was in all the great city but one spot where they could take shelter, and this was Mr. Pease's Five Points Mission. This chiefly held vicious women who wished to reform, and was thus quite unsuitable for those who were simply homeless and unprotected. A sifting process was necessary; but never was work more hedged about with difficulties.

The news spread that a Home for the homeless was ready, and a forlorn procession streamed toward it. In the first weeks the police brought in wretched young wanderers to whom lodging had been given in the station-houses, country girls who had lost their money, and all the different orders already referred to; while from houses of vice girls who had been entrapped broke away and came hither, leaving behind them every article of dress save what they had on.

The attempt to discriminate and to prevent the Home from becoming a Magdalen Asylum involved everybody concerned in endless difficulties. Girls who weepingly told quite plausible and coherent stories of early bereavement and their longing to learn and be helped turned out to be the most ingenious of romancers, and often evil beyond reclaiming. "They would deceive the very elect" was the verdict of the experienced and long-suffering Matron, and often when, for the sake of all concerned, she had refused to admit a girl whose breath and look both told her life and habits, the rejected applicant went to the nearest station-house and told a fearful tale of the heartlessness and barbarity of institutions and the shameful hypocrisy of this one in particular.

Little by little, with infinite patience, order began to emerge from this chaos. The first thing was to teach each one the necessity of personal cleanliness. Order and rigid punctuality, of which they knew nothing, came next, and then early rising and going to bed at a reasonable hour. Of household work they knew nothing, and lessons in this began at the foundation. Scrubbing and cleaning came first; then bed-making, and last, plain cooking, sewing, and machine work. The majority went out to work in shops or factories, but many had to be employed in housework and so paid for their support.

Far sooner than could be believed these girls carried on the work of a large establishment, and in addition made thousands of garments for the many children in charge of the Children's Aid Society at other points. Religious and moral instruction were of course a part of the teaching from the beginning. Amusements were planned, and festivals of many orders, and though often a girl upon whom much labor had been expended chose a return to her old life, the great majority regarded the efforts made for them with deep gratitude, and their improvement astonished every worker among them.

This is the story for every Home in the city, though none are of quite the same order as the old one on St. Mark's Place. In all of them the aim is to make the price of board barely cover expenses, and thus a taint of charity attaches, and the

girls refuse to enter them. Everything depends upon the type of matron, and whether she has strong sympathies as well as strong common sense. Without both, work among working-girls can never be anything but failure.

The old house on St. Mark's Place is now known as the "Girls' Temporary Home," and has added many industries to its list. The demand for instruction on the sewing-machine had steadily lessened, and it was decided a few years ago to add typewriting as a substitute. Only the better educated among the girls could take this, but thirty-six studied in the first year, ten of them at once finding good employment. A large laundry employs many, and a dressmaking department is equally useful. Numbers of girls are not adapted to any other work, but are trained and steadied by this, and often the most unmanageable seem to find their vocation here. A few are sent to the West, and in new surroundings look back to the Home as the beginning of good fortune.

Review the work of one day and the applicants at such a Home, and one will see what elements of tragedy, of pathos, and of perplexity enter in. In early morning came a woman bringing with her her young daughter and niece. They had just been put out by the landlord after pawning everything but the clothes they wore. The girls had lost health standing behind the counter, and the mother wanted them to learn housework. All were detailed to places in the house where training would be given, and later found good homes.

Close upon them followed a pretty girl of eighteen, who had come to America from England as a frolic, not realizing how far it was. She had been in the country two years, taking a place as nurse, but came to New York to see what it was like, bringing no references from her Boston place. She cried with longing to go home, but had no money, and was taken in till something could be found for her to do. As she talked, two sisters rushed in, children of twelve and fourteen, driven out by a drunken mother, and following them a pale girl just out of hospital. Then came a girl who had gone two days without food to save money enough for a

night's lodging, and who cried for joy when she found she could pay her way by work. Sometimes little children are brought, though there is really no room for them, and application is made by many parents whose daughters are idle and incorrigible at home and may mend here. Every phase of want and sorrow makes itself known in this room where the gentle Matron sits and listens, and nowhere is there more instant response or more effectual help.

The Home has its romances too. There is now a forewoman in a prominent Broadway store who was brought to the Home long ago by a kind-hearted expressman, dripping with rain and with only a few rags to cover her. She had big, candid blue eyes, and cheeks like an apple-blossom, and her prettiness was so enticing, her attachments so sincere, and her whole manner so gentle and modest, that for many weeks no one suspected her as the author of innumerable petty thefts. She found employment in a cigar factory and began at once to make showy presents, supposably out of her earnings. At last she confessed voluntarily that she had picked the pockets of the very people to whom she gave presents, and that she did it because she wanted to appear smart and generous. From the hour the confession was made there was no further trouble, and in her present responsible position, for which she fitted herself in evening school, she is trusted absolutely and has never disappointed the confidence reposed in her.

"Pretty Polly P.," driven out by a drunken mother, came to the Home as ragged and forlorn as the last-mentioned child. Carefully trained in the house, she found a situation in Connecticut and lived there till eighteen, always prettier and prettier, where presently she married a young Southern gentleman of good family, whom she had nursed in illness and who knew all her story. They took rooms at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and from here pretty Polly went to the Home loaded with gifts for all; nor has she ever lost interest in the inmates, though she has for years been a rich and fashionable woman.

One little waif — one of the most troublesome ever received — was found after a year or two to be the grandchild of an old

pair who had long sought some trace of the daughter who had left them years before. Their joy at finding the child knew no bounds, and she was at once placed in school and carefully trained. She, too, remembers the Home, and sends many a gift to those who lead less fortunate lives. The stories are as endless as the numbers who come and go, many thousand having been trained and helped since the opening in 1861.

The Night Refuges ask no questions, but take in whoever applies. The number of such refuges is far below the need, each place being crowded to its utmost capacity. Long experience has taught their managers the best methods of dealing with those who apply, and they have done much to do away with the popular belief that it is useless to work for girls. The chief interest still centers on boys, who have treble the amount of effort expended upon them; but each year sees a more common-sense view of things, and in time as fair a chance will be given to the woman child as to the man.

CHAPTER X.

NIGHT MISSION WORK — NEW YORK STREETS AFTER DARK — RESCUE WORK AMONG THE FALLEN AND DEPRAVED — SEARCHING FOR THE LOST — AN ALL-NIGHT MISSIONARY'S EXPERIENCE.

The "Bloody Sixth Ward" — Hoodlums — The Florence Night Mission — Where the Inmates Come from — A Refuge for Fallen Women — Searching for Lost Daughters — Low Concert Halls — Country Boys Who "Come in Just to See" — A Brand Plucked from the Burning — Old Rosa's Den of Villainy — In the Midst of Vice and Degradation — Rescue Work Among the Fallen — Accordeon Mary — "Sing! Sing!" — Gospel Service in a Stale-Beer Dive — The Fruits of One False Step — Scenes in Low Dance-Halls and Vile Resorts — Painted Wrecks — An All-Night Missionary's Experience — Saving a Despised Magdalen — A Perilous Moment — The Story of Nellie Conroy — Rescued from the Lowest Depths of Sin — Nine Years in the Slums — The Christian End of a Misspent Life — Nearing the River — Nellie's Death — Who Was E—— M——? — Twenty-four Years a Tramp — Last Words.

THOUGH the old Fourth Ward, of which Water Street was once the symbol and summary, is still counted as the worst in New York, yet there is small choice between that and the "Bloody Sixth" Ward, named long ago in the days of the notorious "Bowery Bhoys." That once name of terror has given place to a type far beyond it in evil, — the "Hoodlum," born most often of Irish parents and knowing liberty only as the extremity of license. Even fifty years ago the trees still grew all the way up from Water Street out into Chatham Square and on through the old street, and the generation before that knew it as a region of gardens and thickets and orchards. For years the remnant of one of old Peter Stuyvesant's pear-trees offered its blossoms and fruit to the passer-by, till a memorial shoot was transplanted to a more congenial spot, and the old tree which had known the very beginning of things for

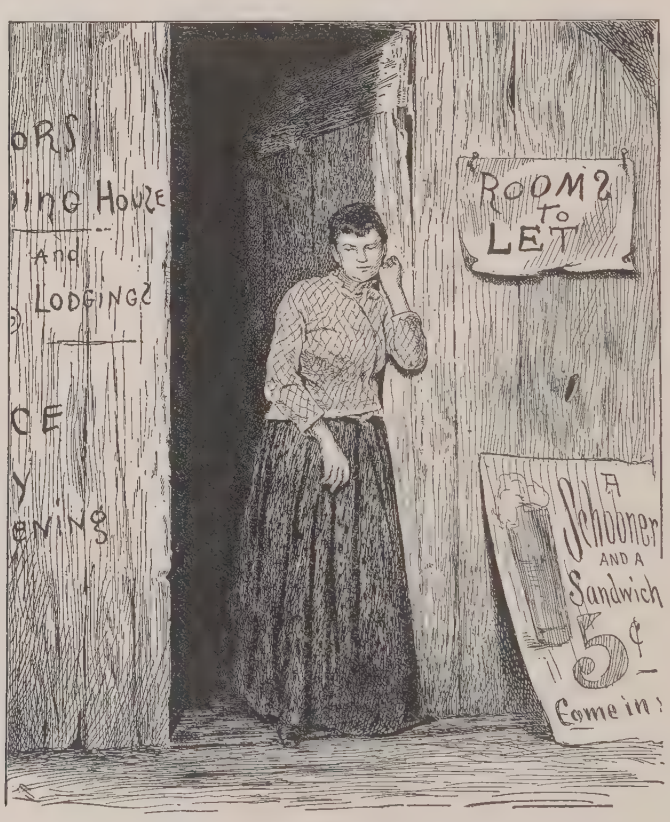
the Bowery fell under the axe, and was snatched by the relic-maker to reappear in innumerable walking-sticks.

Till Bond or Bleecker Street is reached, and even beyond these once fashionable precincts, the streets that open on either side represent as motley a crowd as the sun shines upon. Every nation is there; every form of trade and general industry; and every token of the oppression which pertains to the "sweating" system, has chosen this region as its own. At night, myriads of tobacco-workers pour out from the swarming tenement-houses, chiefly cigar-makers who manufacture in their filthy homes. Great factories for underwear are there, with the flock of women and girls who are employed in them, while every house has its contingent of sewing-women whose machines run on jumpers, overalls, and all the forms of stitching given over to unskilled labor.

The sewing-women and shop-girls form but a small part of the throng moving through the Bowery after nightfall, filling the theatres, the dime museums, the low concert-halls, and all the forms of cheap entertainment that flourish in this region. Nor is it from this class that the Florence Night Mission on Bleecker Street, from whose windows one sees the moving throng, is filled. Strange as it may seem, these women, who have reached almost the lowest depth of want and see no outlook beyond, are singularly free from the tendencies that drive more fortunate ones to the streets. So far as the record books of both the Florence and the Midnight Mission bear testimony, both give the largest percentage of recruits as belonging to the class of domestic servants, though every order is represented. For nearly all of them the inevitable end is in store, from bad to worse, always and steadily downward, till at the last the painted, hideous faces looking out from the dens of Water or Cherry Street have lost all resemblance to woman save in form.

In the region around Bleecker Street is a less hopeless type, and here in 1883 was founded the Florence Night Mission, which has done some of the most efficient work accomplished in this direction. It is a monument, this old house, once the

quiet home of people who knew the street in its best days. The man whose money provides this refuge for women and makes Mission work possible in this locality gives it in memory of the little child whose name it bears, and the four brief years



A FAMILIAR SCENE IN WATER STREET.

of the little life could hardly ask more abiding memorial. Inside the chapel of the Mission her sweet face looks down on the motley crowd who every night, from eight to eleven, fill the room, and the innocent eyes of little Florence Crittenton gaze upon sights that living they could hardly have known.

The father, a prosperous business man, who, like many New Yorkers, had never looked into these regions, and knew tenement-houses only by name, went in one day to a daily

prayer meeting where a stranger rose and described a Mission which had recently been begun on Baxter Street by himself and Mr. Henry B. Gibbud. Mr. Crittenton listened, was interested, went with the speaker, Mr. Smith Allen, saw for the first time the degradation and horror of the life, and later visits deepened the impression made upon him. When the baby he idolized was taken from him, there seemed no interest in life so strong as this one of offering redemption to the class of men and women who filled the slums and dives of this part of the city. The house at 29 Bleecker Street was chosen; the two rooms of the lower part were thrown into one for a meeting-room, and the upper part fitted up with beds, while the lower served as kitchen and dining-room. Mr. Allen was engaged as the all-night missionary, a matron was put in charge, and a superintendent of home work appointed.

It was in April, 1883, that the Mission opened, the card for night work bearing these words:

"Any Mother's Girl Wishing to Leave a Crooked Life, May Find Friends, Food, Shelter, and a

HELPING HAND

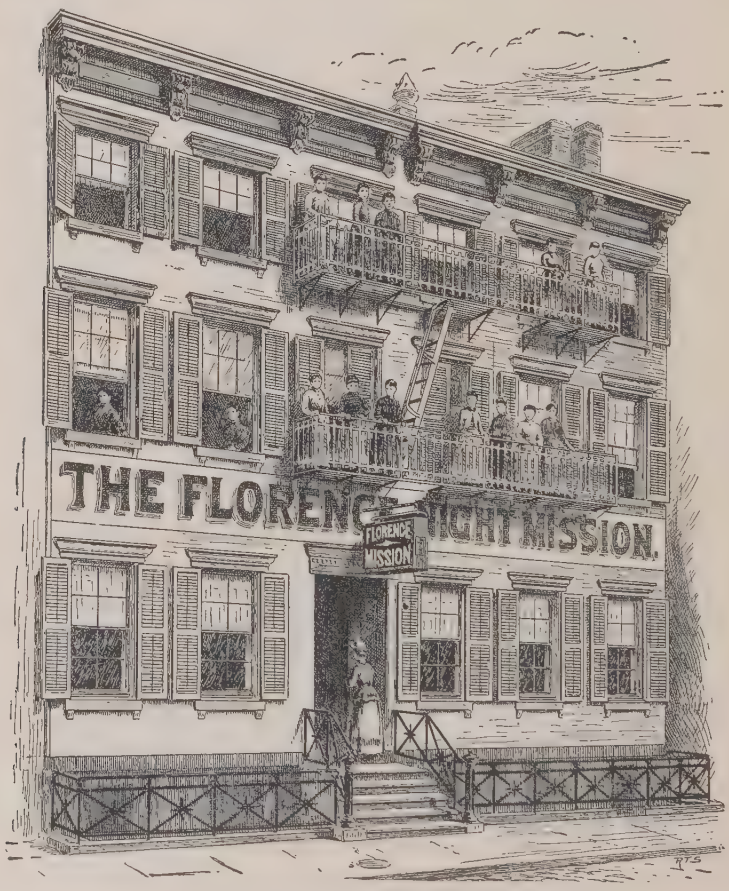
By Coming Just As She Is, to the Florence Night Mission."

In the first year one hundred and seventy-six fallen women and girls were received into the Home. They had had a terror of the ordinary reformatory or Home, and often hesitated when the Mission card was given them.

"I want to do better; but, oh, I can't be shut up in one of those places," was the cry of numbers. To find that no stipulations were made, that the utmost liberty was given, that they were cared for with food, clothing, and medicine if necessary; told to stay as long as they wished, or to leave if they felt they must,—all this was a method quite unknown to them. Soon every bed filled. Many begged to sleep on the floor, and each night the number of unhappy creatures at the meetings increased. To meet this demand the house next door was bought, and both thrown into one, with a building at the rear, so that to-day it has the accommodations of the

average small hotel, and there are rooms for every order of work that must be done.

All who enter the house have a share in the work, which is under the general direction of the Matron. Here the inmates



THE FLORENCE NIGHT MISSION BUILDING.

stay till employment can be secured, till they can be sent to their own homes, or, as must sometimes be the case, to the hospital to die. On entering the Mission a full record of the case is made in the record book, with a statement of age, nationality, denomination, residence, whether father or mother are living and if so, where, when received, by whom brought;

and when the guest leaves, a record is made of the date of discharge, to whom and where sent, and if subsequently heard from this fact is noted, with any information that will enable the Mission to keep track of her.

This, it will be seen, is in reality a short history of each life that finds shelter here, and each year has seen an increasing number. In 1890 there were three hundred and sixty-five inmates. The average age was twenty-eight. There were double the number of Protestants as compared with

MIDNIGHT LUNCH FOR STREET GIRLS AFTER EVENING SERVICE AT THE FLORENCE NIGHT MISSION.*

Catholics, and in the entire number but four Jews. In nationality Americans led, there being one hundred and seventy-three. Seventy-three Irish, fifty-five English, ten Scotch, two Swedish, nineteen Germans, one Welsh, one colored, and thirty-one whose nationality is unknown, made up the list, which for the student of social problems is a most suggestive one.

Every night the women who saunter past these Mission Rooms can hear gospel hymns being sung,—hymns that remind many of them of happy homes and the days of their youth. There is a welcome for any who choose to enter and spend an hour. A few words of Gospel truth, a reminder in

* See note on page 246.

Christ's own words that whosoever comes to him shall not be cast out, and then more singing and a prayer. From the houses around come sounds of uproarious merriment, coarse jests and laughter; but here in the midst of all the vice and degradation is a haven of peace and rest. Many women come and come again. Some are glad to stay.

It is the night work of the Mission in which the strongest interest centers. The congregation, when it assembles in the little chapel, is made up not only of the women and their companions, who are cabmen, freight-handlers, saloon-keepers, and countrymen who have come to see city sights, but also of thieves, drunkards, and beggars. Sixty thousand women and men are estimated to spend the night in the streets of New York city, and thousands of them are never seen in the daytime. It is impossible to reach this class unless one goes among them, and this takes one into low concert saloons, cellar lodging-rooms, or to any point where experience has taught that they may be found. Now and then a father or mother who has heard of the Mission work comes and begs that they may be helped to find a long-lost daughter. A photograph is sent, or a minute description is given, and the missionary looks critically at the throng of faces assembled in the Mission room, hoping that he may find the one for whom home is waiting.

The low concert-halls and stale-beer dives offer the fullest field. These places are most often in the basement, reached by rickety stairs, or through dimly lighted hallways. Often the rooms are small, the ceiling low, and the air is always full of the fumes of tobacco and beer. The little tables placed against the walls are all taken, and the center of the room is filled with dancers, most of them young men and girls, and nearly all of them still in their teens. Many of the men are loafers, living in part on the girls' wages and in part by thieving and gambling. Some of them are country boys who have come in "just to see." They will come again, and in the end find the woe and shame that lurk under this cover of amusement.

AN UNDERGROUND STALE-BEER DIVE LATE AT NIGHT IN MULBERRY STREET BEND.

The low concert halls and stale-beer dives offer the fullest field for night mission work. These vile places are most often in cellars. The rooms are small, the ceilings low, and the air is always full of the fumes of tobacco and stale beer. The men are thieves, loafers, and "crooks," often of the most dangerous order. The women are of the most degraded type. Here beer and spirits are sold in buckets, pails, and bottles, and the inmates spend what they have earned, begged, or stolen for these vile drinks. Children are often sent to these places for liquor.

The girls? Some of them are country girls, drawn by this magnet of city life, who came seeking honest employment and found betrayal. Many are honest working girls who wanted dress and "fun," and were caught in the meshes of this net before they realized what the danger was. Now and then the keeper of one of these dens will himself warn a girl to leave before it is too late. He knows the unsuspicious girl who has been brought in by some villain, quite unconscious of danger.

AN EVERY DAY AND EVERY NIGHT SCENE IN A STALE-BEER DIVE.

In a dance hall near Hester Street is a man who has often worked against his own nefarious business in this fashion, and he has a waiter equally ready to send away such a case.

A girl of this type sat at one of the tables one evening as the missionary entered bringing with him the photograph of a girl he hoped to find. He showed it to Tom, the waiter, who studied it attentively. He had never seen her, and said so, but as if he felt urged to help some one in like case, said,

"There's a girl acrost there that needs you, but she won't hear to have you go right up to her. I'll fix it. Wait a little."

The soft, troubled blue eyes of the girl looked up surprised as Tom said in her ear,

"There's a gentleman acrost the room wants a word with you."

She rose involuntarily and followed him to where the missionary stood.

"Here's a little girl that is going to make a big fool of herself," Tom said, with a nod toward her; and, turning to her, he added, "I know this gentleman, Mary. He will help you out if you'll listen to him."

Mary turned to run, but a girl near laid her hand on her, and two or three others came up as the missionary appealed to them.

"Leave, for God's sake!" one of her companions cried, "before you get into the same pit we're in."

"Yes," cried another. "If you want bad luck from beginning to end, from the moment you drink your first glass till you're killed, may be, in a drunken row, just stay on here. There's no peace in it. It's bad luck, I tell you, from beginning to end. Better get out while you can. I wish I'd never begun."

Mary listened, more and more uncertain, and the missionary's detaining hand led her at last out into the night, under the stars, and on toward the Mission. Then she fell back as she saw the name over the door, and cried out,

"Oh, I can't go in there and be locked up months and months. Let me go!"

"You shall go when you wish," the kind voice said. "Only come in now, and stay just for to-night."

"You'll cheat me! You'll lock me up as soon as I'm inside!" she cried.

"The house is not to live in. It is only to stay till you have made up your mind what to do," was the answer; and presently the frightened, trembling girl passed in, and in another day realized from what she had been saved.

Often just such a case is found, or a girl who has but just taken the first evil step, and who turns away and seeks to undo the wrong. There is a lower order. Mulberry Street is close at hand, with the low "dives" for which it is noted. Stale-

beer at a cent a pint is the drink, and a description of one of them, kept by Rosa, an Italian woman, may stand for all. The room was small and it owned no furniture, save a bed, a stove, and benches around the walls. At the foot of the bed stood a bench used as a counter, where Rosa perched when she looked up to the picture on the wall, a high-colored saint with a halo, before whom she crossed herself when difficulty arose. A

A STALE-BEER DIVE ON MULBERRY STREET BY DAY.

crowd of men and women in all stages of drunkenness sat about on the benches, some listening to "Accordeon Mary" playing an asthmatic accordeon, some of them singing to it. They looked up interestedly at a fresh arrival, and watched a chance to pick a pocket. When the last stage of drunkenness came on, the victim was thrown out to make room for a fresh comer.

On the floor lay a woman who had reached this stage. She was behind the door, as if she had tried to hide, and Rosa with many nods indicated that she was brought in by roughs, who had given her drink on the Bowery and then enticed her here. It is the story of many. The missionary slipped a card into her

pocket. When she wakes, homeless and despairing, she may possibly turn toward the Mission.

On the benches poor creatures were stretched, with swollen eyes and cut faces, some of them beaten almost to a jelly. One of them, as we looked, rose up suddenly, a woman with dishevelled gray locks and mad, wild face.

"Sing! sing!" she wildly screamed, and Rosa nodded assent.

"Sing, 'Where is my wandering boy to-night,'" she cried again. Instead the missionary sang,

"Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
Come to Christ and know in coming
He will give thee rest."

"More! More!" called the crowd, and the shrill voice of the gray-haired woman rose above the rest. To satisfy the crazy mother the missionary sang in rich and melodious voice, —

"Where is my wandering boy to-night,
The boy of my tenderest care,
The boy that was once my joy and light,
The child of my love and prayer?

. . . . .

"Go, find my wandering boy to-night;
Go, search for him where you will,
But bring him to me with all his blight,
And tell him I love him still."

Silence reigned. One by one the noisy inmates had settled down, and when the last line was sung scarce a whisper was heard. A man crawled out from under the benches, and sat on the floor looking up through tears. A woman who had lain in the fireplace, her hair filled with ashes, burst into sobs, — maudlin tears, perhaps, but sometimes they mean repentance.

The missionary read a few verses, looking about to see who were listening. Over in one corner sat a pair whose appearance was unlike the rest, and he wondered how they came there, for they were clean and of a different order. As he reached the corner the young man slowly rose and whispered,

"I want you to help us. I'm a printer. Three days ago this young lady and me went on an excursion. We got drunk without knowing it, you might say, and this is where we brought up. Will you help us, both of us?"

He was sent to a decent lodging-house, and she was taken to the Mission, to go, a few days later, back to her own home, to repent all her life that one incautious hour when she wondered what whiskey was like.

Even from lower dives than this there is now and then one rescued, as the following incident related by all-night missionary Gibbud will show.

All-Night Missionary Gibbud's Story.

I had been holding meetings in a small room in the midst of the slums of Baxter Street, going out into the alleys, saloons, and dives of the neighborhood, and literally compelling the people to come in. I made frequent visits after dark to "Hell Gate," "Chain and Locker," and "Bottle Alley," resorts for sailors and low characters, and invited them to the meeting. The proprietors, though in a bad business, generally treated me with courtesy, though I sometimes succeeded in taking nearly all their customers away.

One summer night I started out to gather in my audience. The streets were full. Men, women, and children, of "all nations, kindred, and tongues," lined the sidewalks, sat on the doorsteps, or stood in the middle of the street talking. Almost every store was a clothing establishment kept by an Israelite. On the sidewalk, and in front of stores, lines of clothing, new and second-hand, were arranged for sale while father, mother, sons, and daughters urged upon the passer-by the merits of the goods. Should any one by chance cast his eye upon a suit of clothes, he would be seized and carried by main force into the store, and urged to "oxamine dose goods, mine frent. Ve vill gif you a pargain. Dis is der original and only Cohen —der sheepest blace on Baxter Avenue." A "mud-gutter" band in front of one of the dance-halls was making discordant music, while children of all ages, from the babe just out of

the mother's arms to the young girl in her teens, jostled each other in a rude attempt at dancing. Bare-headed colored women, in soiled calico dresses, with sleeves rolled up, stopped, before entering the brothels, to join with rough-looking sailors in a "break-down." From a cellar-way leading to filthy underground apartments came the noise of a piano, drummed by unskilled hands, while the painted women at the door tried to induce victims to enter. Crowding my way through, I entered a saloon. The place was filled with the fumes of rum and tobacco, the ceiling was low and dingy, the floor waxed for dancing. At one end of the room was an orchestra including a bass-viol with a bad cold, a fiddle with three strings, and a wheezy accordion; at the other end was a bar, to which, after each dance, the floor-manager invited the dancers to "walk up and treat yer pardners, gentlemen." White and black mingled indiscriminately in the dance. A huge negro swung, with great force, a young white girl who was puffing clouds of smoke from a short pipe.

After a word with the proprietor, I began to invite the people to the meeting. One young mulatto girl, in answer to my invitation, said,—

"Me go to meetin'; wal I guess you dunno who you's invitin'. Why I'se a sinner, I is; you don' want no such as I is; I ain't good 'nuf to go to no meetin'."

"Oh yes, you are; Christ came to save sinners, however bad. He came for the lost."

"Wal, if He come for de lost, I'se de child He comed for, cause I'se lost shuah. Guess I'll be over bime bye."

Next a sailor drew back in amazement at being invited in such a place to a gospel meeting, and could scarcely believe that I was in earnest.

"Look here, shipmate," he said, "I hain't been to no chapel in twenty-five years, — not since I left home and went afore the mast. I was brought up as good as the next one, and used to go to Sunday-school and church; but I got to readin' novels and papers full of excitin' stories, and swung off from home for romance, but I got reality, I kin tell you."

We talked of home and mother; soon the tears ran down his bronzed cheeks, and he said, "Heave ahead; I'll go for old times' sake, if you don't think the walls will fall on me." So, one by one, I induced them to leave the dance-hall and cross over to the meeting.

I had just come out of the place named "Hell Gate" when I saw a partially intoxicated woman supporting herself against a lamp-post, and near by stood a burly negro. The woman was tall and thin, and it was plain even then that consumption was doing its fatal work. She had no hat, no shoes; a dirty calico dress was all the clothing she had on, and that was not in condition to cover her nakedness. Her hair was matted and tangled, her face bruised and swollen; both eyes were blackened by the fist of her huge negro companion, who held her as his slave and had beaten her because she had not brought him as much money as he wanted. I invited her to the meeting and passed on. Near the close of the service she came in; with tearful eyes she listened to the story of Jesus, and was one of the first to request prayers. After the meeting she expressed a desire for a better life, but she had no place to go, save to the dens of infamy from which she came. I decided at once to take her to the Florence Night Mission, and, accompanied by a friend who had assisted me in the meeting, we started.

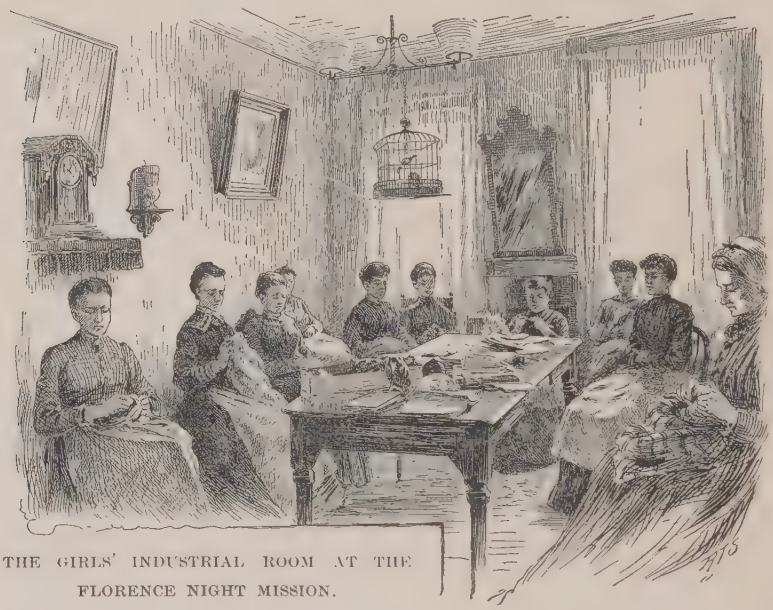
We were going toward the horse-cars, and congratulating ourselves that we had gotten away unobserved, when we were confronted by the very negro from whom we sought to escape. With an oath he demanded,

"Whar you folks takin' dat gal to?"

It was a fearful moment, near midnight, a dark street, and not a soul in sight. I expected every moment that he would strike me. I was no match for him. Signaling my friend to go on with the girl, and taking the negro by the coat, I said excitedly,

"I am taking her to a Christian home — to a better life. If ever you prayed for any one, pray for her; I know you are a bad man, but you ought to be glad to help any girl away from this place. So pray for her as you have never prayed before."

All this time my friend and the woman were going down the street as fast as possible. I had talked so fast that the negro did not have a chance to say a word, and before he could recover from his astonishment I ran on. He did not attempt to follow.



THE GIRLS' INDUSTRIAL ROOM AT THE FLORENCE NIGHT MISSION.

Four cars were hailed before one would let us on. The drivers would slacken up, but, seeing the woman's condition, would whip up their horses and drive on. Finally, when the next driver slackened, we lifted our frail burden to the platform before he could prevent us.

Arriving at the Mission, we helped her up the steps and rang the bell; she turned to me and said, "You will be proud of me some day." I smiled then, as I thought the chances of being proud of her were slim, but how many times since, when vast audiences have been moved to tears by the pathos of her story, or spellbound by her eloquence, have I indeed been proud of her.

She was admitted to the house, giving the assumed name of Nellie Conroy. For nine years she had lived in Baxter

Street slums, becoming a victim to all the vices that attend a dissipated life until at last she became an utter wreck. Everything was done for her at the Mission, and in time permanent employment was found.

Some time after, word reached the Mission that Nellie had left her place and gone back to her old haunts in Baxter Street. A card with the address of "The Florence" was left at one of her resorts, and the whole matter was forgotten, until late one night the doorbell of the Mission rooms softly rang, and the poor wretched object admitted proved to be Nellie. At the meeting the next night she was the first to come forward. When asked to pray, she lifted her pale face to heaven, and quoted, with tearful pathos, that beautiful hymn:

"The mistakes of my life have been many,
The sins of my heart have been more;
And I scarce can see for weeping,
But I'll knock at the open door."

Then followed a touching prayer, a humble confession of sin, an earnest pleading for pardon, a quiet acceptance of Christ by faith, a tearful thanksgiving for knowledge of sins forgiven.

Her life from that time until her death — nearly two years later — was that of a faithful Christian. She gave satisfaction to her employers; she was blessed of God in her testimony at the Mission, and soon she was sought after by churches, temperance societies, and missions to tell what great things the Lord had done for her. She spoke to a large assemblage of nearly 3,000 people in the Cooper Union, New York, holding the audience spellbound with her pathetic story. She possessed a wonderful gift of language and great natural wit, that, combined with her thrilling story, made her a most interesting and entertaining speaker. She was uneducated, but she had a remarkable memory; she soon became familiar with the Bible, and many were won to Christ through her testimony. Her pale face would become flushed with a hectic glow as she spoke of the wonderful things God had done for her.

"Glory be to His great name!" she would say; "it was no common blood that washed Nellie Conroy from her sins, and

no common power that reached down and took her from the slums of Baxter Street after nine years of sin and dissipation. It was nothing but the precious blood of Jesus that saved me. Where are my companions who started down life's stream with me, young, fresh, and happy? We started out to gather the roses of life, but found only thorns. Many of them to-day sleep in nameless and dishonored graves in the Potter's Field, and their souls—oh! where are they?—while I am spared, redeemed!"

Her life was indeed a changed one; from idleness, filth, drunkenness, and sin, she was transformed into a neat, industrious, sober, godly woman. But sin had sown its seed and she must reap the harvest; she grew weaker until at last she went to the hospital to linger for months in great suffering and pain, borne with Christian resignation. Her constant testimony was—

> "The love He has kindled within me
> Makes service or suffering sweet."

One day a visitor said, "Nellie, you are nearing the river." "Yes," she said, "I have already stepped in, but God's word says, 'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee.' The promise is true; I am dry shod."

At the last she could scarcely speak; she knew her end was near, and when the 14th chapter of St. John's gospel was read to her she said, "My mansion is there, the Comforter is here; the promise is fulfilled. Sing at my funeral, "I am going home to die no more."

Summoned to her bedside, the nurse bent down to hear her faintly whisper, "Jesus, precious Jesus." These were her last words, her face lit up as she seemed to catch a glimpse of the better land, and, with the name of Jesus on her lips the spirit of the once poor, despised Magdalene took its flight to the bright mansions of whose possessions she had been so sure.

At her funeral many Christian workers and friends gathered to do honor to her remains. Many converts from the

GOSPEL WORK IN THE SLUMS. MIDNIGHT SERVICE OF A MISSION RESCUE BAND IN AN UNDERGROUND DIVE.

It is the midnight work of the Florence Night Mission in which the strongest interest centers. Sixty thousand men and women spend the night in the streets and low resorts of New York, and thousands of them are never seen in the daytime. To reach this class it is necessary to go into low concert saloons, cellar lodging-rooms, stale-beer dives, and other points where experience has taught that they may be found. Now and then a father or mother, who has heard of the night Mission work, begs for help to find a lost daughter. During the service held in these dives by members of Rescue bands the missionaries look critically at the faces, hoping that they may find one for whom home is waiting.

slums who had been won to Christ by her testimony were among the mourners, and not a few came to look on that pale face who still lived in sin and shame, but who sincerely loved one who had so often entreated them to turn and live.

On the coffin plate was engraved:

E—— M——
Aged 29 years,
DIED MARCH 16TH, 1885.

The cities and towns of almost every State find representatives in this throng of wanderers, and each one means a heart-break for some one at home. The work of the Florence Mission is typical. It is simply a variation in the form of this work that goes on at the sister Mission on Greene Street, where much the same methods are used. Without the freedom attached to both, successful work would be impossible in this special field. There are many Homes and reformatories where a certain amount of force enters in, but none do just the work of these two. They labor for women, but in the evening meetings at the Florence Mission men are admitted, and the rules of the institution are much the same as those governing the Water Street Mission. Like that, also, one hears every form of testimony, pathetic, solemn, or grotesque as it may happen, but all with the same spirit of earnestness. Let an Irish brother, whose voice still lingers in my memory, and who had tried all depths of sin, have the last word from the Florence Night Mission.

"A word on this whiskey, me friends. I heerd a man say whiskey was right enough in its place, which place is hell, says I. It brought me down to hell's dure, an' I well know what it's loike. For twinty-four years I was a tramp; a dirty spalpeen of a tramp. The brother forninst me there said God found him in his hotel. 'Twasn't in nary a hotel nor lodgin'-house, nor yet a flat, the Lord found me in, but in the gutther, for I'd niver a roof to me head. I came in here cold, hungry,

an' wet, an' stood by the shtove to dhry meself, an' I heerd yees all tellin' an' tellin', an' I begun to pray meself thin. I prayed God to help me, an' He did. I was talkin' to a naygur outside, an' he said to me, says he, 'I was an Irishman like yerself in the ould country, but I got black whin I come to Americy.' Ye can laugh all ye loike, but I tell yees me heart was as black as that naygur whin I come in here, but it's white now in the blood o' the Lamb. There' hope for every wan o' yees if there was a ghost o' chance for me, an' you'd betther belave it."

NOTE.—While this volume was passing through the press a proof of page 229 was sent by the Publishers to Mrs. A. L. Prindle, Matron of the Florence Night Mission, with a request to verify the statistics thereon given in order to ensure absolute correctness. From her letter returning the revised proof we make the following interesting extract:—

"FLORENCE NIGHT MISSION.

. . . . . "At this hour, ten P. M., word has just been received at the Mission of a very sad occurrence. The woman at the right in the picture on page 229, whose head is bowed, whom I remember well as 'Shakespeare,' a notorious outcast, well known in all this region, was found murdered this morning in a cheap lodging-place on Water Street. She frequently came to the Mission and was present the night you made the flash light picture of the girls at lunch, though too intoxicated to hold up her head."

CHAPTER XI.

GOSPEL WORK IN THE SLUMS — AN ALL-NIGHT MISSIONARY'S LIFE — A MIDNIGHT CURBSTONE MEETING — UP SHINBONE ALLEY.

A Midnight Curbstone Meeting — A Confidence Game that Failed to Work — An Astonished Thief — "You Ought to be a Christian" — "Will Christ Pay my Rent?" — A Midnight Sermon — One of the Devil's Family — Sowing Seed on Stony Ground — "If I'd only Stuck to Sunday School" — Dark and Dirty Pell Street — Five-Cent Lodging-Houses — Shinbone Alley At Three o'clock in the Morning — A Typical Street Boy — One of the Gang — "Snoozin'" on a Beer Keg — A Suspicious Looking Wagon — A Whispered Consultation — "Corkey" from "Up de River" — Fallen among Thieves — A Deep Laid Plot — A Thirsty Crowd of Desperate Roughs — The Story of the Cross and the Dying Thief — A Speechless Audience — "De Fust to Preach Religion roun' dese Corners" — "Wal, I'm Blowed" — Caught by the Great Detective.

AN all-night city missionary's life is full of strange experiences. Mr. Gibbud's faithful work in this capacity was unique, and from his store of reminiscences I give, in his own words, the following interesting incidents:

A Midnight Curbstone Meeting.

Late one night I was pleading with a drunken man on the Bowery while two friends stood waiting for me not far off. Suddenly I noticed one of a gang of thieves, who were lounging around the door of a low concert-hall, leave his companions, approach my friends, and enter into conversation. I left my man and joined them. Seeing that I was the leader of the party, he addressed himself to me, suggesting that we try our hands at a "game." "My friend," I said, "I know you and your confidence game. I should think a man like you would want to be in some better business than swindling people. It's mighty mean business — that of a thief — don't you think so?" At first he was too much astonished to do

anything but glare savagely at me; then, recovering himself, he acted as though he was about to spring upon me. I laid my hand on his arm and gently said: "You ought to be a Christian."

He started back as though struck, but quickly recovered, and said with a sneer and in a loud voice: "Me a Christian? Will Christ pay my rent? Will Christ feed me?"

"Well," I said, "I have seen a good many begin serving Christ without a cent or even a place to lay their heads, and I never knew one He let go down who was really in earnest."

"But, see here, did you ever see Christ?"

"No, but I expect to see Him; I have His word that I shall."

Turning to his companions he shouted: "Come here, fellows, and see a chump who's got a promise of seein' Christ."

We were standing under an electric light, it being long past midnight. Quite a number who were passing stopped, the thief's companions gathered around, and I soon found myself in the center of a typical Bowery crowd — Jew and Gentile, a number of sporting-men and thieves, two or three fallen women, several drunken men, and others attracted by the noise, eager to see what was going on.

Again turning to his companions the thief said in loud and jeering tones: "Here's a fellow as is goin' to see Christ."

"Yes," I said, opening the Bible, "I have His word for it; I will read it to you: 'Beloved, now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.'"

"Oh, you're a son of God, are you?" he exclaimed contemptuously.

"Yes, and I have His word for that," reading the Bible again; 'As many as received Him to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name.' I was once far away from God, a great sinner, but I believed and received, and became his child."

"Well, brother, here's my hand; I'm a child of God, too," he said, winking at his companions.

"Oh, no," said I, "don't call me brother; you don't belong to the Lord's family. 'Ye are of your father, the devil.'" And I read from Romans: "'Know ye not to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey;' your regular business is to serve the devil, and you can't palm yourself off on me as one of God's family. But you may be adopted into His family if you will." Then I read John 3: 16. "'For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

A man who had one of his ears nearly torn off in a fight and whose head was bandaged so that only his eyes and mouth could be seen, said: "You had better take a back seat, Bill; he's too much for you."

Bill quickly turned with an angry oath, and said: "You'd better get out of this or maybe you'll get a swipe across 'tother ear; there's nothin' here for the likes of you—a man with only one ear."

At this the crowd laughed and guyed the man with the bandaged head, who was quickly making his way out of the crowd, when I reached over and caught him by the shoulder, and said: "Hold on, my friend, there *is* something for you," and turning to Revelation I read, 'He that hath *an ear, let him hear.* To him that overcometh, will I give to eat of the tree of life.'"

The crowd laughed boisterously at this quotation, and I saw that I had their sympathy, so I gave them an invitation to attend the meetings at the mission, and after a few more words I closed by saying: "We shall never all meet on earth again, but we shall each have to give an account of this curb-stone meeting. May God bless every one of you."

One rough fellow stepped forward with tears in his eyes, and shook my hand heartily, saying: "Stick to it, I wish I had; I was brought up right, in Sunday-school and all, and if I had stuck to it I wouldn't be what I am to-night."

Just as I was going away, Bill came up and said, much to my surprise: "You mustn't mind what I said, I've been a drinkin'. I used to belong to the church and was a Christian, but I got off. I know it's the better way, but there's no good talkin' to me. It's no use. It's no use."

After a few words with him, I left, praying God to bless the seed sown by the wayside. On the following Sunday evening, when I opened the meeting at the mission for testimony, one of Bill's companions got up and said: "I have been a drinking man all my life, and have spent many years in prison; but last Thursday night the man in the chair there came down near where I stay, and talked about Christ, and I made up my mind to be a Christian, and I haven't touched a drop of liquor since."

When the invitation for prayers was given, the first one to come forward was Bill. For two nights both of these men were present, Bill coming forward for prayers each night; then I lost sight of them.

Nearly six months passed, when Bill's companion, neatly dressed and greatly altered, came again to the mission-room. He requested us to sing:

"All the way my Saviour leads me,
What have I to ask beside,"

and followed it by saying, "That is my experience." He then told us how God had kept and blessed him, and had given him employment. The Inspector of police who had so many times caused his arrest had obtained work for him. He was often with us in the meetings after this, and became an earnest worker.

One night he said to me: "Do you remember Bill, the one who wanted to know if Christ would pay his rent?"

"Yes."

"Well, the devil has paid his rent for life; he was sentenced for life last week, for shooting a bartender."

Speaking of this incident at a convention, a nurse from one of the city hospitals inquired the time this occurred, and said:

"I think I attended the man who had his ear injured. He came to the hospital and an operation was performed, but it was unsuccessful, and he was obliged to come back again and have his ear entirely cut off. The man asked the surgeon if he could get a false ear. 'No,' said the surgeon, 'you will have to go through life with one ear.'

"'Well,' said the man, 'thank God I have heard of a book that says there is something for a man with one ear.'"

So God blessed the seed, even though it seemed to fall on stony ground.

Up Shinbone Alley by Night.

In dark and dirty Pell Street are many tumble-down tenements, most of them inhabited by Chinese, who run gambling dens and opium-joints. On one side of the street there are a number of stables and several cheap lodging-houses, where for five cents a night one can find shelter and a place to lie down. Half way down the block a narrow lane with the local name of Shinbone Alley runs in crescent shape round into the Bowery. This alley was the rendezvous of a gang of young thieves.

Many a countryman or Jack Tar, lured a few steps away from the glare of the Bowery into Shinbone alley, has found himself suddenly surrounded by a crowd of desperate roughs, and before he was aware of it lay on his back in the gutter, minus money, watch, and everything else the roughs could get hold of. The thieves vanished as swiftly as they came and were in safe hiding in stables and dark hallways long before the victim recovered his senses.

It was just three o'clock in the morning when I turned into the alley. Half way through I stumbled over a beer-keg on which a lad was curled half asleep, who started up, but on seeing me dropped back again, muttering, "I thought it were a copper." In answer to the inquiry as to what he was doing there at that time of night, he replied briefly, "Snoozin'." He was a bright lad of twelve. A portion of an old straw hat hid his dirty, sleepy face. An old vest, several sizes too large,

covered a soiled and greasy calico shirt. His pants were a mass of rags and patches tied together with numerous strings. His feet were covered with dirt, thick enough to answer the purpose of stockings. I entered into conversation by asking his name and what he did for a living. He replied in true

DOYERS STREET, KNOWN LOCALLY AS SHINBONE ALLEY.

Bowery dialect, "Me name's Dutchy; I shines, sells papers, and works de growler for de gang." "What's the growler?" I asked. "Don't yer know?" he replied, looking at me in undisguised contempt, "De growler? Why dat's de pail dey gets de beer in when de gang's in luck. I gets only de froth. We wus out to-night and took in de te-a-ter (theatre), and I wus barred out of de house and wus snoozin when you comed along."

The lad interested me. I wanted to learn his story. I was turning over in my mind how best to handle him when my

attention was drawn to an old covered wagon directly in front of us, inside of which a conversation was being carried on in low tones.

Noticing my look of inquiry, Dutchy said, "It's some of de gang." In a moment a lank typical rough got out of the wagon, staggered over to where I sat, and in a gruff voice said: "What's de time, boss?" glancing at my watch-pocket as though he cared more to see the timepiece than to know the time. He seemed disappointed when I told him I had no watch with me. He returned to the wagon and began conversation again with those inside. I learned from Dutchy that this individual was "Corkey," and that he had just returned "from doin' time up de river" (a term in Sing Sing prison).

Dutchy was now called over to the gang and joined in the whispered consultation. Listening intently, I was convinced from the few words that reached me that they were planning to rob me, and I realized that I had "fallen among thieves." Praying for wisdom to adopt the best course, I awaited developments. In a few minutes the roughs to the number of eight or ten got out of the wagon and gathered around me. One, evidently the leader, advanced nearer than the rest and said sulkily, "Boss, we want yer to give us five cents till we get a pint o' beer to wash de cobwebs from our troats."

The time for action had come. I said, "See here, boys, I want to give you a bit of good advice. When you plan to rob any one, never pick out a missionary, for they are always as poor as a church mouse and never have anything worth stealing. Now, I'm a missionary, so I can save you the trouble of going through my clothes; there's not a thing in them worth the taking." They stood speechless, and I continued, "Boys, I knew what you were up to; but instead of your catching me, I have caught you." Without giving them a chance to say anything I told them the story of the cross, and how Christ in the agonies of death stopped to save a dying thief and took him as a companion to Paradise; and how, if there was salvation for a dying thief, there was certainly a chance for a living one, if they would only come to the same Saviour. I urged them to

quit their life of sin and follow Christ. Not one of them spoke a word.

When I turned to go away, I said, "Boys, I want you to remember me the next time you see me. Will you do it?" "Corkey" spoke up and said, "Wal, I'm blowed. I've been around dese corners for de last seven years, and you're de fust one I ever seed round here preachin' religion. You can bet your bottom dollar I wont forget your phiz."

One of this gang not long after, to escape a detective, ran into the mission meeting, and, to use his own words, "was caught by the Great Detective and kept from stealin' and everything else that was wicked and bad."

CHAPTER XII.

SHOP-GIRLS AND WORKING WOMEN — THE GREAT ARMY OF NEW YORK POOR — LIFE UNDER THE GREAT BRIDGE — THE BITTER CRY OF NEW YORK.

Shop-Girls and their Lives — Workers in all Trades — Aching Heads and Tired Feet — The Comforts of Old Shoes — Women in Rags who Sew Silk and Velvet — Stories of Want and Misery — Life among the Very Poor — Working Fourteen Hours for Thirty Cents — The Luxury of Sixty Cents a Day — Skeletons at Work — Brutal Sweaters — Grinding the Faces of the Poor — Human Ghouls Who Drink Blood and Eat Flesh — "Poor Folks Can't Have Much Rostin' nor Fine Doin's" — How Norah Cooked the Steak — "Beans!" — Tea Like Lye — People who have "Known Better Days" — Life Under the Great Bridge — Turning Night into Day — Cries of Despair — Want and Woe — Hope Never Dies — Living on Porridge at Six Cents a Day — Fearful Scenes — Starving Body and Soul — Waiting for Better Days to Come — "Never Better, Always Worse and Worse" — The Sorrow of the Poor.

A QUARTER of a million women, and this exclusive of domestic service! Three hundred and forty-three trades open to them, and each one thronged with eager learners! This is the beginning of the story of New York working-women, and day by day the number grows. What the three hundred and forty trades specified in the last United States Labor Bureau Report are, no man knows save only the census-taker and the newspaper reporter, who must know all things. Many of them are simply subdivisions of old trades which include many processes, each one so thoroughly separated from all the rest as to form a trade in itself. Whatever they are, and however little reward the knowledge of their intricacies may bring, it is certain that a row of applicants are always in waiting, and that an advertisement for one often brings a hundred.

Before sketching the life of the worker in trades of all orders, let us see how it fares with the shop-girl. Often she

begins as a cash-girl, leaving school at twelve or thirteen, and making one of the long list of applicants always on file in the great retail dry-goods establishments. It is a favorite ambition with the public-school girl from the better class of tenement-house, where one finds chiefly Irish and Germans. The children are quick and bright; apt to be ready reckoners, and look upon the great stores as the high road to fortune. That she must be on her feet most of the day and work for $1.50 or at most $2.00 a week, and may not be counted worth more than this for two or three years, does not deter hundreds from applying if any vacancy occurs. Certain things are learned that at home would probably have been impossible. They find that punctuality is the first essential, learning the lesson perhaps through the fines over which they cry. To them nothing can be better than to be a full-fledged "saleslady," and it may be, even, in time, the head of a department. If wages are a pittance, hours exhausting, and an army always waiting to fill their places if they in any way forfeit them, the fact of companionship and of the constant interest and excitement of watching the throng in shop and street seems sufficient to satisfy all longings and prevent much complaint. Their quickness and aptness to learn, their honesty and general faithfulness, and their cheapness, are essentials in their work; and this combination of qualities — cheapness dominating all — has given them a permanent place in the modern system of trade. The shop-girl has no thought of permanence for herself. The cheaper daily papers record in fullest detail the doings of that fashionable world toward which many a weak girl or woman looks with unspeakable longing; and the weekly "story papers" feed the flame with details of the rich marriage that lifted the poor girl into the luxury which stands to her empty mind as the sole thing to be desired in earth or heaven. Hope is strong. She expects to marry, and in many a silly little head there is hidden away the conviction that it will probably be some rich and handsome customer, who will woo her over the counter to the admiration and desperation of all the other girls, and place her at once where she really belongs.

She knows far better what constitutes the life of the rich than the rich ever know of the life of the poor. From her post behind the counter the shop-girl examines every detail of costume, every air and grace of the women she so often despises, even when longing most to be one of them. She imitates where she can, and her cheap shoe has its French heel, her neck its tin dog-collar. Gilt rings, bracelets and bangles, frizzes, bangs and cheap trimmings of every order, swallow up her earnings. The imitation is often more effective than the real, and the girl knows it. She aspires to a "manicure" set, to an opera glass, to anything that will simulate the life daily paraded before her and most passionately desired.

In the early morning she hurries to her place behind the counter. There are heavy boxes to lift down and arrange in order before the rush of business begins, and even before the clerks are ready to receive them customers begin to arrive. The breakfast of weak coffee and baker's bread has given her no strength. She is tired before she begins, and she grows more tired as the morning goes on and a hundred demands are made upon her. It is her business to be bright and smile, and take an interest in every quarter of a yard of ribbon that comes in to be matched. The crowd fills the aisles. She must answer questions as to the locations of other departments; put aside packages for customers for "just a moment"; take care of their change while they go to another counter; keep her eyes open for pickpockets; make constant calculations of quantities and prices; and through it all hurry, hurry, hurry, keeping her temper and a smiling face.

Lunch-time at last! That precious half-hour, when she can sit down on a hard bench and rest deliciously and eat a roll and some baker's dry cookies brought from home, with an intense longing for a cup of hot coffee or tea. At night how her feet ache, and her back and her head, as she climbs the stairs of a tenement-house, oftentimes to find her father growling and grumbling as he comes out from a drunken sleep.

The shopper on her busy rounds for bargains comes at last

to think of the shop-girl as simply a machine for taking down boxes, with an occasional tendency to impertinence and a certain one to overdressing. Headache or heartache, tired or sick, it is all one to the buyer, who, if she pauses for a moment to notice a specially pretty or possibly troubled face, turns away with a vague sense that this is an order of which she knows nothing. A gulf as wide as that between Dives and Lazarus divides the rich customer from the girl who watches every detail of dress, movement, and mode of speaking, and forms her own conclusions as to the real status of the buyer. Neither understands the other, and till the day of Working Girls' Clubs, — a creation of the last few years, — understanding was impossible.

"My counter is down in the basement," said a shop-girl to me, "and there are forty others like me, besides about forty little girls. There's gas and electric light both, but there isn't a breath of air, and its so hot that after an hour or two your head feels baked and your eyes as if they would fall out. The dull season, — that is from spring to fall — lasts six months, and then we work nine and a half hours and Saturdays thirteen. The other six months we work eleven hours, and during holiday time till ten and eleven o'clock at night. We have to put on blue glasses, the glare of the electric light is so dreadful, but they don't like to have us do it. The only comfort is you're with a lot of others and don't feel lonesome. I can't bear to do anything alone, no matter what it is.

Said another, "I hope there's purgatory at least for some of the people I've had to submit to. I think a woman manager is worse than a man. Just take the new superintendent. We loved the old one, but this one came in when she died, and one of the first things she did was to discharge one of the old girls because she didn't smile enough. Good reason why. She'd lost her mother the week before and wasn't likely to feel much like smiling. Then the floor-walker poked under the counters and shelves with a stick, and routed out all the old shoes we had tucked away, that were such a rest to our feet, which often swell until moving is torture. It 'most kills you to stand

all day in new shoes, but the floor-walker pitched all the old ones out and said he wasn't going to have the store turned into an old-shoe shop."

The average day of the average shop-girl is a monotonous round of labor. When "Jim," who is only a Bowery boy, who sells misfit trousers and "Gentlemen's Furnishings" in a cheap clothing-store, invites her to a ball, patronized by numberless girls and boys of their order, who shall blame the shop-girl for snatching at this bit of brightness, and for a little while fancying herself rich and all the other good things that grace the heroines in the story papers?

There are tragedies that might be told, but we will not let them enter here. Vain, silly, light-headed, hard-working, good-hearted little workers! They will squabble diligently with their neighbor at the counter, and then sit up nights with her if she is ill, and even go without their beloved chewing-gum in order to buy her some little luxury. And so the world goes on, and a shop-girl's day remains unchanged, the story of one being the story of all the thousands who fill this role, till the scene shifts and fresh actors are on the stage.

And what about the workers in trades? Why are they at work? There are as many motives as trades. For the most part the answer is simple. They must earn because there is no one to earn for them, and this is the great majority. Outside of this army is another,—the large class of women already provided for in homes of their own, but who want more pin-money, and hosts of married women who want means for more stylish living or dress, and who work at home to accomplish this very end, often underbidding their poorer sisters by working at half price or even less. With them we have nothing to do. It is the life of the average working-woman wholly dependent on her own resources that we must know; its struggles, its resources, its outlook as a whole.

Naturally the great mass are needlewomen of all orders. It is this one employment toward which every woman left to fight her own battle turns instinctively, unless she has had a training that fits her for something better. Either she enters a factory,

where the intelligence demanded is of the lowest order, as in bag-making and kindred industries, or she takes home slop-work of all sorts, from overalls and jumpers to coarser or finer work. For such work a sewing-machine must be owned, and as to get one even on installments is often quite beyond the power of the worker, this fact is taken advantage of by numbers of "sweaters," who rent cellars called by courtesy "basements," and act as "middlemen," taking the work in great packages from the cutter of the manufacturing house, and paying the women so much a dozen for the work done. The making of underclothing and cheap jackets and cloaks is managed in the same way. Everything, in short, that makes up the cheaper forms of clothing falls largely into the hands of these "middlemen," and often the women prefer this form of employment, since working with numbers has a more exhilarating effect than the same task alone, and heat and machine are both furnished. But every order of work goes on also in the tenement-houses, where the woman who owns a machine can take work direct from the factory.

The division of labor, which is one of the marked features of all modern work, rules here no less than elsewhere. Many a woman spends month after month in stitching fells till she has acquired a purely mechanical accuracy, who could by no possibility either cut, fit, or make an entire garment. There is always a dearth of trained seamstresses, who understand all forms of sewing, and for whom there is a demand that is yet to be fully met.

There is another class, helpless through no fault of theirs, though often powerless through lack of training. It is the hundreds — yes, thousands — of women, widows or worse than widows, who must care for little children often more fortunate without a father than with one. Drunken husbands, who not only furnish nothing toward the family support, but demand support themselves, are worked for with a patience that is a constant miracle to all who watch. Sewing in some of its myriad forms is the first thought, and often in the wretched dens of these down-town tenements one sees embroideries des-

tined for happy children in sunny homes, or rich cloaks whose velvet and silk seem a mockery. Poverty is not infectious, yet strange germs must go with the garments into which these women have stitched all the want and pain born of hunger and cold and nakedness, of endurance and final despair.

FINISHING BOYS' PANTS AT TEN CENTS A DOZEN PAIRS.

The sewing-machine is seen at every hand, no tenement being too foul for the unhappy creatures who must earn or starve, and this enormous proportion of workers with the needle is one of the saddest facts to be faced by the explorer in these regions. The investigation made by the State Bureau

of Labor in 1885, which took form in a Report accessible to all, records women working on gingham waists for boys at two and a half cents each, it being impossible to make more than a dozen in fourteen hours at the machine. At the office of the "Women's Protective Union," its head, who has been familiar with all phases of this work for thirty years, said that many workers on their books earned but twenty-five to fifty cents a day.

Cloakmakers generally earn from sixty to seventy cents a day, but even this means comfort and profusion compared with the facts that were revealed in a Fourth Ward rookery. Here in an old wooden house given over to the lowest uses, in a room ten feet square, low-ceiled, and lighted only by a single window, whose panes were crusted with the dirt of a generation, seven women sat at work. Three machines were the principal furniture. A small stove burned fiercely, the close smell of red-hot iron hardly dominating the fouler one of sinks and reeking sewer-gas. Piles of cloaks were on the floor, and the women, white and wan, with cavernous eyes and hands more akin to a skeleton's than to flesh and blood, bent over the garments that would pass from this loathsome place saturated with the invisible filth furnished as air. They were handsome cloaks, lined with quilted silk or satin, trimmed with fur or sealskin, and retailing at prices from thirty to seventy-five dollars. A teapot stood at the back of the stove; some cups and a loaf of bread, with a lump of streaky butter, were on a small table, absorbing their portion also of filth. An inner room, a mere closet, dark and even fouler than the outer one, held the bed; a mattress, black with age, lying on the floor. Here such rest as might be had was taken when the sixteen hours of work ended, — sixteen hours of toil unrelieved by one gleam of hope or cheer, the net result of this accumulated and ever-accumulating misery being $3.50 a week. Two women, using their utmost diligence, could finish one cloak per day, receiving from the "sweater," through whose hands all work must come, fifty cents each for a toil unequalled by any form of labor under the sun, unless it be that of the haggard wretches dressed in

men's clothes but counted as female laborers in Belgian mines. They cannot stop, they dare not stop, to think of other methods of earning. They are what is left of untrained, hopelessly ignorant lives, clinging to these lives with a tenacity hardly higher in intelligence than that of the limpet on the rock, but turning to one with lustreless eyes and blank faces, asking only the one question, — "Lord, how long?"

I recall words spoken to me by a worker in whose life hope was dead: —

"I've worked eleven years," she said. "I've tried five trades with my needle and machine. My shortest day has been fourteen hours, for I had the children and they had to be fed. There's not one of these trades that I don't know well. It isn't work that I've any trouble in getting. It's wages. Five years ago I could earn a dollar and a half a day, and we were comfortable. Then it began to go down, — a dollar and a quarter, then a dollar. There it stopped awhile, and I got used to that, and could even get some remains of comfort out of it. I had to plan to the last half cent. We went cold often, but we were never hungry. But then it fell again, — to ninety cents, to eighty-five. For a year the best that I can do I have earned not over eighty cents a day, — sometimes only seventy-five. I'm sixty-two years old. I can't learn new ways. I am strong. I always was strong. I run the machine fourteen hours a day, with just the stoppings that have to be made to get the work ready. I've never asked a man alive for a penny beyond what my own hands can earn, and I don't want it. I suppose the Lord knows what it all means. It's His world, and His children in it, and I've kept myself from going crazy many a time by saying it was His world, and that somehow it must all come right in the end. But I don't believe it any more. He's forgotten. There's nothing left but men that live to grind the faces of the poor; that chuckle when they find a new way of making a cent or two more a week out of starving women and children. I never thought I should feel so; I don't know myself; but I tell you I'm ready for murder when I think of these men. If there's no justice above, it isn't quite dead below; and

if men with money will not heed, the men and the women without money will rise some day. How? I don't know. We've no time to plan, and we're too tired to think; but it's coming

A BLIND TAILORESS AND HER FAMILY.

somehow, and I'm not ashamed to say I'll join in if I live to see it come. It's seas of tears that these men sail on. It's our life blood they drink, and our flesh that they eat."

How do they live on such earnings? Live is hardly the

word. Tea is their chief dependence; boiled to extract the last atom of strength. This with baker's bread, most often butterless, is their food and that of such children as may be theirs to support.

All coal is bought by the scuttle, a scuttle of medium size counting as twelve cents' worth, thus much more than doubling the cost per ton. Wood by the bundle and oil by the quart give the utmost margin of profit to the seller, and the same fact applies to all provisions sold. In no case save one where the mother had learned that cabbage-water can form the basis for a nourishing and very palatable soup, was there the faintest gleam of understanding that the same amount of money could furnish a more varied, more savory, and more nourishing regimen.

That the knowledge of cheap and savory preparation of food would soon have its effect on the percentage of drunkards no one can question. Take the case of a laboring man among the lower classes, with a family to provide for. What does "daily bread" mean to him? Minute knowledge of this sort must come from patient waiting and watching as one can, rather than from any systematized observation. The poor resent bitterly—and with justice—any apparent interference or spying, and only as one comes to know them well can anything but the most outside details of their life be obtained. In the matter of food there is an especial touchiness and testiness, every woman being convinced that to cook well is the birthright of all women. I have found the same conviction as solidly implanted in far higher grades of society, and it may be classed as one of the most firmly-seated of popular delusions that every woman keeps house as instinctively and surely, when her time comes, as a duck takes to water.

Such was the faith of Norah Boylan, tenant of half the third floor in a tenement-house six stories high and swarming from basement to attic, forty children making it hideous with the screaming and wrangling of incessant fights, while in and over all rested the penetrating, sickening "tenement-house

smell," not to be drowned by steam of washing or scent of food. Norah's tongue was ready with the complaint of "hard times"; and she faced me now with hands on her hips and a generally belligerent expression: "An' shure, ma'am, ye know yerself 'tis only a dollar a day he's been earnin' this many a day, an' thankful enough to git that, wid Mike overhead wearin' his tongue out wid askin' for work here an' there an' everywhere. An' how'll we live on that, an' the rint due reg'lar, an' the spalpeen of an agent poppin' in his ugly face an' off wid the bit o' money, no matter how bare the dish is? Bad 'cess to him! says I, an' I'd like to have him hungered once an' know how it feels. Shure an' if I hadn't the washin' we'd be on the street this day."

"What do you live on, Norah?"

"Is it 'live,' do ye say? Thin I could hardly tell. It's mate an' petatys an' tay, an' Pat will have his glass. He's sober enough — not like Mike above, that's off on his sprees ivery month; but now we don't be gettin' the same as we used. Pat says there's that bad cravin' in him that only the whiskey'll stop. It's tin dollars a month rint for the rooms, an' that's two an' a half a week steady; an' there's only seven an' a half left for the five mouths that must be fed, an' the fire an' all, for I can't get more'n the four dollars for me washin'. It's the mate ye must have to put strength in ye, an' Pat would be havin' it three times a day, an' now it's but once he can; an' that's why he's afther the whiskey to stop the cravin'. The childer an' meself has mostly tay, an' it's all that kapes us up. Sometimes we has mate, but not often, God knows."

"How do you cook your meat, Norah?"

Norah looked at me suspiciously: "Shure, the bit we get don't take long. I puts it in the pan an' let's it fry till we're ready. Poor folks can't have much roastin' nor fine doin's. An' by that token it's time it was on now, if you don't mind, ma'am. The childer will be in from school, an' they must eat an' get back."

"I am going in a few moments, Norah. Go right on."

Norah moved aside her clothes-boiler, drew a frying-pan

from her closet, put in a lump of yellow fat and laid in a piece of coarse beef some two pounds in weight. A loaf of bread came next, and was cut up, its peculiar white color indicating plainly what share alum had had in making the lightness to which she called my attention. A handful of tea went into the tall tin teapot, which was filled from the kettle at the back of the stove.

"That isn't boiling water, is it?" I ventured.

"Och! shure it'll bile fast enough, niver fear," Norah answered indifferently, as she pulled open the draughts and soon had the top of the stove red hot. The steak lay in its bed of fat, scorching peacefully, while the tea boiled, giving off a rank and herby smell.

"Pat doesn't get home to dinner, then, Norah?"

"There's times he does, but mostly not. He likes a hot bite an' sup, but it's too far off. There's five min goes from this flure together, an' a pailful for each — bread an' coffee mostly, an' a bit o' bacon for some. It's a hot supper I used to be gittin' him, but the times is too hard, an' we're lucky if we can have our tay an' bread, an' molasses may be for the children. Many's the day I wish meself back in ould Ireland."

As she talked, the children came rushing up the stairs, pale-faced and slender; and I took my leave, burning to speak, yet knowing it useless. Fried boot-heel would have been as nourishing and as toothsome as that steak, and boiled boot-heel as desirable as and far less harmful a drink than the tea, yet any word of suggestion would have roused the quick Irish temper to fever-heat.

"It's Norah can cook equal to yerself," she once exclaimed to me with pride, as she emptied a black and smoking mass into a dish; and these methods certainly cannot be said to be difficult to follow.

The wives and mothers among the lower laboring classes have usually in their younger days been servants, and still "go out to day's work"; but no matter now numerous the family, such life for any daughter is despised and discouraged from the beginning. Work in a bag-factory or any one of the thousand

—but to the employes profitless — industries of a great city is eagerly sought, and hardships cheerfully endured which if enforced by a mistress would lead to riot. To be a shop-girl seems the highest ambition. To have dress and hair and expression a frowsy and pitiful copy of the latest Fifth Avenue ridiculousness; to flirt with shop-boys as feeble-minded and brainless as themselves; and to marry as quickly as possible, are the aims of all. Then come more wretched, thriftless, ill-managed homes, and their natural results in drunken husbands and vicious children; and so the round goes on, the circle widening year by year till its circumference touches every class in society, and would make our great cities almost what sober country-folk believe them, — "seas of iniquity."

Philanthropists may urge what reforms they will, — less crowding, purer air, better sanitary regulations; but this question of food underlies all. A food easily procured, sufficiently palatable to ensure no dissatisfaction and demanding no ingenuity of preparation, would seem the ideal diet of the poor, if they could be made to adopt it.

"Beans!" said one indignant soul. "What time have I to think of beans, or what money to buy coal to cook 'em? What you'd want if you sat over a machine fourteen hours a day would be tea like lye to put a backbone in you. That's why we have tea always in the pot, and it don't make much odds what's with it. A slice of bread is about all. Once in a while you get ragin', tearin' hungry. Seems as if you'd swallow a teapot or anything handy to fill up like, but that ain't often — lucky for us!"

A grade beyond them is hardly in better condition, and straight through the long list of those who use the needle it is much the same story.

"When you've sat all day at the machine, you don't want much," said one, — a little Englishwoman, whose husband, after a year or two of wife-beating and the other indulgences of a free-born Englishman inclined to a drop too much, had, fortunately for her, been killed in a drunken brawl. "Tea do 'arten you up a bit an' make you fitter to go on, an' that's what we

must 'ave if we're to work fourteen hours steady. A bit of bread with it, an' you can do very well, though it's 'ard on the children."

This is the lowest depth. Above it as to intelligence let us take a mother and daughter, the latter a stitcher of corset-covers and fine night-dresses, and the mother incapacitated by rheumatism from much more than basting and finishing. Both had known "better days,"—that saddest of formulas; and when these suddenly ended there came a period of bewildered helplessness in which the widow felt that respectability like hers must know no compromise, and that any step that would involve her being "talked about" was a step toward destruction. She must live on a decent street, in a house where she need not be ashamed to have her relations come, and she did till earnings had lessened from a dollar and a half to eighty-five cents a day, on which the two must live. Far over toward the North River, on the first floor of a great tenement-house inhabited chiefly by the better class of Irish, she took two rooms,—one a mere closet where the bed could stand,—bestowed in them such furniture as remained, and at fifty, with no clew left that any friend could trace, began the fight for bread. The mother watched every penny of the poor little earnings and extracted all the comfort that lay in their compass. She had kept an account of their weekly expenses and allowed me to run over the items.

"I have to see where the money goes to," she said apologetically; "else I should get clean distracted thinking that I might have saved a penny here or a penny there. Now, here is last month. Twenty-seven working days, and that makes $22.95. Out of that had to come $10 for rent. We lay that aside every week and never touch it whatever happens, because that is to keep us from being put out on the street. Now you see there is $12.95 left for provisions and coal and light and clothes. How do you suppose we do it,—for it isn't much for two people, now, is it? We've a little oil stove that saves coal, for I boil the kettle on it and cook bits of things,—soup for one, for we found soup was very nourishing and

cheaper than meat. We only have a bit of meat once a week or so, and I used to miss it, but now I don't mind. This is the list just as I put it down.

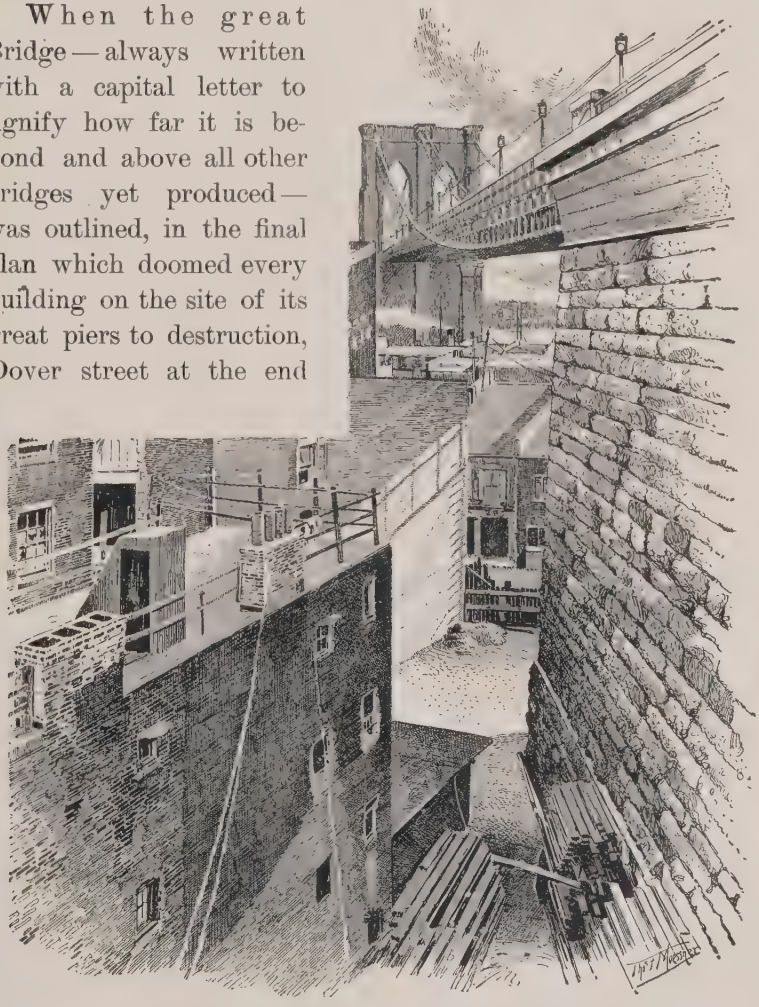
Sugar,	$ .23	Brought up,	$1.29
Tomatoes,	.07	Oil,	.15
Potatoes,	.05	Newspaper,	.01
Tea,	.15	Clams,	.10
Butter,	.30	Potatoes,	.05
Bread,	.12	Cabbage,	.05
Coal,	.12	Bread,	.07
Milk,	.15	Flour,	.15
Clams,	.10	Rolls,	.03
Forward,	$1.29	Total,	$1.90

"This week was an expensive one, — a little more so than usual, because I bought a whole pound of butter at once, but then it will last well into next week. Sharpening the scissors, too, took five cents, but then we made that up in not having to get kindling, for a neighbor's boy brought us some nice bits from the building down the street. I try to save on the food, but I can't seem to get it less than twelve cents a day apiece, do what I will. So that is $7.44 a month, and that leaves $5.51, and out of that come car-fares when Emmy has to go down town. Last month it took sixty cents a week for them, and then Emmy had to have shoes, $1.50. So you see there wasn't much margin. I might leave out the paper, but we do want to see one once in a while. Last month Emmy got two remnants for $1.80, and I made her a dress that looked very well, but both of us underneath are nothing but patchwork. Then we have to have soap and all that for the washing, and coal. Coal is the worst thing, for it costs twelve cents a scuttle, and I'm always trying to get ahead enough to buy a quarter of a ton at once, but can't. There's a place here to keep it, but none of us in the house ever earn enough to put anything in it. We earn little enough; but wages are going lower and lower, seems to me, and where they will stop the Lord only knows."

This is untrained labor, and thus more helpless than those

who have been taught a regular trade. But it represents a large portion of New York's working women.

When the great Bridge — always written with a capital letter to signify how far it is beyond and above all other bridges yet produced — was outlined, in the final plan which doomed every building on the site of its great piers to destruction, Dover street at the end



UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE GREAT BRIDGE

nearest Franklin Square found itself almost wiped out. Such houses as remained were left in shadow, and most of all those nearest the towering piers.

Under the great Bridge stands a tenement-house so shadowed by the vast structure that, save at mid-day, natural

light barely penetrates it. Sunshine has no place in these rooms, which no enforced laws have made decent, and where occasional individual effort has small power against the unspeakable filth ruling in tangible and intangible forms, sink and sewer and closet uniting in a common and all-pervading stench. The chance visitor has sometimes to rush to the outer air, deathly sick and faint at even a breath of this noisomeness. The most determined one seems inclined to burn every garment worn during such quest. The house had been dark before, but little by little, as the blocks of granite were put into place and the great pier grew, the sunshine vanished, and seeing at all save by gaslight was well-nigh impossible. Only at mid-day could the sun's rays find entrance at any point, and it grew worse rather than better, as the forlorn women who do washing for the offices in the business streets close at hand strung their lines of towels in the vain hope that the sun would dry and air sweeten them.

"There's a good time for us at last," said one of the tenants when this had gone on for months. "We've light enough now, thank God, an' one that'll stay, I'm thinkin'."

It has stayed. All night long the glare of street and Bridge electric lights, cold and blinding, is on every foot of the space below, and their rays are the substitute for sunshine, shut out once for all from these dismal rooms till the pier falls, as the inhabitants pray sometimes that it may, with small thought that their own destruction would be equally certain. In this tenement-house the day's work has ceased to be the *day's* work, for, honest or thieving, all alike do their allotted work by night and sleep by day. The women who cannot afford the gas or oil that must burn if they work in the daytime sleep while day lasts; and when night comes, and the searching rays of the electric light penetrates every corner of their shadowy rooms, turn to the toil by which their bread is won. Heavy-eyed women toil at the washboard or run the sewing-machine, and when sunrise has come and the East River and the beautiful harbor are aflame with color, the light for these dwellings is extinguished and their night begins.

"I used to look at the big stones of the pier swinging into place," said one of the workers on the top floor,—a trousers stitcher and finisher; "but I never thought what they would do in the end. It got a little darker and a little darker, and at last it was more than I could do to see. So we were all glad enough to have the electric light shine into our rooms, though it's blinding and sort of hard, and we would like to see the sun once in a while. But I go out for that, and it's better than nothing."

In one of these rooms — clean, if cleanliness were possible where walls and ceiling and every plank and beam reek with the foulness from sewer and closet — three women were at work on overalls. Two machines were placed directly under the windows, to obtain every ray of light. A small stove; the inevitable teapot steaming at the back; a table with cups and saucers and a loaf of bread still uncut; and a small dresser in one corner, in which a few dishes were ranged, completed the furniture. A sickly geranium grew in an old tomato-can, but save for this no attempt of adornment of any sort had been made. In this respect it differed from other rooms in the same rookery, in some of which cheap colored prints were pinned up, and in one room one side had been decorated with all the trade-marks peeled from the goods on which the family worked. But in the dismal room occupied by the three overall-makers there was no time for even such attempts at betterment. The machines ran on as I talked with the workers, with only a momentary pause as interest deepened, and one woman nodded confirmation to the statement of another.

"You see we all live together now," one of the women said, as her fingers flew over the coarse button holes she was making in the waistband and flaps of some overalls. "We each had a room to ourselves, for all of us is widows that had children to mind. But the fever took them all but one that's out selling papers, and so we put our heads together at last and said we'd be more sensible if we clubbed machines and all. You'd think we'd move to a better place, but we're never ahead enough to pay for moving even our bits of things, and perhaps

you won't believe it, but we're used to this and hate to change. I've had a better one and good furniture once, for my husband was mate on a tug and earned first-rate. But he took to drink and sold everything bit by bit, and always getting worse and worse, till at last he got hurt in a fight and died next day in hospital. I went into a necktie place on Allen Street for a while. Mary, over there, was there, too. Her husband was a bricklayer and got good wages, but he went with drink, too, and so did Hannah's. We know all about it, all of us. This is cheap rent. We pay five dollars a month, and if it was lighter and we didn't have to have such smells we would do very well. Overalls are up now, though why, the Lord only knows, or why they go up and then go down. But we get a dollar a dozen on these, and I can do ten a day and have done a dozen by working fourteen hours. It needs a heavy machine, and they do take the backbone out of one."

The other women nodded. It was plain that they held the same conviction.

"You sleep like the dead when you're through; that's one comfort," she went on. "It wouldn't be so bad if they weren't always cutting under you. I learned my trade of tailoring regularly, as soon as I found Tim wouldn't be any dependence, and was going to send the children to school and keep things decent. But then came the German women offering to do work at half the rate, and then the Italians, and the Polish Jews that don't mind living like pigs, and that ended it. With all the cuts I don't see how anybody keeps soul and body together."

"We don't," one of the other woman said, turning suddenly. "I got rid o' my soul long ago, such as 't was. Who's got time to think about souls, grinding away here fourteen hours a day to turn out contract goods? 'Taint souls that count. It's bodies that can be driven, an' half starved an' driven still, till they drop in their tracks. I'd try the river, if I wasn't driving to pay a doctor's bill for my three that went with the fever. Before that I was driving to put food into their mouths. I never owed a cent to no man. I've been honest, an' paid as I went, an' done a good turn when I could.

If I'd chosen the other thing while I'd a pretty face of my own, I'd 'a' had ease and comfort an' a quick death. The river's the best place I'm thinking, for them that wants ease. Such life as this isn't living."

IN A POOR SEWING WOMAN'S HOME.

"She don't mean it," the first speaker said apologetically. "She knows there's better times ahead."

"Yes, the kind you'll find in the next room. Take a look in there, ma'am, an' then tell me what we're going to do."

One look into the dark fireless room was enough. A pantaloon-maker sat there, huddled in an old shawl, and finishing the last of a dozen which, when taken back, would give her money for fire and food. She had been ill for three days.

The bed was an old mattress on a dry-goods box in the corner, and, save for the chair on which she sat, and the stove, the room was empty.

"Even that," she said, with a glance at the miserable bed, "is more than I had for a good while. I pawned everything before my husband died, except the machine. I couldn't make but twenty-two cents a pair on the pants, an' as long as he could hold up he did the pressing. With him to help a little I made three pair a day. That seems little, but there was so many pieces to each pair, — side an' watch an' pistol pockets, buckle-strap, waistband, an' bottom facings and lap; six buttonholes an' nine buttons. We lived — I don't know just how we lived. He was going in consumption an' very set about it. 'I'll have no medicine an' no doctor to make me hang an' drag along,' he says. 'I've got to go, an' I know it, an' I'll do it as fast as I can.' He was Scotch, an' took his porridge to the last, but I came to loathe the sight of it. He could live on six cents a day. I couldn't. 'I'm the kind for your contractors,' he'd say. 'It's a glorious country, an' the rich'll be richer yet when there's more like me.' He didn't mind what he said, an' when a Bible-reader put her head in one day, — 'Come in,' he says. 'My wife's working for a Christian contractor at sixty-six cents a day, an' I'm what's left of another Christian's dealings with me, keeping me as a packer in a damp basement and no fire. Come in, an' let's see what *your* Christianity has to say about it.' He scared her, his eyes was so shiny, an' he most gone then. But there's many a one that doesn't go over fifty cents a week for what she'll eat. God help them that's starving us all by bits, if there is a God; but I'm doubtin' it, else why don't things get better, an' not always worse an' worse."

Outside of the army of needlewomen come the washers and ironers, who laundry shirts and underwear, whose work is of the most exhausting order, who "lean hard" on the iron, and in time become the victims of diseases resulting from ten hours a day of this "leaning hard," and who complain bitterly that prisons and reformatories underbid them and keep wages

down. It is quite true. Convict labor, here as elsewhere, is the foe of the earnest worker, and complicates a problem already sufficiently complicated. There is a constantly increasing army of scrub women who clean the floors of offices and

A NIGHT SCRUB WOMAN'S HOME.

public buildings at night for a pittance, whose life is of the hardest.

However conditions might differ, the final word was always the same, and it stands as the summary of the life that is lived from day to day by these workers.—"Never better; always worse and worse." The shadow of the great pier seems the natural home of these souls who have forgotten sunshine and lost hope and faith in anything better to come. It lingers here and there. It looked from the steady eyes of some of

these workers, who smiled a wan smile at the memory of old brightness. It lingers in many a patient face bending over weary seams, and waiting for a better day to come. Will it come, and when?

I turn at last from these women, whose eyes still follow me, filled with mute questions of what can be done. Of all ages and nations and creeds; of all degrees of ignorance and prejudice and stupidity; hampered by every condition of birth and training; powerless to rise beyond them till obstacles are removed, — the great city holds them all: "the great, foul city, rattling, growling, smoking, stinking, — a ghastly heap of fermenting brickwork, pouring out poison at every pore."

We pack the poor away in tenements crowded and foul beyond anything known even to London, whose "Bitter Cry" had less reason than ours; and we have taken excellent care that no foot of ground shall remain that might mean breathing-space, or free sport of child, or any green growing thing. Grass pushes its way here and there, but for this army of weary workers it is only something that at last they may lie under, never upon. There is no pause in the march, where, as one and another drops out, the gap fills instantly; every alley and by-way holding unending substitutes. It is not labor that profiteth, for body and soul are alike starved. It is labor in its basest, most degrading form; labor that is a curse and never a blessing, as true work may be and is. It blinds the eyes. It steals away joy. It blunts all power whether of hope or faith. It wrecks the body and it starves the soul. It is waste and only waste; nor can it, below ground or above, hold fructifying power for any human soul.

It is as student, not as professional philanthropist, that I write; and the years that have brought experience have also brought a conviction, sharpened by every fresh series of facts, that no words, no matter what fire of fervor may lie behind, can make plain the sorrow of the poor.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOSPITAL LIFE IN NEW YORK — A TOUR THROUGH THE WARDS OF OLD BELLEVUE — AFFECTING SCENES — THE MORGUE AND ITS SILENT OCCUPANTS.

Wealth and Misery Side by Side — Training Schools for Nurses — A "Hurry" Call — The Ambulance Service — Prejudice against Hospitals — A Place where the Doctors Cut up Folks Alive — Taken to the Dead-House — "Soon they will be Cuttin' him up" — Etherizing a Patient — A Painless and Bloodless Operation — A Patient Little Sufferer — Ministering Angels — Cutting off a Leg in Fifteen Seconds — A Swift Amputation — Miraculous Skill — Thanking the Doctor for Hastening the End — "Those Last Precious, Painless Hours" — A Child's Idea of Heaven — "Who Will Mind the Baby" — Flowers in Heaven — The Morgue — Its Silent Occupants — The Prisoners' Cage — Weeping Friends — Searching for her Son — An Affecting Meeting — She Knew her Own — "Charlie, Mother is Here" — "Too Late, Too Late" — A Pathetic Scene.

THE wayfarer on Fifth Avenue passing through miles of stately homes, fashionable churches, great club houses, and all that exhibits the most lavish expenditure of wealth for personal enjoyment, comes suddenly upon a spot which in an instant recalls the fact that, under all this pomp of external life, suffering and want still hold their place. Not a stone's throw from the avenue and its brilliant life, one passes through the always open gates of St. Luke's Hospital, under the shadow of great trees whose friendly protecting branches are welcome and greeting for all alike. Flowers bloom here as brightly as if pain had no place. Impertinent sparrows swarm and chatter under the eaves, and, perching on window sills or frames, look in with curious eyes on the long lines of cots.

Within are broad corridors, high ceilings, and great windows. A flood of sunshine is there and the freshest of air blows straight from the sea. A cleanliness that is spotless; quiet, purity, efficient ministration, form the atmosphere of this

famous hospital, the name of which has become a synonym for the tenderest care that strangers can give to strangers

Bellevue, St. Luke's, the New York Hospital, and two or three others less widely known, are the names that generally occur when any question arises as to the hospital system of New York. Year by year the list of special and general, large and small, sectarian and unsectarian hospitals, has lengthened, till to-day it numbers nearly one hundred and fifty. Methods vary but little, and each is eager to include the latest and best in its management. Thousands of medical students not only from all parts of America but from the world at large, come to New York hospitals to study the cases that daily pass under the surgeons' hands. The medical colleges look upon them as training-schools, and each of the larger hospitals has not only its clinics for medical students — both men and women, but training-schools for nurses, the numbers of whom are steadily increasing.

But it is the life within these walls that most concerns us, and we will seek it at old Bellevue, as the victims of sudden accident often must. Every saunterer in city streets knows the sudden thrill of excitement and wonder as the gong of the fire-engine sounds, and the magnificent horses rush by, straining every nerve in their haste to be on the needed spot. There is another gong no less startling and imperative; that of the ambulance, dead black as to color, swift and furious as to progress. Its arrival at Bellevue is of hourly occurrence and excites no comment from officials or attendants. Victims of accidents of all kinds and patients of all degrees are constantly arriving at its doors. The call for an ambulance is generally sent to the hospital through the telephone, and is at once transmitted by signal bells to the surgeon's office and the stables. Two bells is the signal for an ordinary call, five if haste is necessary, and twelve for a summons to a fire, where falling walls and lurid flame so often do their deadly work. The response is a quick one in any case, but for the "hurry" call the speed is so mad that it is difficult to keep one's place in the ambulance at all. A surgeon is always on duty to answer

calls, and the one who is detailed for an ambulance trip may respond bare-headed, bare-footed, and half-dressed, finishing his toilet as he is whirled along toward his destination. If the streets are not too crowded, any horse in the stables will make his mile in four minutes, and he bends to his work with as apparent understanding of the dignity and importance of his mission as that shown by the fire-department horses.

The ambulance itself is a triumph of ingenuity and invention. The bed in the bottom is of the softest, and on strong deep springs. The vehicle is sombre as a hearse, everything from pillows to bed, stretcher and curtains, being dead black. About the sides within, splints are arranged, each with its lint bandage coiled about it ready for use. The stretcher is fastened securely, its iron rods strong enough to support the heaviest weight. Blankets, lint, bandages, belts for strapping down violent patients, everything that can be needed for any possible emergency is there, while the doctor's satchel holds surgical instruments and stomach-pump. Bellevue is known as the "poor man's hospital," and thus the majority of calls come in from the poorer districts and in large proportion from the vicinity of the swarming tenements on the East Side. Accidents of every nature, and the long list of casualties caused by drink, furnish abundant material, though there is a large proportion of ordinary sicknesses, many of these cases being complicated by the privations of poverty.

Hark! The "hurry" call has sounded. A bell in the stable instantly arouses both driver and horse. The harness, always suspended and ready to be dropped on the horse's back, is already in place. The stable doors fly open, and the ambulance is ready and rolls out before the reverberations of the five quick and imperative strokes of the signal gong have died away. The surgeon, whom another bell has summoned, is at the big archway just as the ambulance furiously dashes up, and he springs to his seat in the rear. The address is given them, the driver gathers up the reins, and with a word to the horse they are off at a mad pace. The ambulance has right of way and takes the middle of the street, the gong

sounding a loud and incessant alarm as they gallop on. The call has come from Sixteenth Street, and as they turn the corner a crowd is seen gathered about something on the sidewalk. Two or three policemen are there trying to keep free space about the huddled heap. The driver slows up and backs the ambulance to the sidewalk. Before this the surgeon has

THE AMBULANCE ROOM AT BELLEVUE HOSPITAL. ANSWERING A "HURRY" CALL.

sprung out and is bending over a man who lies there deathly white but quite unconscious, his head in a little pool of blood.

"It's out of a third-story window he come head foremost," one of the policemen says. "When I got to him, not a word could he say. It's dead he is, maybe, doctor."

The surgeon's quick and practised hands are passing swiftly over the prostrate figure. He has seen in a moment that the cuts on the head from which the blood streams are only superficial, but in another moment he discovers that the right leg is broken and the fracture a serious one. A temporary splint must be put on before he can be moved, and it is produced at once from the ambulance. The man comes to

himself and groans as the wounded leg is moved and dressed. The temporary bandaging is done in a moment, the patient is tenderly lifted into the ambulance, and the crowd, which has listened eagerly for every groan, disperses reluctantly.

Going back to the hospital is a slower process. There is time for the surgeon to make out his slip, which must be handed in with each patient, and is really a short biography of the case. On a blank provided for this purpose he writes that this is Patrick O'Rourke, of 500 East Sixteenth Street, and that he is a bricklayer. Patrick gives the name of some friend who can be informed of his condition if necessary, and states how long he has been in the country, and how long in the city. Often when the ambulance pulls up at the hospital entrance the slip is all ready, as it is now.

The receiving-room doors are open as they come. There is a fixed routine that must be conformed with. The examining surgeon makes a hasty inspection of Pat's injuries and assigns him to one of the surgical wards. The officer on duty in the reception-room receives the surgeon's slip, hardly looking at the patient, who is at once carried to the ward designated on the slip. Orderlies and nurses are on duty there.

Pat looks about curiously, though he is in sharp pain. He has the prejudice of all the ignorant against hospitals, and has listened to tales of how the doctors cut up folks alive, and eat the choice dishes that ought by rights to go to the patients. He is not certain as to whether he likes the bath to which he is forced to submit,—not a full one, since his broken leg is in the way. But the orderlies take him in charge and sponge him off in warm water, then lay him in bed and report him as ready for the surgeon. It is the house-surgeon who comes, and Pat's leg is soon put in permanent splints. Only three hours have passed since he made his sudden plunge from the window. It seems to him as many years. He sees supper-trays brought in, and wonders if the fare is like that on the Island, where he has once served a month for drunkenness. He knows these are all charity patients, and while he is thinking about it his own supper of tea and toast appears.

The white-capped nurse comes again shortly with something in a glass, and Pat takes the opiate without question. The ward grows quiet, for night has come. Now and then there is a groan from some cot, or the snore of a sleeping patient. The nurse tells him the pain will soon leave him, and he looks at her white cap and admires it and her neat apron, and wonders if she and the others are like the Sisters of Charity, and, wondering, he falls asleep and knows no more till daylight.

A BELLEVUE HOSPITAL NURSE.

By the end of the second day he feels quite at home and has begun to take an interest in his temperature card. At first this puzzles him, but he listens attentively as the nurse explains, and he looks at the card respectfully. After this he studies it for himself from day to day and sees how he is gaining. This and the three meals a day are a constant interest, and the fixed routine seems to make the time go faster. The men on either side of him tell their stories and listen to his.

He had meant to resent the coming in of the students, but they do no harm and he is rather interested in watching them and seeing how pleased they are with the way his fractured bones are knitting. There are books and papers, and as he mends he reads them. When he is promoted to crutches and takes his first unsteady steps on them, he is as proud as is a mother of her baby's first attempt, and his neighbors in adjoin-

ing cots seem to feel the same. The man on his right, whose diet he envied because now and then he had a little wine, is gone. His bed was empty one morning when Pat waked, and his left-hand neighbor says low:

"I was wakin' a bit in the night, an' Casey wint off that aisy not wan knew he was gone till the night watch come along. They've tuk him down to the dead-house an' soon they'll be cuttin' him up."

Pat shudders, but an hour later hears the nurse telling some inquiring friend that poor Casey is going to have a fine funeral with seven carriages, all paid for by his cousin in the Bowery. He changes his mind and is ready to swear that everything in the hospital is different from what he has been told. In spite of his leg he feels better than he ever has in his life. His eyes have grown clear; his flesh looks fresh and wholesome, though he is pale from confinement. But he hobbles about the ward, growing stronger daily, and looking now and then at another card that has hung at the head of his cot ever since he came in. On it is written who Pat is and what he is there for. When the word "cured" is added he will go out, and he wonders just how long will be needed. In the mean time he reads, plays checkers or cards, eats his three meals with relish, and repeats his experience to all who will listen. At last comes a day when the doctor has him try his leg in various positions, and then, taking down the card, writes on it the magic word for which he has waited. Pat is cured. He goes down to the office; receives his discharge, and, a little dazed with freedom and broad daylight, makes his way to his old quarters, let us hope to profit by his experience.

This is the tale of the surgical ward, where Pat, while lying on his cot has seen every form of injury, from a nose split by falling down stairs, to a fractured skull and a broken neck; for during his stay the ambulance has made many another trip no less hurried than that made for him.

It is nearly night when the clangor of the "hurry" call

sounds over and over again, as if a strange hand were on it, and once more the ambulance dashes out on its errand of mercy. In five minutes the spot is reached, and the child who lies in the street, mercifully unconscious, is lifted gently after a hasty bandaging of the crushed foot. She has run before a horse-car, has been thrown down and will never run again, for the foot and leg half way to the knee are a shapeless mass. When the sufferer has been gently placed on a stretcher, the ambulance returns to Bellevue at a swift pace. The little patient is taken to the reception-room, and the examining surgeon at once assigns her to one of the surgical wards, whither she is taken. She has been undressed and a clean white nightgown put on before consciousness returns. It is impossible to save the foot, and the surgeon decides on instant amputation to save further shock to the system. The operating-table is always in readiness, and every facility for such an emergency at hand. Small time is needed for preparation. And now the nurses comfort her as they tell her to breathe through a curious cylinder they have put over her nose, and she will soon feel better. She struggles a little at first, but soon yields to the influence of ether and lies in an unconsciousness too deep for surgeon's knife to break. They are ready for her in the operating-room attached to the ward, whither she is at once taken. Every instrument required is already in a shallow basin of antiseptic solution. Assistants stand each in place, including four or five white-capped nurses. The duty of each is clearly defined. One attends to nothing but the etherization of the patient; another holds an antiseptic sponge and keeps the spot clean on which the surgeon is at work, or closes with forceps any blood-vessels that may be exposed. A nurse hands every instrument as needed, and there are always one or two others with sponges and antiseptic fluids for emergency. Contrary to all popular opinion it is a bloodless operation, nor is it a straight cut through to the bone. A flap must be made, and the nurses watch carefully as the surgeon takes the foot in one hand, and with the other makes a V-shaped incision after the first cut or so which finishes the amputation begun by the car-wheel. All

A CRITICAL CASE.—A BED-SIDE CONSULTATION FOR THE BENEFIT OF STUDENTS AND NURSES IN BELLEVUE HOSPITAL.

In critical or unusual cases demanding extra attention a class of medical students and hospital nurses is often present at a bedside consultation. As the experienced surgeon describes the case and lays down the appropriate law to the students, he is supplemented by the more experienced head-nurses, the younger ones eagerly drinking in every item mentioned by the authorities they strive to follow.

the jagged ends of bone are now sawed off; the blood-vessels are taken up and tied with cat-gut, and the flesh is brought together over the exposed bones and carefully tied edge to edge, so that it will easily unite. At intervals the wound had been freely wet with antiseptic solution, and it is now powdered with iodoform. Careful bandaging finishes the operation, and in half an hour from the time it began the child is again in bed and slowly returning to consciousness. She is drowsy, but in less pain than when she was put under the influence of ether. Sleep soon follows, and the little patient does not know till the next day that her foot is gone.

In special or unusual cases demanding extra attention a class of students and nurses is often present at a bedside consultation. As the experienced surgeon lays down the appropriate law to the students he is supplemented by the more experienced head-nurses, the younger ones eagerly drinking in every item mentioned by the authorities they strive to follow.

Antiseptic methods have revolutionized modern hospital surgery. Twenty-five years ago a surgeon who succeeded in closing a wound so that it "healed by the first intention," as their phrase has it, congratulated himself on a triumph, which might as easily have been a failure. The germ theory is at the bottom of this and many other things. Air and water are full of these deadly germs that irritate and inflame a wound if enclosed in it, but if this difficulty is conquered by the use of some harmless chemical in water which has been carefully distilled, all danger ceases. The surgeon's hands, the instruments, sponges, everything coming in contact with such a wound must be kept wet with this solution. With such precautions as these, operations that a generation ago were considered inevitably fatal are performed with perfect success, while wounds that once required six weeks for cure heal now in two or three, leaving only the faintest of scars. There is no surgical fever as in the past, and the whole process has been brought to almost absolute perfection.

It is to the great amphitheatre of Bellevue that much of this progress is due. We are apt to think of a hospital as a

place where young medical students experiment at will, often with barbarous disregard of patients' rights and feelings. There are sometimes such instances, it is true, but they are of the rarest.

Take the actual facts of an appointment to such position. The highest prize sought yearly by the graduates of the medical colleges is a hospital appointment. In the class of one of the house surgeons at Bellevue were over two hundred students. The twenty who stood highest were the ones eligible for such appointment, and out of these twenty but four would be chosen. Thus the men who won were the cream of the two hundred, and they accepted a task that only a man devoted to his profession would take. The work is in the highest degree responsible and burdensome, and there is no evading it. Food and sleep must often be renounced to meet the unceasing demands of the place. Its compensation is the experience — of which more is gained in a week than a year of private practice would bring — and the ease of getting into regular practice after such a probation.

It is in the wards that the students' work is chiefly done. In the great amphitheatre, operations are performed before the students by the most famous surgeons of New York, who gladly operate for the sake of keeping up their facility, as well as for humanity's sake. It is thus perfectly true that the charity patient at Bellevue receives as skilled treatment and careful nursing as falls to the lot of the rich man. Trained nurses watch for every change, a physician is within sound of his voice, and a visiting surgeon is ready to note every particular of the case. Home is best when convalescence begins, for there can be more freedom there; but till then a hospital ward must be counted one of the greatest of modern blessings in the security it affords that the wisest and best course will be taken with the patient.

The Bellevue amphitheatre is famous. No operating-room in the world has witnessed so many or so frequent triumphs of surgical skill. About the bare and unattractive apartment rises a steep bank of seats capable of holding between three and four hundred. In the arena stands the operating-table in a space

about twelve feet wide. It is low and long, seven feet by two, and has on it a thin hard mattress covered with rubber. No one who is laid upon it knows if it be hard or soft. Once upon it, the merciful ether quickly does its work, and the patient, whose face is hidden by the cone, lies flat, with the head turned to one

A SURGICAL OPERATION IN THE AMPHITHEATRE AT BELLEVUE HOSPITAL.

side that the tongue may not interfere with the breathing. The medical college professor in charge explains to the assembled students the nature of the operation, and work begins. It is of the swiftest. A leg has been known to be taken off in fifteen seconds. That did not complete the operation, but the time between the first touch of the knife and the removal of the severed leg was less than quarter of a minute. It was a case of hip disease, in which the leg was taken off a little below to avoid hemorrhage, and then the bone removed at the joint.

Skill like this has its own fascination, and the amphitheatre could tell many a tale of operations that are romances. Enthusiasm, skill well-nigh miraculous, results as thoroughly so, are part of the story of any modern hospital, and surgery has reached the point of science where uncertainty is small indeed. The child whose foot was taken off will go home in a fortnight or three weeks as well as ever, and the artificial foot that will be provided her is as like a natural one as science can make it, which is saying much.

Comparatively few surgical operations result fatally. There are naturally some cases where small chance exists for recovery, but the chance is always taken. Occasionally the last hours of an incurable are made comfortable by an operation undertaken with no other object than a peaceful end for the patient, and the life that has known only pain and anguish finds tranquillity and peace in dying. "I told her I might be able to give her two days of comfort by an operation; it might be a shorter time; and she might die under the knife," said a surgeon of a patient. "On the other hand, without an operation she would continue to suffer till she died. I told her husband the same; both consented to make the trial; he, because he could not endure seeing her agonies; she, because she could not endure having him see them. I performed the operation. She lived just thirty-six hours, in peace. Afterward he thanked me, with tears rolling down his cheeks, for those last precious, painless hours, although they hastened the end."

In the medical ward the same skillful treatment and careful attendance is maintained. For each and all are the white-capped nurses, the serious doctors, the throng of students, and the constant coming and going of new cases. The twelve hundred beds are always full. Every form of malady or deformity that can afflict mankind is seen in these wards, in which a constant weeding-out process goes on. Contagious diseases are sent to their appropriate hospital. Each special disease has its own hospital and staff of specialists, and the dispensaries which form part of the hospital system take pains to send patients needing hospital treatment to the proper one. The drug de-

partment at Bellevue annually dispenses for use in this hospital alone about 135,000 yards of surgical gauze, 600 pounds of lint, 3,500 pounds of absorbent cotton, 50 bales of oakum, and vast quantities of drugs, including nearly 1,000 pounds of ether. In the cellar about 75,000 bottles are washed annually.

Though many are free, it is the endeavor to make patients pay where possible, though at Bellevue the highest charge is

IN ONE OF THE FEMALE WARDS AT BELLEVUE HOSPITAL.

only three dollars and a half a week. In the New York Hospital prices range from seven to thirty dollars a week, and in the private rooms one may receive a care impossible in any private house even with a trained nurse. But the prejudice against hospitals as a whole runs through all ranks, and naturally enough. The freedom of home; the desire that those who are best loved may be near one, and the fear of dying alone, save for hired attendance, will always deter the great majority from accepting the hospital as the best place for quick and effectual treatment of disease.

For the mass who have no choice or who are incapable of

paying for attendance at home, the growth of special hospitals is often a boon beyond words.

The specialty of the New York Hospital is its surgical cases, and like most others it objects strongly to chronic ones. This at times bears heavily upon applicants. A perfectly respectable man who has spent all his money and is suffering from some chronic trouble that has disabled him, may make the rounds of the hospitals, growing more and more despairing with every refusal. St. Luke's most often opens its doors to such. But only five hospitals out of the long list are bound by their charter to take every patient that applies for admission. Nearly all will take what are called "emergency" cases, but a chronic invalid fills the room sorely needed for cases that demand immediate attention. The usual length of time for the ordinary patient is from a week to seventeen days, and there is constant pressure for room. No hospital likes to increase its death rate, and there is always a little feeling on this point. Bellevue sometimes makes complaint that if the other hospitals receive cases likely to die on their hands, they transfer them at once to it, as in a case of a large fire where several were burned so severely that death was inevitable.

There is an explanation for this and a perfectly reasonable one. In the New York Hospital for example, with its large proportion of serious cases of surgical operations, the recovery depends almost entirely on perfect rest and quiet. Even one severely burned patient, delirious and noisy as all such are likely to be, would keep the entire ward in an uproar, this meaning certain death for many other patients. It is a case where the individual must sometimes suffer for the general good, but such cases are rare. As a rule the stranger or citizen alike, who needs help, finds it, and the long roll of hospitals and dispensaries means a beneficence that it is hardly possible to overestimate.

There is one hospital, whose roof affords a strange and piteous sight. It is the Orthopedic Hospital on Lexington Avenue, and the roof is the playground for its convalescents.

Here are deformed little ones, some with feet bent double, some with bodies set laterally from hips, twisted, bent, held up by iron belts and trusses and all devices of modern surgery; and here on the roof, far remote from the din of streets, they play as if sickness were not and pain had been forgotten. Wonderful cures go out from here, and if there are not always cures, there is always relief.

IN THE CHILDREN'S WARD AT BELLEVUE HOSPITAL.

An hour spent in the children's ward of any great hospital convinces one that for the majority, home could offer nothing so perfect in care and often nothing so wise and tender. The first entrance into such a ward fills one with pity and sympathy that is often heartbreaking. They are so patient, these suffering little ones, who obey implicitly, and bear their pain so mutely that even the experienced doctors and nurses are often moved to tears of wonder and pity. They are easily entertained. A scrap-book of bright pictures, a doll that can be hugged close, a toy or flower, are dear delights. Many

visitors come and go, and seldom come empty-handed. Often the child finds special friends and is adopted or otherwise cared for; and often, in the quiet and healing of long weeks of cleanliness, good food, and all that had been lacking in a life of poverty before, real health begins, and the child lays the foundation of a new life.

A children's ward is a world in itself, in which the inhabitants are "little people," with different language, manners, feelings, and thoughts to men and women. Children are much more difficult to nurse than adults. Their language is often quite inadequate to express what they feel, and in their sorrows and wants they are more or less dumb. A nurse must read the "unwritten speech" of their eyes, hands, and feet, and watch their tears, smiles, gestures, and expressions, to divine what they mean. A celebrated French physician, who had charge of the Hospital for Waifs and Strays in Paris, declared that he was able to diagnose children's diseases from the lines and furrows on their faces. A skillful nurse will learn almost as much from their cries.

It is beautiful to see how the eyes of the little sufferers brighten when the nurses speak to them in their low and gentle voices. When they have got over the worst of their troubles, and find themselves in pleasant rooms, made still more cheerful by pictures, illuminated texts, and flowers; in common possession of picture-books, dolls, Noah's-arks, rocking-horses, and live kittens, and sole proprietors of other toys, with little shelves to range them on; well fed and cleanly clad, and waited on by those kindly ministering angels, the little patients must almost fancy themselves in heaven.

As strength comes back to them, they indulge in plenty of fun. They "play at doctors," gravely looking at one another's tongues and feeling one another's pulses; they cuddle and dress up their kittens like babies, and put their dolls' hair into curl-papers. When convalescence permits a little more latitude in diet, they are often as hard to please as patients of older years. One little mite, when asked to order her dinner, demanded "beefsteak and onions," and another "sassenges!"

In the ordinary wards there is a medley of cases. Of those seen in a recent visit to a children's ward, some were on the floor playing, while others watched them from the spotlessly white little beds. One small boy, who had been beaten almost to a jelly by a drunken father, howled at the top of his

DISCHARGED. A PATIENT RECEIVING HER BUNDLE OF CLOTHES IN THE OLD CLOTHES ROOM AT BELLEVUE HOSPITAL.

lungs while his wounds were being dressed, and when all was over proceeded to torment every other child in the ward. There is always one nuisance of this description, and it complicates the nurse's work immensely. He was sent back to bed finally, and lay there kicking off the coverlet or winding it about him till quieted by a fresh scrap-book. Next to him was

a three-year-old child swathed in bandages. It had been thrown on a red-hot stove by a drunken mother, and it was doubtful if the contracted sinews could ever be made to yield. The seven-year-old child with his right leg in plaster was kicked down stairs by his father, who is now on Blackwell's Island, and next to him was Tommy, aged three, sitting up and just recovering from a burn contracted on his own account in examining a kettle of boiling water. Yonder mite of a girl has lost one leg, and is destined to lose the other. Her pride in the perambulator in which she takes her airings, and which she looks upon as her own private carriage, is the way in which the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb. Another is waiting for the surgeon to free her from a hideous tumor; a third is crying, not so much on account of her own sufferings as because it is washing-day at home and she cannot be there to mind the baby!

We are apt to lose sight of the fact that children live in the present. The little ones are cognizant of no past and no future, and therefore, while they suffer, they suffer with their entire nature. They have no "superannuated memories," no philosophy by which to rob grief of its sting; thus their sorrows fill their whole hearts and minds, although they weep but for the loss of a plaything or the broken neck of a doll. Most nurses love children. One can see the motherhood in their eyes as they bend over their cots and soothe them to sleep. And small wonder that they love them so well. The most beautiful thing in this life is the faith and trust of a child, and the world can never grow really old while it possesses little children. Most of those in the children's ward come from terrible homes, where they see vice and sin rampant, and "the world, the flesh, and the devil" are present both night and day. No halo of love and goodness surrounds their poor lives, as a rule, but they grow up to sin in their wretched tenement-rooms as easily as they would grow up to be good in happy homes.

One night not long since a child in a hospital ward lay dying. She heard some drunken men brawl as they passed

AN EVERY-DAY SCENE IN THE MORGUE.—IDENTIFYING THE UNKNOWN DEAD.

It is the Morgue, where lie—often to the number of thirty or forty—the unclaimed and unknown dead in rough pine boxes of the very cheapest description. At the head of each coffin is tacked a card giving all the information that is known of each case, and stating whether the person died friendless or the body is waiting for friends. But the majority of the silent occupants of the Morgue are unknown. They wait in vain for friends to identify them, and find rest at last in nameless graves in the Potter's Field.

under the window. "That's father," the child said; "he comes home tipsy every night." The nurse looked at the little face, and thought it was terrible that the child should die having known nothing of this world but its sin. She spoke of God and of heaven, but the child could not understand. Taking some violets from a cup on the table, the nurse said, "Look at these; the flowers in heaven are more beautiful than violets." "Oh, then may I pick them?" said the child.

In spite of the loving care lavished on the little sufferers, and the flower-like way in which those who are getting over their sufferings open to the sunshine, sadness must be the dominant outcome of a walk through the children's ward,—all the more so if the visitor has healthy, rollicking children of his own waiting to welcome him at home.

At the end of the lawn at Bellevue, close by the river and partly extending over the water, is a long, low building. It is the Morgue, where lie—often to the number of thirty or forty—the unclaimed and unknown dead in rough pine boxes of the very cheapest description. At the head of each coffin is tacked a card giving all the information that is known of each case. Of those who die in hospital it is generally possible to give the name, age, native place, and date of death, and these items are carefully noted on the card. It is also stated whether the person died friendless or the body is waiting for friends. But the majority of the silent occupants of the Morgue are unknown. They wait in vain for friends to identify them, and find rest at last in nameless graves in the Potter's Field.

There is one portion of Bellevue seldom seen by the public, and holding almost as much tragedy as the Morgue not far beyond. It is the Prisoners' Ward, where are cells for sick prisoners of every order. Slight ailments are treated by police surgeons in the various jails of the city where prisoners happen to be lodged. The numerous police station-houses also have cells where an army of prisoners is confined every night; but the Tombs is the great receiving center, over fifty thousand prisoners passing through it annually.

Naturally, then, there are many patients, and all critical cases are removed to Bellevue. Often, too, in attempted murder, where the murderer seeks suicide as his only way out, both murderer and victim may be taken here. Men, women, and even children, who stab and throttle even more than the newspapers record, lie under guard, knowing that when recovery

THE "CAGE" OR PRISONERS' WARD AT BELLEVUE HOSPITAL.

comes the law and its course awaits them. Here come weeping friends, sadder even than those who seek the Morgue, and breathe freer when they find that death has ended the career that was disgrace and misery for both sinner and sinned against.

To one of these cells there came one morning a woman bearing the usual permit to visit a patient. She was a slender, pale little woman, with the look of delicate refinement that sor-

row had only intensified, and she looked at the physician, who was just leaving the patient, with clear eyes which had wept often, but kept their steady, straightforward gaze.

"I am not certain," she said. "I have searched for my boy for a long while, and I think he must be here. All the clues have led me here. I want to see him."

The doctor looked at her pitifully as she went up to the narrow bed where the patient lay, a lad of hardly twenty, with his face buried in the pillow. His fair hair, waving crisply against the skin browned by exposure, had not yet been cut, for the hospital barber who stood there had found it so far impossible to make him turn his head.

"He's lain that way ever since they brought him in yesterday," said the barber, and then, moved by something in the agitated face before him, turned his own away. The mother, for it was quite plain who this must be, stooped over the prostrate figure. She knew it as mothers know their own, and laid her hand on the burning head.

"Charley," she said, softly, as if she had come into his room to rouse him from some boyish sleep,—"Mother is here."

A wild cry rang out that startled even the experienced physician.

"For God's sake take her away! She doesn't know what I am. Take her away!"

The patient had started up, and wrung hands of piteous entreaty. "Take her away!" he still cried, but the mother gently folded her arms about him and drew his head to her breast.

"Oh, Charlie, I have found you," she said through her sobs, "and I will never lose you again."

The lad looked at her for a moment. His eyes were like hers, large and clear, but with the experience of a thousand years in their depths; a beautiful, reckless face, with lines graven by passion and crime. Then he burst into weeping like a child.

"It's too late! it's too late!" he said in tones almost inaudible. "I'm doing you the only good turn I've done you, mother. I'm dying, and you won't have to break your heart over me

any more. It wasn't your fault. It was the cursed drink that ruined me, blighted my life and brought me here. It's murder now, but the hangman won't have me, and I shall save that much of disgrace for our name."

As he spoke he fell back upon his pillow; his face changed, and the unmistakable hue of death suddenly spread over his handsome features. The doctor came forward quickly, a look of anxious surprise on his face. It was plain that the end was near.

"I didn't know he was that bad," the barber muttered under his breath, as he gazed at the lad holding still to his mother's hand. The doctor lifted the patient's head and then laid it back softly. Life had fled.

"It is better to have it so," he said to himself in a low voice, and then stood silently and reverently, ready to offer consolation to the bereaved mother, whose face was still hidden in the boy's breast. She did not stir. Something in the motionless attitude aroused vague suspicion in the mind of the doctor, and moved him to bend forward and gently take her hand. With an involuntary start he hastily lifted the prostrate form, and quickly felt pulse and heart only to find them stilled forever.

"She is gone too," he softly whispered, and the tears stood in his eyes. "Poor soul! It is the best thing for both of them."

That is one story of the prison ward of Bellevue, and there are hundreds that might be told, though never one sadder or holding deeper tragedy than this one recorded here.

CHAPTER XIV.

FLOWER MISSIONS AND THE FRESH AIR FUND — THE DISTRIBUTION OF FLOWERS AMONG THE SICK AND POOR — ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS.

Along the River Front — A Dangerous Locality — First Lessons in Thieving — Headquarters of River Pirates — The Influence of Flowers in a Region of Vice and Crime — Fighting Bad Smells with Good Ones — A Magic Touch — Bud and Bloom in the Windows of the Poor — Flowers and Plants in Tumble-Down Houses and Tenement Rookeries — Distributing Flowers Among the Sick — Flowers in Hospitals — The Story of a Bunch of Buttercups — Children Carrying Flowers to Bed with Them — "The Pansy Man" — Taking Flowers out for a Walk — Effect of Flowers on a Sick Child — The Story of "Long Sal" and Her Geranium — A Female Terror — Going out to "Catch Raspberries" — Slum Children's First Week in the Country — A Suspicious Mother — Rich Results from Two Dollars a Week — A City Backyard — Afraid to Pick Flowers — "Ain't They God's?"

TWENTY years and more of effort have made a different name for one of the most infamous regions of New York. Corlear's Hook, once unknown ground to all save the police and the gangs of thieves, murderers, and tramps that infested it, is no longer the scene of murders and other terrible crimes that made it notorious a generation ago; but it is still one of the most lawless regions in the city, and the headquarters for the most daring of the river-thieves.

The Hook proper is at the bend of the East River. The great machine-shops and storage-warehouses that lie along its front are hives of industry by day, but when night comes and workmen and clerks have departed it is a deserted region. Back of these shops and warehouses lies a network of narrow street and lanes, in the squalid rookeries of which the thieves often conceal the plunder obtained in their nightly raids on the river. Like the Five Points it was for years dangerous to ven-

ture there after nightfall, and like that quarter it owes its partial reconstruction to the work of the Children's Aid Society and the various missions under its care.

The children of Corlear's Hook fare better than those of the Five Points in one sense, for they live along the river front, play on the docks and woodpiles, enjoy the sunshine like any young Neapolitan, and swim and sport in the river under the very eyes of the police. Every available inch of ground is made use of for houses, each lot having a rear tenement also, thus shutting out air and sun ; and the children fly from these dens to the docks, where they take their first lessons in thieving.

More than twenty years ago the founder of the Children's Aid Society, while wandering among the wretched dwellings and pondering as to the fate of these waifs, came upon an old shell of a public school building, with the unusual advantage of being open to air and sun on four sides. This was at once rented and was afterwards transformed into one of the most novel and attractive agencies for good that can be found in the city. The man chosen for its superintendent had not only love for his work but a keen artistic sense. Any room in his hands, by means of plants, flowers, leaves, or even old prints and engravings, took on a pleasant aspect; and he brought all his gifts to bear upon this forsaken spot, with its surroundings of old rookeries and broken-down tenements.

The back yard — a mere strip of a place hardly bigger than a respectable closet — was the first to yield to his magic touch. Here he planted shrubs, flowers, and vines about a shaded seat, where for a moment those who rested on it might fancy themselves in the country. Sewers and bilge-water were the best-known smells in this region, and he fought them with hyacinths and heliotrope and violets. In the school-room above, and through the lodging-house which was part of the mission of the building, plants and flowers were scattered about, unconsciously taming the rough little subjects who came in, and who begged for a single flower with an eagerness that could not be denied.

Windows overran with them. Bud and blossom, green leaves, and trailing vines, were everywhere. The little yard

was full, and the superintendent proceeded to build a greenhouse, where, though he had never learned the art of floriculture, he had marvelous success. Soon a novel reward was suggested to the young vagabonds of Rivington Street, — and indeed of the whole region, — who flocked in, full of delight over the growing things. The best children in the school were allowed to take a plant home with them; and if they brought it back in a few months, improved and well cared for, they received others as a premium. Soon in the windows of the poorest, most tumble-down houses and tenement rookeries one saw flowers growing, or met the little savages of the district carrying a plant more carefully than they did the baby entrusted to their care. A little aquarium in the school-room, with its aquatic plants, was no less a dear delight, and children came from miles away, attracted by the fame the flowers and plants had given to the mission.

IN THE PROPAGATING ROOM.

The supply of flowers proved utterly inadequate to the demand. Sick children in the Ward begged for them, and a few wealthy persons who knew of the work that was being carried

on sent occasional supplies from their greenhouses; but even this was not enough, and formal appeal was made to the public for flowers for the poor, and especially for the Sick Children's Mission and the hospital.

It was thus that the first Flower Mission of New York began its work. The appeal was generously answered from all sides. Sunday-school children especially were interested in hearing of the sick children who perhaps had never seen a flower, and they gathered wild ones or began little gardens on their own account. A receiving-room was soon a necessity, where all flowers were sent. A large table long enough and broad enough to hold the loose flowers and allow of sorting them, shallow troughs for receiving the bouquets, plenty of string and scissors, and a few chairs completed the furniture of the room.

Beginning as a Mission, the undertaking, like everything else with which Mr. Brace had to do, took on many phases. As much space as possible had been utilized for lodgers. A school had been opened at once, and the care of plants and flowers had been part of its work; and thus, as the building enlarged and the work grew, many interests centered under the one roof, and still distinguish it from other "Homes" belonging to the same Society.

In the Home itself, which very shortly became the property of the Society, and which is now known as the "East Side Lodging-House for Boys," another feature was soon added. A small building was put up in the rear for bathing purposes, and upon this a greenhouse was built, opening into the schoolroom, so that to-day every street waif who looks up from his desk sees a vista of flowers. The superintendent's own rooms are a bower of green, and the expression of the whole place is unlike that of any other Home or Refuge in the whole city. A propagating-house was added, from which thousands of slips were given out; and recently its capacity has been so increased that over fifty thousand plants are propagated from seeds or cuttings during the year.

The great difficulty comes with the winter months, when

distributing work among the tenements ceases, and the young potted stock must be cared for. Most of the young plants are given as prizes to the children of the many Industrial Schools connected with the Society, and a floral festival once a year brings them back again as evidence of the care bestowed. On that day the mothers come with the children, and the spacious audience-room is filled with a mass of green. The girls suc-

THE VIEW FROM THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

ceed best, and show their specimens with pride. Often a severe winter kills their pets, but this is much less common since the use of self-feeding stoves began, which even in the coldest nights keep the temperature above freezing-point.

Thousands of poor families now have their windows filled with beautiful plants. They have learned the art of propagating the hardiest kinds, and ivies, fuchsias, and geraniums flourish under their care. But there is always lack of pots. Old tin cans with flaming labels, or small wooden boxes, take their place, but the plants can never thrive so well as in pots with proper drainage. To supply the demand for them would require a fund of not less than two hundred and fifty dollars, and this has never yet been raised.

There are Floral Committees in many of the surrounding country towns, and there is growing interest in the work of

Flower Missions. The season opens about the first of May with bouquets of wild flowers, and closes in November with gorgeous chrysanthemums.

Flowers come in all sorts of ways. Those who understand the work either make them in small bouquets or separate the varieties, laying them in flat baskets with layers of wet cotton batting between. Often they come in great bunches and must be sorted and made over. Railroads and express companies deliver them free, and each year the interest increases.

Distribution is the heaviest task. City missionaries, Bible readers, nurses, and druggists throughout the poor districts, all co-operate in the work, and last year saw the distribution of over a hundred thousand bouquets and bunches of flowers among the sick and the poor. The general mission known as the New York City Flower Mission, whose rooms are at 104 East Twentieth Street, does active work from May to November, distributing both flowers and fruit. Four hundred towns in the vicinity of the city are contributors, and Smith, Amherst, and Vassar colleges also send flowers. Not only hospitals of all sorts, but the Homes for the Aged and Infirm are now included in the work of distribution.

Some donors make a specialty of one flower. Pinks come in profusion from one well-known name; and an unknown contributor, registered as the "pansy man," sends in thousands of his favorite flower; while from another source, in one year, came eighteen hundred pond-lilies. Fruit is distributed to some extent, but flowers seem most desired. Men in hospitals beg for pinks and look after the distributors with hungry eyes. Women prefer roses, and the children clutch at anything with color and sweetness.

There are as many stories as flowers in this work. In one window of a rear tenement three geraniums bloom and show thrifty growth, which owe their life to the care of three tots who daily take them to walk with a devotion which even the street Arabs respect. They march with them to Tompkins Square and sit in the sun till the pots are supposed to be charged with it. That they are giving themselves also a bath

of healing and health does not suggest itself directly, but indirectly many a mother has learned that, if plants would thrive, sun and air and water must be had, and has in degree at least applied the lesson to the little human plants in her keeping.

In the general distribution all classes are cared for. From the sick child in hospital ward or stifling tenement-house, to the sewing-girl working through the long summer days on the heavy woolen garments that must be ready for the Fall and Winter trade, there is always the sorrow of the poor and the bitter want that is so often part of the tragedy. Not till one has seen how pale faces light, and thin hands stretch eagerly for this bit of brightness and comfort, can there be much realization of what the Flower Mission really does and what it means to its thousands of beneficiaries. The poorest know it best. There is a grim tenement-house on Roosevelt Street where a pretty child, with drunken father and hard-working patient mother, lay day after day in the exhaustion of fever. Nothing could rouse him, and the mother said sorrowfully,

WINNERS OF THE PRIZE. POOR CHILDREN CARRYING HOME GROWING PLANTS.

"He'll go the way of all the rest, an' I'm not knowin' but he'll be better off."

A city missionary bearing her load of bloom from country fields and meadows brought in a bunch of buttercups and laid them in the wasted little hand, which closed upon them with sudden energy. The dim eyes opened wide, and the dry little lips smiled faintly as the child looked at the pretty yellow flowers. All that Monday he held them tight, clasping them closer, and his mother tried to take them and put them in water. When he fell asleep she set them in a broken cup close by him, and he reached for them as soon as he awoke. On Thursday the missionary, who came again with fresh ones, found the withered stems still in the little hand.

"Sure I've done the best I could," said the mother, "an' kep' them in water whenever he'd give me the chance, but he won't hear to their bein' anywhere but just in his hand. They'll be the makin' of him, maybe, an' now he's willin' to eat, an' I'm thinkin', please God, he'll live after all."

The crippled children show the same delight, carrying the flowers to bed with them, and watching the distributors with eager eyes. Prisoners in the jail, men and women alike, stretch their hands through the bars for them, and there is one woman whose life, to the deep amazement of everybody concerned, has altered utterly under their influence.

It is "Long Sal," well known to the "Hook" as thief, drunkard, fighter, and general disturber of the peace; a powerful creature nearly six feet tall and with muscles of a man, who fought and bit when arrested, and had left her mark on many a policeman. Over and over again she had been sent to the Island, emerging sometimes to a period of hard work which she knew well how to do, and then relapsing into old ways.

Into the Tombs one day came the city missionary with some tiny bouquets, a sprig of geranium and a bright verbena, and "Long Sal" looked at her wistfully. The missionary had not meant to give her one. Indeed there had been no thought that she would do anything but throw them aside contempt-

uously. But "Long Sal" eagerly took them and retreated to her cell, from which issued presently a call for the matron. This patient and much-enduring woman, who appeared in due time, looked with amazement hardly less than that of the missionary at the new expression on Sal's blear-eyed, sodden face.

"I used to have great luck with slips when I was a gal," said "Long Sal." "Gimme a bottle or something with water in it, and mor'n likely this bit o' geranium will live."

The matron brought it silently, fearing to add a word, and Sal tended her geranium with devotion, sending it out regularly by the keeper for air and a sunning. It prospered, and as it grew something grew with it. When Sal's day of release came she looked at the three new leaves on her slip as if each one were a talisman, and the matron said to her:

"When you are settled, Sal, and at work again, I will give you another plant."

Sal was silent, but as she walked away bearing the precious baby geranium she cast back one look at the matron, — an inscrutable look that might mean a fixed intention not to settle down at all, or a dim and undefined resolution to make the plant life a success whatever might come to her own.

It is the truest things that carry often the most improbable sound with their telling, and so all are welcome to doubt the tale. But it stands on record that Sal, though yielding now and then to her old temptation of drink, remained faithful to whatever pledge she had made the geranium, which grows still, a great plant, every leaf cared for to the utmost by the woman who was once the terror of the Ward. She is not a saint even now, but she is no longer a terror, nor is she alone in the experience which bears witness to what power dwells in beauty, and how even what looks most helpless may through the ministry of flowers be reached in ways of which man has not yet found out the knowledge.

The Fresh Air Fund and its mission are no less important; but it reaches children alone, though in special cases infants with their mothers are allowed to share its benefits. This

form of charity, however, is rather for the Seaside Homes, and one or two places where small Homes have been opened for those who need the country. The Fresh Air Fund known at present as the "Tribune Fresh Air Fund" is quite apart from these, and began, like the work of the Children's Aid Society, in the thought of one man.

It is to the Rev. Willard Parsons, then a minister in a little country town in Pennsylvania, that the movement owes its birth. Yet true to that curious law by which in spots far remote from each other the same thought makes itself felt, a wise woman whose name is associated with much of the best work done in Philadelphia, at the same time and almost in the same way declared the necessity of some action in behalf of the children of the poor, and thus the "country week" was born.

The young minister shared the stir; perhaps set the first waves in vibration. At any rate he had long had it at heart, and it had been talked over with a woman who from her invalid room looked out upon the world through others' eyes, but with an insight that went to the heart of all possibilities for help. Her word meant force equivalent to that of a dozen elders, and having told all his heart and found that his thought was sane and wise, the young minister went home and preached to his flock of hard-working Pennsylvania farmers a sermon that bore more fruit than even his wildest wish had conceived as possible.

The first letter written on the subject deserves record here:

SHERMAN, PENN., June 3, 1877.

MY DEAR MRS. L.:—

The ball is in motion. I took for my text this morning, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me," and I made the practical bearing of my words the bringing out into our homes of some of the waifs and outcasts from the city. One man stopped on his way home to say that he would take four. In another house there is a call for a mother and baby, and so on through the town. The enthusiasm and response of my people have delighted me.

Next to get the money; then to tell the children. Must not two weeks in this pure mountain air be felt by them in after life? It seems to me that they are all but here.

Now may I have the introduction you promised me to Dr. Eggleston?

I shall try for a pass over the road to go back and forth with the children myself, and perhaps I can arrange with some of these good people on the way to bring us a country lunch as the train comes along. Some good angel whisper it in the ears of the little ones. Tell tired mothers there is life for their children in this fresh country air.

WILLARD PARSONS.

The name was an unknown one outside his own parish, but through Dr. Eggleston, who was just about to sail for Europe, interest was aroused. The Erie Railroad proved that one corporation at least had a soul, for full fares were reduced to half fares, and half to quarter, and a pass was given Mr. Parsons, and on July 19th the first group went out. Nine children, mere wraiths of what wholesome childhood should be, were there; crippled, in consumption, weak from whooping-cough, each one stamped by disease, and pinched and thin for want of food. There was doubt as to how they could bear the journey, but excitement kept them up, and a long night's rest made them ready for the miracles of the first country day.

With morning they swarmed out to "catch raspberries" and make acquaintance with the soil in general, good portions of which were brought in on clothes and hands. They proved perfectly manageable, and at the end of the two weeks returned home transformed from prematurely old, sad-eyed little figures, into live children, weighted down with gifts and crying to stay longer. Their places were taken by seventeen new ones, received this time without anxiety, for the work was now understood. A blue ribbon bow was chosen as the badge, and the group who next went out were all sufferers with a dozen ailments.

The diary of that summer's work is full of pathos and no less full of absurdity. The sixty who shared the good provided for them did so at a total cost of $187.62. But it was far easier at first to get the money than to get the children. Often the little thing was a bread-winner, and the widowed mother — perhaps an invalid herself — did not know how to spare the sum brought in. Sometimes, too, the childish hands did the housework and "minded baby" while the mother went out to day's work; and sometimes there was dark suspicion of

motives, and parents nodded significantly as they said to one another,

"I'll not be lettin' my children be kidnapped away, and me maybe, never settin' eyes on 'em again."

For the most part there was at last full recognition of the good involved. Often the children made friends for life, and adoption resulted in some cases. For all, the same experience was certain; a fortnight of bliss and revelation, and a return loaded down with strange packages of everything that could be carried.

The unpleasant side was chiefly the burning of straw and washing of ticks. Some of the children had never slept in a bed, and all required to be taught what daily washing meant and all the first principles of cleanliness.

Very soon it became evident that working girls needed help almost as seriously, but many objections arose. Children could be disciplined and taught much even in a week's stay, but growing girls, pert, very probably, self-sufficient and aggressive, were a very different matter. One resolute woman who had announced that she would tie her own children to a tree if need be, rather than reject the waif who needed her home, decided to take in the girls and see what would come of it. They were to pay what they could, and the rate was fixed at two dollars a week.

Six girls came for a fortnight, and never did dollars of their earning produce such rich results. So far from being aggressive, they were gentle, timid, over-worked creatures, requiring constant assurance to make them willing to take all intended for them. Other doors were opened at once. It was found that three dollars a week for board and washing still left a margin of profit for their entertainers.

To-day, shop-girls and working-girls of every order are provided for, and also young mothers worn with care, and working-women in all occupations. Mr. Parsons has for years had full charge of what is generally known as "The Tribune Fresh Air Fund," but many papers aid in the same work, recognizing him as leader. It is impossible to give more than a hint of its

wide-reaching beneficence; but a typical case must find room here, as the strongest illustration of what possibilities lie in the work, which is far more in the line of the self-protection of society than a charity.

Long ago in a dull old street, making part of an equally dull and colorless part of old New York, a very solitary child extracted such amusement from life as forty feet of back yard could afford. He sat in his small rocking-chair and listened to the talk about him, growing a little paler, a little more uncanny all the time, till one day a country cousin appeared, and, horrified that anything so old and weazened could call itself a boy, begged that he might go home with her.

There was infinite objection, but her point was finally carried, and the child found himself suddenly in a country village, a great garden about the house, a family dog and cat, a cow, an old horse, and all the belongings of village life. Old-fashioned flowers were all about, and the old-fashioned boy sat down in the garden path by a bed of spice pinks and looked at them, his hands folded, and a species of adoration on his face.

"Pick some," said the cousin. "Pick as many as you want."

"Pick them!" repeated the old-fashioned boy. I'm afraid to. Ain't they God's?"

An hour later the seven years' crust had broken once for all, and the child who had to be put to bed exhausted from his scrambles through and over every unaccustomed thing began to live his first day of real child life. When the time came for his return, he begged with such passion of eagerness, such storms of sobs and cries, for longer stay, that the unwilling aunt and grandmother left him there, and, finding the transformation when he did return beyond either comprehension or management, sent him back to the life he craved.

To-day he holds high rank among American painters, though only Heaven knows how the possibility of such development found place in this strange offshoot of a Philistine race. But he counts his own birthday from the hour when the first sense of sky and grass and flowers dawned upon him, and he looked upon the garden that he thought truly God had planted.

CHAPTER XV.

A DAY IN A FREE DISPENSARY — RELIEVING THE SUFFERING POOR — MISSIONARY NURSES AND THEIR WORK — A TOUCHING STORY.

From Hod-Carrying to Aldermen — Leavening the Whole Lump — A Great Charity — Filthy but Thrifty — A Day at the Eastern Dispensary — Diseases Springing from Want and Privation — A Serious Crowd — Sifting out Impostors — The Children's Doctor — Forlorn Faces — A Doomed Family — A Scene on the Stairs — Young Roughs and Women with Blackened Eyes — A Labor of Love — Dread of Hospitals — "They Cut You Open Before the Breath is out of Your Body" — The Black Bottle — Sewing up a Body and Making a Great Pucker in the Seam — A Missionary Nurse — A Tale of Destitution, Sickness, and Death — A Pathetic Appeal — A Starving Family — Just in Time — Heartbroken — A Fight with Death — "Work is all I Want" — A Merciful Release — Affecting Scenes — A Ceaseless Vigil.

IN the lower wards of the city is concentrated the strange foreign life that gives New York its title of "cosmopolitan." One might even say that these streets with their always flowing tide of humanity, a procession never ending and never ceasing its march, was simply the continuation of that begun in the middle ages, of which Michelet says that they presented the spectacle only of a vast funeral pile, on which mounted successively Jew, Saracen, Catholic, and Protestant.

We do not burn the people, but we do stifle and poison them in the tenement-houses which are the disgrace of the city. In the old days — say fifty or sixty years ago — these streets were quiet shaded places filled with the homes of the well-to-do. First came the Irish, and the Americans fled before them. Presently the new-comers vacated the tenement-houses for better quarters a little farther up, and as they left hod-carrying and kindred employments, and developed into the rulers of the city, they ascended still farther, till now Fifth Avenue knows

them, and many another street into which money has carried them. Later came the Italians to fill the emptying places, while the German Jews crowded the streets farther down. Now they too are moving on, forced out by the swarm of Polish, Hungarian, and Russian Jews. They fill whole streets, as well as the schools which once had a monopoly of the German element, and the old New Yorker occasionally wonders where the American is to go.

Cosmopolitan the city certainly is, since it is the first Irish and the third German city in the world. But one soon discovers that even under its most foreign aspect these new arrivals grouped in picturesque confusion are not by any means the same as when at home. Already the new leaven has begun to work. The races have not yet blended, but the mere presence and contact of all these dissimilar atoms results in an amalgam which is itself American. London is an enormous aggregation of little villages. New York — even when one sees that each nationality has its own distinct place — is yet one, since every ballot cast in the eight or nine hundred ballot-boxes open on election day finds its way at last to one center, typical of the real union underlying all differences.

The terror often expressed as to the characteristics of the Russian and Polish Jews is, to one who has watched them closely, a very unfounded one. No one knows this better than the physicians of the great charity known as the Eastern Dispensary, which every year treats over 60,000 charity patients, mostly foreigners who are too poor to pay for medical advice or needed medicine. The point in regard to which fear is quite legitimate is the filth in which they live, and the fact that in such filth contagion is inevitable. Aside from this they are far above the Irish in two cardinal virtues, thrift and abstemiousness. These virtues soon put them on their feet, and make them in time property-owners and employers.

Why have they come? Because political persecution drove them from home. They were a friendless people before they came. They were not wanted there, and they are not wanted here; and yet they are here, to be dealt with in such fashion

as we may. They are the most destitute people in the United States, for many of them fled from home leaving every possession behind, and landed on free soil paupers in everything but determination to work and earn. They land at Castle Garden, sick from confinement and dreadful crowding at sea, without money and without friends, and are directed to that quarter of the city that has become almost the exclusive property of their countrymen. They are hardly ever chronic charity-seekers. Their diseases come from want and privation,—very seldom from excess; and whoever looks into their patient faces sees a type that under favorable conditions will do good service to the Republic.

What is a day at the great Eastern Dispensary like? We will take Saturday, since it is the Hebrew holiday, and all the mothers who have been too busy through the week to pay much attention to their children's ailments wash and comb them now, and make part of the long procession climbing the stairs of the old armory which has for many years served as dispensary, and which forms part of the old Essex Street Market.

All the way down Grand Street from the Bowery it is a German city that we are in, till, as Essex Street is neared, the names change somewhat, and over the little shops one sees Hebrew signs and other tongues no less bewildering. Hardly an American is visible, save a stray visitor it may be, or some one hurrying through on business. The current at Essex Street sets toward the Dispensary. One has only to follow, and in a moment, as the corner is turned, one sees the long flight of stairs and becomes one of the climbing crowd.

At the top of the stairs a door opens into a large room in which are many benches, all of different colors. This is the first mystery, soon made plain. At the upper end of the room is a railed-off corner,—the distributing bureau; and before the physician in charge is a long pad of tickets, of the same colors as the benches. The managing physician smiles as he anticipates our question—Why these many-colored tickets and benches?

"Generally but one ticket is given in the ordinary dispensary," he says. "It gets dirty or torn, and there is also the danger of some infectious disease being communicated by it. Now we give fresh tickets at every visit, and, as most of the patients cannot read, the tickets are colored like the benches, so that patients know just where to go and wait their turn. All these doors opening from this receiving-room lead into the rooms where each specialty is treated. For example, this red ticket is surgical, and the patient goes and sits on a red bench till he hears the little bell from within which is the signal to tell him his turn has come. Blue is medical; yellow, eye and ear; gray, diseases of women and children; green, dental. The white tickets — one with letters printed in blue and the other in red ink — indicate the morning medical and surgical treatment. They are all numbered, you see, and thus form a register of the number of cases daily, and their character. Now the different rooms in turn can be visited, and an idea of the whole got in this way."

ITALIAN MOTHER AND HER SICK CHILD AT THE DISPENSARY.

It was hard to leave the corner from which observations could be taken at this first point of all. The great room had already over a hundred in waiting, chiefly mothers with babies or little children, but all ages were there also, and all degrees

of forlornness. All languages were heard, but the German preponderated, as all spoke it with more or less fluency. Many of them could not understand why they could not be treated at once, but they moved on at last, accepting the testimony of some one more familiar with the routine. Formerly all medicine was free, and if a patient did not like it he broke his bottle and came back for another kind.

With the attempt to make the institution self-supporting, this ended. Free medicine is still given to those who cannot pay, but, recognizing the pauperizing tendency of the free system for all, a fee of ten cents is now charged for those who can pay. The Irish complain loudly of this arrangement and demand free treatment, but the majority of the Hebrews pay without question. Where they say they cannot, they receive medicine free on the first application, and their names are sent to the United Hebrew Charities Association, or to that for "Improving the Condition of the Poor," for investigation. The result of this is reported back to the Dispensary. Thus all applicants get immediate treatment, impostors are sifted out, and the deserving poor are brought to the notice of the benevolent at the time they most need it.

Let us follow a patient with a blue ticket into the medical room. Our way lies past the drug department, before the window of which a crowd is already gathered. It is a motley one, stolid or eager, as national temperament compels. Weary mothers with sick and wailing babies in their arms; women with bandaged heads and men with arms in slings; children sent by sick fathers and mothers at home for needed medicine. On most of them is the unmistakable look that tells of patient suffering and half-starved lives. There is the Irishwoman ready for instant assault on the clerk if he fails to give full measure, and her brother countryman swearing that the city lets its doctor charge ten cents for a prescription "whin it's a free country an' if all had their rights charges would go down in a minute." The Italians eye them disdainfully and pay their money with dignity, and the sad-eyed Russian Jews give no token of what the inward comment may be. Reticence has

SATURDAY MORNING IN THE GREAT EASTERN FREE DISPENSARY. – RELIEVING DISTRESS AMONG THE SICK POOR.

Before the window of the drug department a motley crowd is already gathered. Here are weary mothers with sick and wailing babes in their arms; women with bandaged heads; men with arms in slings; and children sent by sick fathers and mothers at home for needed medicine. On most of them is the unmistakable look that tells of patient suffering and half-starved lives.

grown with every century of oppression and even freedom does not break the spell.

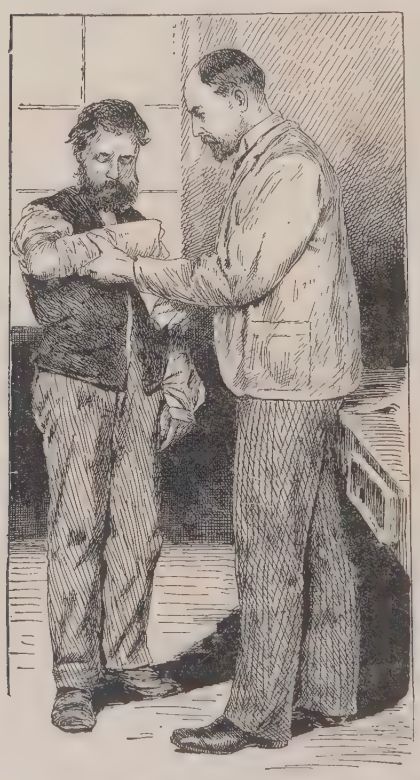
There is nothing in the medical room but a table at which sit two physicians; two or three chairs, and a few instruments near the washstand. Before one of the young, eager-looking men is a large open book, and the hesitating mother who has just entered with her babe looks at it apprehensively. It is the register of cases, so admirably arranged as to be a history of each one. The questions include name, age, birthplace, nationality, and disease, with memoranda as to treatment.

The applicants are in all degrees of trepidation. Now and then a young girl may laugh as she answers the queries, but for the most part there is seriousness painful to witness. The chief difficulty appears to be bronchial troubles. Often it is a touch of pneumonia, or influenza; most often dyspepsia, born of insufficient and improper food. The keen-eyed young doctor has, like all dispensary physicians, gained the power of almost instant diagnosis, and it will do him admirable service when he forsakes this training-school for general practice. It is this that makes the experience so valuable and so much sought after that admission is now on formal and rigid examination, and the position is no longer unpaid as formerly, but a salaried one.

There is no time to hear the stories many would tell. These come later when the visiting physicians make their rounds. One can see without words what some of them must be, but now and then there is a pause as some specially sad case presents itself, and the young doctor's eyes look pitifully at the forlorn faces. But the bench is full of waiting patients, and we must pass on to the surgical room.

It is only slight operations that are performed here, all severer ones going to the hospitals. Everything is done with antiseptic methods; bandages, instruments, all that must be used, are treated in this way, and at the same time everything is done to cause as little pain as possible. Chloroform is administered if necessary, and cocaine applied freely to lesser hurts. Young roughs come in to have a cut from knuckles

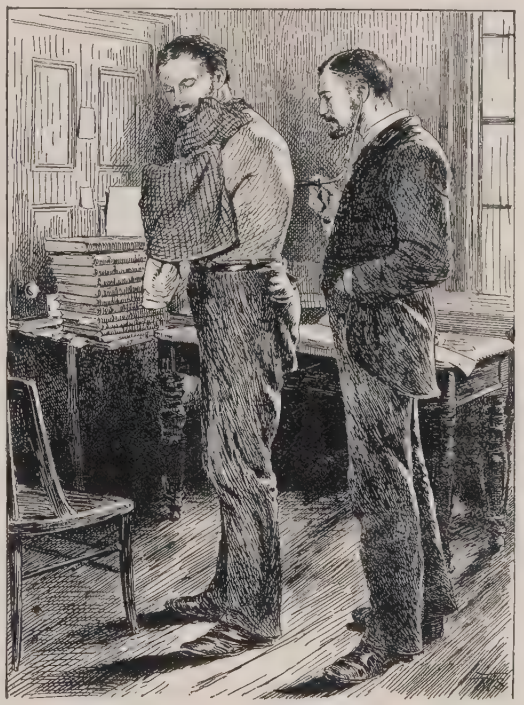
sewed up, or a bad bruise dressed. Women whose husbands have beaten them or given a black eye are here, and all types of accidental injuries. The work is of the swiftest. There is little outcry, and the cases succeed each other with bewildering rapidity. All are entered in the register, as in the other rooms, and nearly all thank the doctors as they go out.



IN THE SURGEON'S ROOM.

The children's room is just across, and to reach it we must once more go through the motley throng in the general waiting-room. By this time it is fairly swarming; the air is something inexpressible, though windows are open all about. In the children's little room, where a dark-eyed physician with the gentlest of faces is sitting, a row of babies of all ages and types is in waiting. Each mother, or sometimes father, for these Hebrew fathers are like mothers with their little ones, is told to loosen all the clothing so that a thorough examination can be made. Often it is only some lung or chest trouble, or more often general debility from wrong feeding. Sores, rashes, and so forth, are sent into the room for skin diseases. Sometimes the babies cry. Oftener they look with pleased eyes at the kind faces, and sometimes they break into little gurgles and coos of applause. But they are sad-eyed little things, most of them, and take life very seriously, and often there is the frightened look that tells of neglect and frequent blows.

There are shrieks from the dental room as we pass out, but they are mingled with a laugh, so that one knows no tragedy is going on. The tragedy is nearer. On the stairs, waiting for breath to come, sits a little woman, with soft, dark eyes, and the look of a hunted animal. By her is a man, tall and gaunt, with sombre black eyes burning in his pale face. The woman nods to the doctor as she enters his room, but she cannot speak for the moment, and the man looks at him dumbly, every feature worn with pain. A child presses against him with eyes like his own. The doctor stops for a moment, talks with husband and wife in German, and bids the man bare his back. Applying the stethoscope he listens intently to the patient's breathing, then turns away.



A HOPELESS CASE. EXAMINING A PATIENT'S LUNGS WITH THE STETHOSCOPE.

"There is little to be done," he says. "He is nearly gone in consumption, but he does not know it and I shall not tell him; his wife has asthma, as well as every one of the four children. They are hard workers, but down with sickness half the time, and then they half starve, for they tell no one of their condition till extremity is reached. The patience of these people has something terrible in it."

This is the verdict of all who work among this order of the

poor, and it is pleasant to see the change that grows slowly in them as the certainty of a living and freedom from oppression become confirmed. Their children will take on the spirit of the new life, and thus the city will have its return for any expenditure of money in general care.

The perfecting of the dispensary system means a great decrease in the numbers who need hospital treatment, and it is the hope of all who understand the vital nature of the work done that the forty or more now in existence will all become self-supporting, at least in great degree. Prescribing at the Dispensary itself is but the smallest part of the work done. Visiting physicians make a daily round among patients, and thus have extended opportunity for detecting contagious diseases in their early stages, and by taking prompt measures they prevent the spread of such diseases throughout the city.

A HEBREW MOTHER AND HER SICK BABY.

As illustration, a patient who applied at the Dispensary for relief was found to be suffering from scarlet fever. He was isolated from the other patients, and notice was given to the Board of Health. He was removed to his home and placed in charge of one of the Dispensary's visiting physicians, who attended him constantly till he was well. This man lived in

a crowded tenement, and in common with its other occupants he earned a living by working with a sewing-machine. The Board of Health exerted its authority, fumigated and disinfected the house and all clothing made or in process of manufacture, and prevented further similar work in the building till all danger was past. It is easy to see the extent to which this dangerous disease might have spread but for its prompt discovery.

IN THE CHILDREN'S CORNER. THE DOCTOR LOOKING FOR VACCINATION SCARS.

In direct connection with general dispensary work one finds the missionary nurses, as cheery, bright-faced a set of women as the city holds. They must be strong, for with them it is not a question of many working hours, but how much endurance for constant work of the most trying nature with, most often, not more than five hours' sleep in the twenty-four.

As to their duties, they are of all orders. First comes the attempt to make the patient go to a good hospital, very often unsuccessful because the poor have a terror of all hospitals. Even a rheumatic or partially paralyzed patient, who must necessarily be neglected, since friends and relatives are fighting for a living, will refuse obstinately. A dressmaker who had become helpless from inflammatory rheumatism said:

"I don't care. I'd rather die here at home when the time comes than at the hospital, where they cut you open before the breath is fairly out of your body. That's the way a friend of mine was served last year — just cut right up. Her folks didn't know no better than let her be took there, and after her death, which I suppose was helped along by the black bottle, them doctors, without asking leave of nobody, just slashed away at the poor thing, and then they botched her up again, and made a great pucker in the seam, such as I wouldn't allow a little 'prentice girl to make."

When the nurse encounters such opposition as this she has simply to do the next best thing; and this is the comment of one of them on the question, "What are the duties of a missionary nurse?"

"Duties? Well, besides giving medicine and sticking on plasters and taking temperatures, I sometimes have to cook and wash and scrub and beg. Scarcely a day passes that I don't boil gruel and broil chops for sick people, and often I have to roll up my sleeves and wash dishes or scrub the floor. Then I may have to go to some depository where benevolent persons send contributions, and present a petition for sheets or blankets, or whatever else is needed among my patients, whom I sometimes find lying on piles of rags.

"My salary? Forty dollars the first month — the month of probation, and afterwards fifty dollars a month. If you were to go the rounds with me some day, I think you would say I earn it. Take to-day. I have this case of rheumatism I mentioned; and a consumptive patient whose eyes I expect to close to-night and I have promised to be with her at the last. Then I have a cancer to dress, a bone felon to poultice, several cases of malaria to look after, for they need quinine every hour in the day and cannot be trusted to take it by themselves; and these are only a few of the cases.

"Do I have contagious diseases among my patients? Sometimes, but one thing I haven't. There is not a case of hypochondria in my care. It is the up-town nurses who have to deal with that kind of thing. My patients haven't any time

for it. Is there a moral tucked away in that statement? My opinion is that there is and a strong one."

Into the Dispensary came one day a tall man, gray-haired, and with a face where sharp experience had graven deep lines far removed from the wrinkles of old age whose type is most often seen there. Patient, intelligent eyes looked out under the heavy brows, yet eyes that could flash at will, and everything indicated fallen fortunes, as to which their owner would always keep his own counsel.

He looked long and earnestly at the head physician. It was plain there was something to be asked, but evidently he was measuring the doctor before stating his case. He had come and gone there for a fortnight, describing a case and taking the medicine for a crippled child who he said could not come. He declined a visit from the visiting physicians, and the ailment was so simple that they did not press the matter. On this day he had come late, and lingered till he saw the head physician take his hat. Then he quickly followed him, and, when they were outside the door, said:

"Doctor, I cannot have the others, but I implore you to come with me for a minute. It will not take you more."

"Why didn't you tell the visiting physician?" the doctor began, but stopped as he saw the man's imploring eyes, and felt something more than ordinary need. The man gave one grateful look as the doctor followed, then walked on swiftly to a street but a little distance away, and turning the corner went up the stairs of one of the better order of tenement-houses. At the top of the stairs he paused.

"I have no fee," he said. "There is nothing left to give, but I will work it out if any work can be found."

He opened the door as he spoke and held it open for the doctor, who entered and looked around in dismay. Save for the bed, one chair, and a kerosene lamp over which the man had evidently been cooking something, the room was absolutely bare. On the bed lay the emaciated form of a woman, the skin drawn tightly over the cheek-bones, and the face ghastly with suffering. By her side lay the crippled child, with glassy

eyes, and the same pinched, drawn look. The doctor bent over them for a moment, and then fiercely exclaimed,

"They are starving, man! What do you mean by leaving them to die like this? Are you mad?"

"I have begged for work and there was no work for me," said the man in heart-broken tones. "I have pawned all there was to pawn till there is nothing left. My wife and child are dying, I know, and I must live till they are dead. The rest will be easy enough."

The doctor descended the stairs and came back in great leaps bearing restoratives and a can of milk he had snatched from the hand of one of the dispensary patients met at the foot of the second flight. The child's teeth were clenched, but after the first spoonful had been forced between them she drank freely. The mother was more difficult to rouse, but soon she too had taken enough medicine and food to lose the deathlike look, and then the doctor wrote a line or two and handed them to the man.

"Go round to the Dispensary," he said, "and give this to Dr. K., and then come back and tell me what this means. They must both go to hospital."

A faint cry came from the woman, who in a weak, almost inaudible voice, exclaimed,

"Oh, not that! Let us all die if we must, but here together, not there. I will not be taken away."

"You shall not be without your own consent," said the doctor soothingly, and then waited quietly till the man returned bringing the wine for which he had been sent. It was impossible to move her till she was stronger, for any attempt might end the feeble life. To provide actual necessaries and leave her in the hands of a missionary nurse was the only course, but the father protested that no one must come, and that he would do it all. He staggered from weakness even as he protested, and the doctor, who had diagnosed his case as of the same order, caught him as he fell forward. The nurse arrived while he was still unconscious, and sped away again to the Dispensary to get necessary supplies. A cot was brought and set up, and the

haggard creature laid upon it, and plied with food and restoratives, till at last strength came back, and then the full story was told.

He was an Italian refugee, a former companion of Garibaldi; a man of highest culture who had married an English wife, and who came to America in hope of some day returning home with better fortunes. A fine linguist, he had taught languages successfully till an operation, necessitated by some cancerous growth on the tongue, had ended this. Then he had tried many things, — for none of which he had much fitness, hoping always that he might obtain a position with some publishing firm where his perfect command of English would make his other tongues more available. Such place had been promised and then failed, and he had done odd jobs on the docks, shoveled coal, answered countless advertisements, and nursed the invalid wife whose courage still remained in spite of ever thicker and thicker disaster. She had grown worse day by day, and the child with her, so that he was forced at last to remain with them. Every article of furniture and clothing had been pawned. Both had a morbid terror of making their condition known, and so it had gone on till the struggle was nearly over for all of them.

"I studied your face many a time," the poor man said one day with grateful eyes on the doctor's face, "but I could not speak. It is too late now."

"On the contrary, it is never too late," the doctor made brisk reply. "You must eat and get strong, and then we will see about work. I know of some for you, so hurry and get well."

The sad eyes brightened; "Work is all I want," he slowly said, and then was silent.

A week later the child died, a merciful release for the twisted little body which had never known anything but pain, and in another week the mother had followed her. When the undertaker came to measure for the second coffin, the father sprang at him with a cry like some wild animal robbed of its young, and would have murdered him but for the doctor and

nurse, who threw themselves upon him. Together they bound his hands with a strip of the sheet, till a straight jacket was brought and he was carried a raving maniac to Bloomingdale.

There he is still, quiet and gentle, but hopelessly insane, never complaining, but certain that his wife and child will soon come for him, and sitting all day within sight of the door at the end of the ward. When night comes he goes to his rest silently, but with returning daylight he resumes his ceaseless vigil, always watching at the door; and so his days pass and will continue to pass till the door above opens, and he enters the country where —

"Things that have grown uneven are made even again by His hand."

CHAPTER XVI.

LIFE BEHIND THE BARS — A VISIT TO THE TOMBS — SCENES WITHIN PRISON WALLS — RAYS OF LIGHT ON A DARK PICTURE.

The Tombs — A Gloomy Prison — The Bridge of Sighs — Murderers' Row — The Procession to the Gallows — "Flop Flop, Flop Flop" — "Many Would Give a V to see it"—Bummers' Hall — Aristocratic Prisoners — Prison Routine — Remarkable Escapes of Prisoners — The Dreary Station-House Cell — A Bitter Cry — The Value of "Influoence"— Shyster Lawyers — Poverty-Stricken Men, Women, and Children — A Wife's Pitiful Plea — Tales of Destitution and Misery — Sad Cases — A Noble Woman — An Unheeded Warning — Bribery, Corruption, and Extortion — A Day in the Police Courts — How Justice is Administered — A Judge's Strange and Thrilling Story —A Brave Woman and a Penitent Husband —"Give me my Pound of Flesh"— The Tables Turned.

THERE are still living a few old New Yorkers who, as children, played about the Collect Pond. This was a pretty sheet of water about which young people wandered in summer evenings, though it was a long walk from the most thickly built-up portion of the city, then below Fulton Street. From the pond to the North River was swamp-land, through which ran a little rivulet on a line with the present Canal Street. For years this pond supplied much of the drinking-water for the city, but as it served also as sewer and dumping-ground it became plain to the City Fathers of that day that something must be done about it. There was strenuous opposition. There always is opposition to the most self-evident need for reform, but the Fathers had their way and the filling-up of the pond began. It was a slow process and required not only countless loads of soil, but anything and everything that could find place on the dumping-ground, from old shoes to ashes and sweepings, over which the rag-pickers of the day kept careful oversight. Work as they would, it remained

practically a marsh about which malaria under another name lingered persistently, and which the doctors insisted was the cause of most of the ailments current.

The filling began in 1817 and went on with intermissions until 1837, when it was chosen as a site for the new city prison, the old one farther down having proved entirely inadequate. Why the spot was chosen, unless to get rid of the prisoners as quickly as possible, no one knew. The plans for the new prison meant not only an enormous expenditure of money, but one of the stateliest of buildings, probably the

THE TOMBS.

purest specimen of Egyptian architecture outside of Egypt, and magnificent in proportions. Yet this building, occupying an entire block, is dwarfed and made insignificant by being sunk in a hollow so low that the top of the massive walls scarcely rises above the level of Broadway, hardly more than a hundred yards distant.

Constant anxiety attended the building. The soil was so marshy that the walls settled, and though the foundations were much deeper than ordinarily laid, it was regarded as very doubtful if they would ever support the weight of the mass erected upon them.

By 1840 the work was complete, and save for the darkening

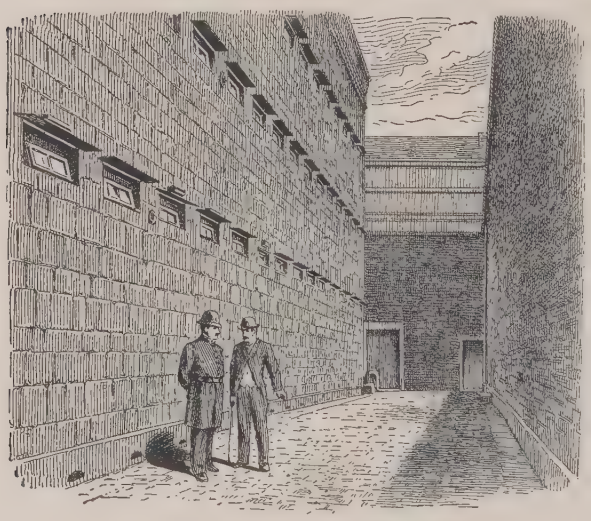
of the stone by time no change has taken place. It is of solid granite, two hundred and fifty-three feet long by two hundred deep, and appears as one lofty story, the windows being carried from a point about six feet above the ground up to beneath the cornice. The main entrance on Centre Street is reached by a flight of dark stone steps which lead to a portico massive and gloomy, supported by four enormous Egyptian columns; the other three sides are broken by projecting entrances and columns. Its name of the "Tombs" was the natural outcome of the feeling of all who looked upon it. Year after year successive Grand Juries condemned the building as totally unfit for its purposes, and even to-day an occasional remonstrance is heard. It was built to accommodate about two hundred prisoners, but double that number are now confined in it.

Armed with the permit without which there is no admission for the curious, one is passed through the heavy gate at the north, at which an old warder keeps guard. From half-past ten in the morning to half-past one in the afternoon are the hours for visitors, and a motley crowd assembles as the hour approaches, most of them bearing brown-paper bags and bundles designed for the consolation of the prisoners. These are examined to see that they contain no hidden files or anything forbidden, and are delivered later. Each man, as he passes in, is examined at the inner gate and each woman by a woman who sits just inside a little room. One is tempted to pause here and watch the row; now and then comes a weeping mother all unused to such company, or a wife who will not believe the punishment of her loved one deserved.

Once within, the visitor finds himself in a large courtyard, and facing a second prison built in the center, one hundred and forty-two feet long by forty-five feet deep, and containing one hundred and fifty cells. This is the male prison, quite separate from that for females, and connected with the outer building by a bridge which long ago received the name of the "Bridge of Sighs." Over it walked all condemned prisoners on their way to their death, the gallows meeting their eyes as they passed out into daylight.

In capital cases the putting up of the gallows was delayed to the last, and the muffled sound of the hammers reached the murderer in his cell and stirred a ripple of excitement among the other prisoners. Such windows as look out upon the courtyard were obstructed by great sheets hung before them, and the scaffold was immediately taken down when all was over.

"Over that bridge they come," said the old warder to me, on the occasion of a recent visit, nodding his head as he pointed. "Fifty year, nearly, I've seen 'em come. That row o' cells behind you is 'Murderers' Row,' an' there used to be an iron cage where they put 'em ten days before the sentence was to be executed. There they put every man as was to be hanged, an' they gave him a bran' new suit o' clothes an' all to eat he wanted, but they stopped that a good while ago. Then they kep' him in a cell an' watched him day an' night to keep him from suicidin', maybe, an' when the time come they tied his hands an' they tied his feet, an' they put the black cap on his head, an' the rope round his neck with the noose a hangin' down behind, an' he come along, an' it went flop flop, flop flop, as he come, an' then —"



THE GALLOWS YARD IN THE TOMBS.

"That will do," I exclaimed. "I do not want to hear any more."

The old man's eyes opened with surprise. "Why, there's many a one would give a V any day — yes, an' more too — to

get in an' see it; but they ain't allowed. You wouldn't, may be, but most would, an' it's a sight to see."

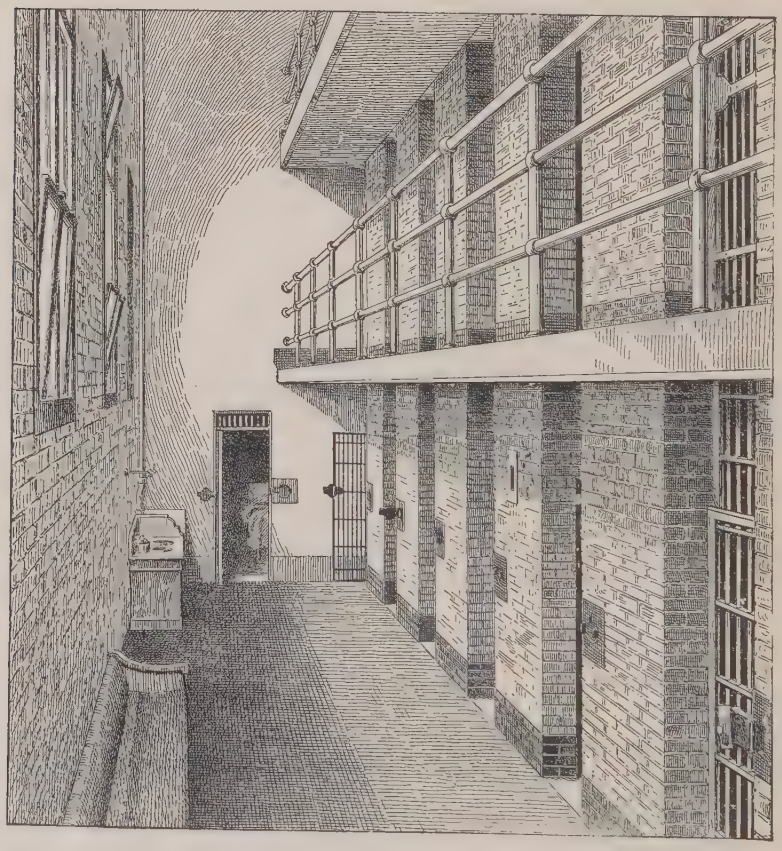
One leaves the yard gladly, passing into the male prison, which contains a lofty but narrow hall with four tiers of cells opening upon the floor and three iron galleries, one above the other. The cells opening from them are intended for two prisoners, but often hold three, and all are watched by two keepers for each gallery. Each tier has its special use. the ground-floor cells generally containing the convicts under sentence. On the second floor are the prisoners charged with grave offenses, — murder, arson, etc. Prisoners arrested for burglary, grand larceny, and the like are on the third tier, and light offenders have the top floor to themselves.

The boys' prison is on the Centre Street side, and on Leonard Street is the women's prison, where fifty cells prove insufficient for the demand made upon them. The large hall on the Franklin Street side — once used as a station-house for the police of the district — is now known as "Bummers' Hall," and in it are confined the tramps, vagrants, and persons arrested for drunkenness in the streets. They are kept there until the morning after their arrest, when they are brought up for trial.

The Centre Street side contains also the offices and residence of the Warden, the Police Court, and the Court of Special Sessions. Directly over this entrance are six large cells for the use of those who can afford to pay for them, and forgers, defaulters, and prisoners from the higher walks of life wait here till their cases are determined. All who enter, from whatever rank, are under the charge of the Warden, two Deputy Wardens, a Matron, and a sufficient force of keepers to watch and guard the prisoners. As at the Workhouse, most of the work is done by prisoners, thirty boys being constantly employed. The place is spotlessly clean, all scrubbing being done by the boys, while others are busy in the kitchen, from which abundant rations are sent out. Changes of clothing are supplied by their families, or, if too poor for this, the city furnishes them. Each one must walk for an hour a day in the corridor outside his cell. In short, the routine is that of the ordinary

prison anywhere in the country, and in spite of the unhealthy location of the Tombs its sanitary arrangements are so good that no case of disease has ever originated in it.

For over thirty years one woman — Mrs. Flora Foster — was Matron for the women's and boys' prisons, and took gen-



PRISON CELLS FOR FEMALES IN THE TOMBS.

eral charge of the multitude of babies brought in with drunken or criminal mothers. Long habit had made her an almost unfailing judge of possibilities for her charges, and many a boy owes his first chance in life to her efforts and encouragement. The most violent were made calmer at her approach, and she had unbounded influence over the women who came under her

care. These were many, for fifty thousand prisoners pass through the Tombs in the course of a year.

In spite of constant vigilance and the immense strength of the building, escapes have sometimes taken place; the most noted of these being that of the murderer Sharkey, who escaped in women's clothes provided by his wife, who also gave him her visitor's ticket, that he might pass the guards. Since this feat no prisoner has ever succeeded in evading them, and the number of escapes altogether is hardly a dozen.

An hour in the Tombs Police Court is full of strange experience. Here may be found any morning during the year a pitiable array of poverty-stricken men, women, and children in what are called the "prison pens." Arrested for minor or greater offenses, all are promiscuously mingled, and no physiognomist could detect, after a night's lodging in the dreary cell of a station-house, the slightest difference between the innocent and guilty. One by one they are arraigned before the magistrate, who calmly listens to the tale of the policeman —the only witness, perhaps — and excuses or condemns, as the case may be, with apparently the utmost nonchalance. Poverty is here a great factor in the determination of a case, for the very poor have no friends,— not even the saloon-keeper or the politician; and "inflooence" on their behalf is an unknown quantity, for the simple reason that there is no probability of value ever being received for it.

The Justice who sits here knows his offenders so thoroughly that he is a terror to every old sinner who comes before him, each one of whom knows that the transgressions of his past are recorded in that unfailing memory and are likely to be laid before him. Nine o'clock is the time fixed for opening court, but it is tolerably certain one will have to wait half an hour or so; nor is the time lost, for under the watchful eyes of half a dozen policemen the hall with its rows of wooden seats fills up with friends of the arrested prisoners, who often are to be the witnesses for or against. "Shyster" lawyers, of a class peculiar to the Tombs, ready to defend a prisoner for anything they can get,—from fifty cents to as many dollars

— wander up and down the room, eyeing the people, and scenting out those who may be persuaded into accepting their services. Here are women with black eyes,— in fact the woman without a black eye is in the minority; tramps from the contingent in City Hall Park; small boys who steal in under pretence of belonging to the prisoner, and who watch the proceedings with delight; Chinese; and all sorts and conditions of men. The Justice enters swiftly and silently, and is in his place before any one has noticed him. The doors of the "Bummers' Hall" open, and, straggling one by one, come the row of offenders; chiefly "drunk and disorderly" cases in which assault and battery play a large part. Near us sits a respectable looking woman certainly sixty years old, who tells her story to all near her. In fact, this is one of the peculiarities of the place. Each one in turn, and sometimes half a dozen together, recite their autobiography, and in some cases take pride in the number of times they have had occasion to appear here.

Not so with yonder woman who wraps her shawl close about her and looks around distrustfully, as well she may, for at her back, and moving by slow degrees toward her, is the husband against whom, after forty years of endurance, she has at last decided to enter complaint. He has slept in the gutter, it is plain, and even now he believes that if he can argue with her a little the complaint will be dismissed. As he edges toward her the policeman appears, listens for a moment, and then hustles him off, while the old lady says, with many sniffs and sobs:

"It do seem a bit hard, but he's drunk up all the bits of things over and over, and I've no strength to keep on earnin' money for him to throw into the gutter. He's the best of men when he's sober and never laid his hand on me, but he isn't ever sober hardly and so it do come hard."

Inside the rail a dozen women look appealingly toward the Justice or defiantly toward the audience. Case after case is called with a promptness amazing to the beholder, and dismissed with equal celerity. Here a child so small that

he has to be lifted up for a moment of observation by the Judge; there old hags, some of them life-long offenders.

To-day there were three who could easily have sat for the witches in "Macbeth." Two were lame; one had only a single eye, and all had been in the gutter and bestowed scratches and bites freely on each other and on the policeman who brought them in.

"Shure 'tis the hate I was drunk wid, Judge yer Honor," said the one-eyed woman. "Do you think now, Judge yer Honor, I'd be drinkin' after all the warnins I've had from ye."

"Three months on the Island," was the only answer she received, and she was led out, shaking her matted locks and swearing vengeance when out again.

Five Italians came up in a group, one minus the end of his nose. He declined, however, to press the charge, saying it was purely a friendly affair, and a woman near by confirmed his statement.

"Go into Baxter Street if you want to know the truth," she said. "They're always a chawin' of each other's noses, and none of 'em minds it more'n some minds a black eye."

There were sadder cases than these. Young girls, homeless and betrayed; children whose only home had been the streets; sailors, still sodden with drink, beaten and robbed with no knowledge of by whom; and for each and all swift justice did its work. First offenses are dealt with leniently, but there is no time for investigation of special ones.

No philanthropist goes down to the Tombs for the purpose of hearing the tales of destitution and misery daily rehearsed there; no society takes sufficient interest in humanity to institute an inquiry into and prevent this daily cloud over the brightness of civilization; no church, by its authorized officers, visits the filthy dens and rookeries of the Sixth and Tenth Wards, or the courts and prisons where the victims of necessity are condemned and punished, and attempts a reformation of the evils found there.

For six years one woman who has persistently shrunk from notice has done here a work never before undertaken there by

man or woman. In these six years she has given bail for hundreds of cases, the sum now amounting to over fifty thousand dollars. Moved to it in the beginning by a knowledge of the utter friendlessness of many who were wrongfully charged

MURDERERS' ROW IN THE TOMBS. CELLS FOR CONDEMNED PRISONERS.

or had been tempted and fallen for the first time, she appeared in her first case in behalf of a lad of nineteen who had sought unavailingly for work and in despair at last attempted suicide. Bail was given, work found, and the gratitude of the lad, now a successful business man, was so stimulating that Mrs. Schaffner, in spite of her retiring temperament, kept on.

To-day she is allowed free access to prisoners, and her almost unerring instinct added to experience makes it impossible for

them to deceive her. Each day she visits the Tombs, and once a month gives a day to Sing Sing.

"Why will not more do so?" she said in her pretty German-English, her soft voice and gentle eyes hardly indicating the strength of character and endurance she has shown. "Do you know it is elegant work, yes, *el*egant work. Each day you see some fruit. Because of that there is nothing like it. I wonder often why rich people who say there is nothing to do, do not do this and have much pleasure. I care not for institutions. I like better to see my individual in the face and do what I can when I have listened and made up my mind. It is all kinds I help; yes, all kinds; black, white, Chinese, all nations, and never but once did any deceive me, and he was my own countryman! Was not that a shame? But I go on, and the District Attorney who said first, 'Madam, you are crazy,' say now, 'Madam, I thank you for much help, and may the Lord send more like you.' That is different, you see, but he has reason, for always I know if the prisoner be innocent or be guilty. And oh, such tales I hear! It would break hearts to hear such tales if there were no help, but always there can be a little."

This and the work of the old Matron rank side by side in wisdom and discrimination, and save for this there is no other bright spot for the Tombs, whose gray walls are a menace to the criminal, yet most often an unheeded one till the clutch of the law is felt and the Judge pronounces sentence.

Ludlow Street jail is quite as widely known, and, as the county prison for New York, has sheltered many notable prisoners. Every one arrested under process issued by the Sheriff of the County of New York is brought here, the majority being arrested for debt. Prisoners from the United States courts are also sent here, and all alike suffer extortions of every kind. In spite of spasmodic attempts to better the condition of things, bribery and corruption seem inseparably associated with this prison. No favors are granted unless paid for liberally, and even where lawful charges are known it makes no difference.

In the case of a debtor who wishes to give bail, he is taken

by the deputy sheriff to the sheriff's office, from whence he sends for any friend likely to become a surety. The law allows him a reasonable time to find bail, but to leave the office he must fee a deputy enormously, the amount demanded being in proportion to the prisoner's probable means. So it goes on through every item of the process, from signing the bond to the fee of the notary. Periodical exposure of these and other kindred practices have had thus far small effect on the system, and the prison has the unenviable notoriety of being the center of shameless corruption of every order.

Smaller courts are held at many points, and the stranger often wanders into Essex Market court or that at Jefferson Market, watching the miserable creatures, the supply of which is perennial, and who are gathered up nightly at all the points where vice congregates, whether east or west. The cells at these stations are filled with men, women, and boys, the latter taking every lesson in crime from their elders.

For all the courts the story is much the same. One alone owns an alleviation, hardly possible for the rest, and certainly unique of its kind. At the Prince Street Station is a beautiful water-spaniel, the property of one of the men, which enters into the life with the greatest spirit. A young Italian boot-black has taught him many tricks, and he obeys with the docility of a well-trained child. He abhors solitude, and if left alone with the door closed upon him he rises on his hind feet and diligently paws the knob of the door to the room where the reserve force sit, till it turns, when he marches in, wagging his tail triumphantly.

A recent exploit made him a member of the force and added the policeman's shield to his collar. Leo does not make friends readily, and follows no one in the street but the sergeant and one of the policemen. On one of the policemen's rounds, about nine o'clock one evening, he heard the loud cry of "Stop thief!" and saw a burly negro spring from some steps and run along the street. The policeman started after him, but Leo was far in advance and soon buried his sharp teeth in the leg of the thief.

"O Lawd! take off de dog! take off de dog! I gib up!" groaned the negro, dropping his plunder and dancing with pain. The policeman released him, though with some difficulty, and Leo walked by his side to the station and stood looking on gravely till the prisoner had been committed to his cell.

"He's got so as he smells out a thief soon as he sees him," said a shrewd-looking old man, who stood by the other day as the dog went through his tricks. "It wouldn't never do to turn him loose in society agin, for in a city like New York he'd make damaging exposures. See?"

"I wish, then, there was ten thousand like him," said his companion explosively. "There ain't a spot in the city but what needs detectives, and I'm sick to my marrow of all the horrors I've seen. Why don't the Lord descend on it and make an end?"

"Because when all's said and done there's a heap of good in it, and that's the summin' up for most things," said the old man, and went his way.

More criminals pass each year before Recorder Smyth than any other Judge in the world. He is a hardworking, painstaking, and withal tender-hearted Judge. The visitor to his court-room on a busy day is astonished at the rapidity with which he despatches business, and one who knows nothing about his methods is led to believe that his only object is to get through with his work, no matter what becomes of the prisoners.

"It is the greatest mistake one could make," said the Recorder. "I have to hurry my work, for my court is overcrowded, but never in all my experience on the bench have I been so hurried that I could not give all the time and attention that was necessary to prisoners. When a man or woman comes up before me whom I have never seen before, whose looks or manners give indication that they are not really criminals at heart, I suspend judgment in their case until the matter is thoroughly investigated.

"Of the scores of cases of men who have come before me

and pleaded guilty, not knowing really what they were doing, but anxious to get out of further trouble by taking a sentence and hiding themselves away in prison, I recall one that I shall remember as long as I live. I could not forget it if I would, for the man in the case writes to me regularly, comes to see me when convenient, and never ceases to thank me for my good offices in his behalf. I was sitting on the bench one morning, and had disposed of a number of ordinary cases, when the court officer presented to me a respectable-looking man of about fifty, charged with burglary. I looked at him very closely, and he seemed to be a little above the ordinary grade of prisoner. There was something about his face that irresistibly drew me to him. He looked me steadily in the eye without brazen effrontery and seemed only too anxious to have sentence passed upon him and get into prison.

"'You are charged with burglary, my good man,' I said to him. 'What have you to say?'"

"He looked up at me in an innocent way, and with tears streaming down his face said huskily: 'Nothing. I am guilty.'

"'Do you know the meaning of that word guilty?" I asked him.

"'Yes,' he replied, 'fully. I broke into my employer's store, I stole his jewelry, I pawned it, and that is all there is of it. Pass sentence upon me if you will. Send me to prison, and let not my shame be visited upon my wife and daughter.'

"'Have you any counsel?' I asked him.

"'No,' was the reply. 'I have no counsel, and need none. I am guilty. Sentence me now.'

"The whole thing was so unusual that I determined to remand him. 'You may go back to prison,' I said to him, 'and remain there for a week. Meantime think over what you have done. You are not called upon to say you are guilty, and if you do say so you know that there is no alternative but State prison. Burglary is a heinous offense. Better go back. Think it all over. Change your plea. Send for your friends, and see if something cannot be done for you.'

"When court was over I called in one of my detectives, told him to go to the head of the firm where this man worked, and whose store he had broken into, and tell him that I wished to see him. Then I sent for the poor man's wife, and little by little the story came out. The poor woman between her sobs and tears told it all. Her husband was a loving, hard-working, industrious man. He had only one object in life, his love for his daughter. She had a consuming ambition to become a great musician. He had spent all the money he had made on her musical education, and had really kept himself not only poor but in debt by so doing. It seemed that she had almost gained her object and become not only a good singer, but a fine pianist, when she went to her father and said that it would be necessary for her to take another course of instruction with a distinguished teacher. The poor man had not a dollar in the world. He was only a workingman on small wages, and the money required for this instruction was something that he could not hope to get in the natural course of events. He brooded over it for a few days, talked with his wife about it, and finally, after many ineffectual efforts to raise the money in other directions, he came home one Saturday night with the desired sum in his hands.

"He was as happy as a schoolboy. His face was all aglow, and his eyes danced with joy. He kissed his daughter, gave her the money, and told her to go on. Success was now assured. The young woman never for a moment asked where the money came from; but after the frugal supper was over the good wife took her husband aside and asked him where he got the money. He evaded her for a long time, and finally, suspecting that he had not come by it honestly, she charged him directly with obtaining it by false means or foul. Hour after hour she pleaded with her husband to tell her the truth. He steadfastly refused. At last, at midnight, he could stand it no longer, and in an agony of despair he broke down and told her that he had broken into the establishment where he worked, taken some valuable jewelry, and pawned it.

"The poor wife was half crazed. But she was a brave

woman and she told him between her sobs that although she valued her daughter's education and happiness in life, she could not be his partner in crime. She prevailed upon him to accompany her, and that night those two unhappy people walked the streets until they reached the home of the senior member of the firm whose store the man had robbed.

"The woman nervously rang the bell, and they waited until at last the door was opened. Once inside the house she bade her husband tell all, and he explained with bent head how the theft had been committed and told where he had pawned the stolen goods. The wife handed over the money realized on the property, asked the employer to redeem his goods, and forgive her husband. You would think that any man would have been touched by the poor woman's sturdy honesty and bitter tears in that midnight hour, but this employer was unmoved. He deliberately called a policeman and had the man taken to jail. The merchant recovered his goods, and the law was about to take its course with the criminal when I, sitting on the bench there, was convinced that there was a story behind it all, and I decided to investigate the case. I shall never forget how eloquently that poor woman pleaded for her husband that day in my presence, and how stubbornly the unfeeling employer who sat opposite to her, demanded with true Shylock persistence, the last pound of flesh. I suggested to the merchant that the case was a peculiar one, and it seemed to me presented an opportunity for mercy as well as justice.

" 'You had better decide,' I said to him, 'not to prosecute this poor fellow. He has never before been accused of any crime. He has worked faithfully for you for many years. He is deserving of some consideration from your hands, and this woman, his wife, who was strong enough to right a wrong at any cost to herself and family, is deserving of her husband's presence and support in her declining years.'

"The woman thanked me, and had hardly done so when the merchant arose and in an angry tone said that he was determined to make an example of this man. He insisted

that prisons were for just such persons as he, and that the sooner he was placed there the better.

"I allowed him to talk in this way for perhaps ten minutes and I listened carefully to all he said. "'I don't believe,' I replied, 'that this man intended to commit a crime. As a judge I am empowered to suspend sentence. I shall call him up in court to-morrow; shall tell him I have investigated the matter thoroughly, and shall suspend sentence in his case.'

"Now, this is the strangest part of the story. The man was brought before me the next morning and withdrew his plea of 'guilty.' I suspended sentence. Some good people that I knew obtained enough money to enable his daughter to finish her musical education, and she is now well known in New York's best musical circles. I obtained a position for her father as purser on one of the outgoing steamships, and he is as honest as the day is long, and as grateful as a man can be for the service I rendered him; while his employer has since been brought up in another court in this city for fraudulent practices, and narrowly escaped State prison for his crime."

CHAPTER XVII.

LURKING PLACES OF SIN — FACE TO FACE WITH CRIME — CELLAR HAUNTS AND UNDERGROUND RESORTS OF CRIMINALS — THE STORY OF JIM, AN EX-CONVICT.

The Slums of New York — Cellar Harbors for Criminals — Face to Face with Crime — Old Michael Dunn — A Tour through Criminal Haunts — Jim Tells the Story of his Life — Sleeping in Packing Boxes, Boilers, and Water Pipes — My Visit to one of his Hiding Places — A Thrilling Experience in a Damp and Mouldy Cellar — Locked in — A Mad Fight for Life — Floating on a Plank — Underground Resorts of Pickpockets and Thieves — How River Thieves Operate — A Midnight Expedition — An Evil Region — Young Ruffians and Sneak Thieves — Patroling the Streets at Night — The Policeman's Story — Open Vice of Every Form — Lurking Places of Criminals — Sneak Thieves — Dangerous Localities — "Hell's Kitchen" Hope for the Future.

NOT the least surprising experience of one who has learned to know the slums in every aspect is the flat denial of most New Yorkers that they exist save in the slightest degree.

"All exaggeration, every word of it," said an energetic business man to me only the other day, — one who every day of his life walked down to his office, his way lying within a stone's throw of some of the worst sights New York has to offer. Two minutes from Broadway would take him into the "Great Bend" on Mulberry Street, and his own place of business has at its back a nest of tenement-houses, one, at least, with a cellar which has harbored many a criminal. Nevertheless, like many another, he knows nothing of the wretched life existing almost under his eyes.

Of the same mental order are certain good women, long members of the Charity Organization Society, but so absorbed in the work of their pet institution as to be quite insensible to any form of life going on without the scope of their somewhat limited vision. They, too, think this talk about the misery of

great cities must be drawn from fancy, and deny that fact has any such picture to present. But he who has once seen fairly, face to face, these dens in which not only vice, but the extremest poverty, often take refuge, has learned what can never be forgotten, and knows that no words can tell in full the horror that dwells in this darkness.

Michael Dunn's sad, gray eyes used to look pitifully at any one who crawled into the Water Street Mission, just out from prison or released from the Island, without friends or money and with no knowledge of where to turn for help. He knew what it meant, and one by one he gathered these forlorn souls about him till the Mission had no more room, and he established himself almost directly opposite in a tumbledown tenement, — a wooden house whose roof, caving in near the ridge-pole and bulging at most other points, showed what years had gone since ground was first broken for its foundation. Here they came for years, of all ages, types, and conditions; and Michael found such work as he could for them, knowing well that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

Here hoary old offenders sat side by side with boys still in their teens, and made brooms or wove baskets, and as the story went out that there was a place where all could come, the numbers grew. Here it was that Jim's shame-faced countenance showed itself the very day the law had loosed its clutch upon him. A companion had dragged him in here to listen and make up his mind what he had better do.

It was plain that Jim knew all of misery that the slums had to offer, and when I saw him first he was still speculating as to what chance life had for him. Great blue eyes were Jim's, but looking out on men with deep suspicion as to motives and intentions. Underneath it all was a forlornness that seemed to demand help. Poor Jim, his closely-cropped hair told only too plainly what his last home had been, and he had decided to hide at Michael Dunn's till it had had time to grow a little! Old Michael's heart and sympathy went out to him, and Jim had made up his mind that Michael and the friends of his little Mission could be trusted so far as he was willing to trust any-

body. He sat there eyeing Michael narrowly. It was plain that he did not understand how any man could willingly tell such a story as Michael had to tell, but it was also plain that he was sore-hearted and thought that the world gives small chance to the small rogues, while letting the great ones go scot free.

DISCHARGED CONVICTS MAKING BROOMS.

"I'll show you where I used to hang out," Jim said to me one day, "if you ain't ashamed to go round the block with one like me."

"She's had more'n one of our sort for an escort," Michael said, with something that was half a smile and half a groan, and Jim led the way toward Front Street, just beyond Fulton Ferry.

"There's one of me homes," he said, pointing toward the big boilers that lined one side of Water Street. "Many's the night I've slep in one o' them, an' a pal with me, when I was a little 'un an' only up to pickin' pockets an' such. Sometimes we made a good haul, an' then we'd be flush an' have a bed in a lodgin'-house. But mostly I slep in packin' boxes, or the soft corners of an alley, with a turn now an' then in the boilers or water-pipes. There wasn't any one to look after me, for me father was killed an' me mother died in hospital when I was that small I'd no sense but to run away from all that tried to get me into a 'sylum. Oh, but I dreaded them 'sylums, for

they said you'd be whipped an' starved an' made to do whatever you hated most, every day o' your life. I wasn't goin' to have that, an' so a lot of us settled that we'd manage it somehow, an' keep clear o' all that was after us. There was three of us, Dennis an' Tom an' meself, but they got longer sentences than me, an' they won't be out for a good year yet."

We had reached Peck's Slip, with its network of street-railway tracks and the mass of trucks and heavy teams making their way over to Williamsburg. Here and there was a tall warehouse, but for the most part old buildings with every sign of age and decrepitude loomed up on all sides. Before one of the buildings Jim paused.

"There's been deviltry enough in that basement to sink a city," he said, as he looked down into the darkness of what appeared to be an old-fashioned cellar. It was under a saloon, on that day closed, with a string of crape floating from the door. Above the saloon was a cheap manufactory, and from the attic a frowsy woman looked down, who smiled amiably at Jim and beckoned to a sailor across the street.

The steps were as old and decayed as the house, and shook under our weight as we descended into the cellar. There was no light save what entered from the doorway. A few empty barrels were piled up in one corner, and some planks in another, and on them was a little straw. It was inconceivable that any human being could have used this cellar as a lodging-place, damp, mouldy, and tomb-like as it was. Jim closed the door a moment, and the darkness as well as the smell of the tomb made itself felt. A ray of light stole under the door, and I confess I breathed more freely when it opened again.

"I beg your pardon," Jim said, with a side-look at my face to see if I was frightened. "I wanted you to see how it is when you settle down to it. It does very well when the water ain't up, but sometimes you get caught, an' there isn't much show. The tide comes in, you see, an' you don't know just when it's going to do it, though it's safe enough to say it'll be on you whenever there's a big storm. There was one night, not so long before I went up, that we three was in here. Pat,

who keeps the saloon above, had sworn we shouldn't harbor here, an' he'd done his best to keep us out, even to nailin' up the door come night. But he was no match for us, though he come near bein' this time, for he come down an' screwed up the door after we was in. It was rainin' heavy, an' all of us pretty full an' not much sense; an' the first thing I knew, the water was on us an' I woke up half drowned an' heard the others swearin' an' tryin' to come to. I made a rush for the door, an' found it tight against us, an' then I felt round till I got on a plank, an' there I floated around, an' Dennis an' Tom the same, till we got our senses enough to go for that door all together. We put our shoulders to it and worked till it gave way, but we were near enough to dyin' like rats in a hole, an' it would take a good deal to get me down there again, though the Lord knows where I am to bring up, anyhow."

We left the cellar and walked on, glancing into first one and then another of the same order. Some were given over to rag and junk-men. Some were simply storage-places, but about them all was this same aspect of age and mould and all unwholesomeness. Heads and tails of fish and unsavory refuse of every order were under foot. Dirt reigned supreme; such dirt as the country happily never knows, in which Nature furnishes the smallest percentage and man offers every type of filth that humanity at its worst can produce.

In the network of narrow streets about this region may be found dens of pawnbrokers or junk-men, and no end of bucket-shops, where stale beer is sold by the bucket, all safe harbors for pickpockets, river-thieves, and burglars. Murder stains are here; cockpits and ratpits with all their accompaniments of brutality; open spaces between front and rear tenements where men can spar without fear of interruption by the police, and everywhere children watching with experienced eyes every fresh scene in the shifting panorama, ready to imitate at the first opportunity. This is the Fourth Ward, but the description will apply equally to other wards, with better reputation, but with few facts to warrant it.

Jim knew every haunt, but he would not lead the way be-

yond the spot where he was born and where he had tried thieving in every form. Naturally, where the river is so near, and ships lie at the wharves daily discharging rich freight from all nations, river-thieving shows its fascinations, and even Michael Dunn, with his thoughtful face and deep eyes — far removed, one would say, from any thought of evil — had a flickering smile as he told me of one exploit just preceding the final one which sent Jim and his crew to Sing Sing prison.

AN EAST RIVER DOCK.

"You'd never believe the tricks of 'em," he said, "or how they'd scheme to get ahead of the police and night-watchmen and all. Often a ship can't discharge in a day, and there'll be bags of coffee and spices and all that is worth while to run risk for lyin' right there before their very eyes and invitin' them to do what they can. The owners know most of the tricks. They're so on the watch you'd never think one could get a chance at an ounce of anything. But Jim here knows every inch of the river as well as I used to know the Thames. Jim and his pals went after midnight, when the watchman was gettin' a bit sleepy, and rowed with muffled oars right under the pier, lyin' low to make sure no one heard nor saw 'em.

"The docks was all clear. It seemed so still and innocent like, that even a night-watch might be off his guard a bit, and this watchman, what did he do but sit right down on his bags of coffee — a hundred an' more of 'em lyin' there with naught but a pile of sackin' over 'em. There he sat, noddin' a bit,

maybe, but keepin' his eyes open for whatever might come, and there under him, silent as the grave, Jim bored away with a big auger they'd brought with 'em, — bored till the coffee came down in a stream and that bag was pretty well squeezed. A policeman came along while the coffee was runnin', and Jim snickered, for he could hear him havin' a talk with the watchman. He'd bored another hole by that time, and when the talk above was over, there was five holes up through the dock floor, and coffee enough in that boat below to set the boys up for a week of gamblin' and every deviltry they liked. It's that kind o' tale that fires the young ones and makes 'em think there's no fun on earth like it, and they do like gettin' even with cops and owners and all that keep riches to themselves. Put them into a Reformatory, and what one doesn't know another does, and they compare notes and experiences till there ain't a way o' thievin', new or old, but they've got it at their fingers' ends. That's why I work to keep 'em separate where I can; but folks mostly thinks a Reformatory must be the place for 'em."

Bayard Street has certain notorious "tumbler" dives, where stale beer is sold mingled with a whiskey so powerful that the drinker becomes drunk almost as he swallows it. In all this region, once quiet and reputable, gangs of young ruffians patrol the streets and make life a terror to the more respectable element. Born in these tenement-houses, and with just enough education to enable them to read dime novels, their ideal is to pose as the bulldozers of the street which is unfortunate enough to own them as inhabitants. A policeman would need the arms of a Hindoo god and the legs of a centipede, to overtake and capture them for all offenses committed. It is only when a specially flagrant one occurs that there is any attempt to deal with them. For the rest, officers wink at outrages that anywhere else in the city would send the offender to the Island for months.

A generation ago it was the "Bowery B'hoy" who filled this role, and who was the terror of all old ladies who found themselves in this once green and shaded thoroughfare of old

New York. But the Bowery boy knew naught of the heroes of the cheap story papers, and was often at heart a very good sort of fellow, applauding every virtuous sentiment heard at the theatre, and settling at last into a decent citizen. He was usually American, and here lies the principal difference between the rowdy of then and now. It is chiefly the children of the lowest order of emigrants who grow into the young ruffians without sense of citizenship save as they can, at twenty-one, sell their first vote, and who know liberty only as license.

One case will stand for all. On Monroe Street, in a recent day spent in these regions, I at intervals encountered a boy of eighteen, brutal in face and form, walking always with the same lowering expression, and edging threateningly toward any younger or weaker boy encountered in his course. He vanished presently, and when I next saw him, an hour or so later, he was in the hands of two policemen, both of them bearing the look of having come through a severe conflict. The boy was swearing furiously, and lunging out now and then with his fists, only ceasing after a blow or two from the officer's clubs, justified here much more than in some cases where they have free use. Coming out an hour later from a tenement-house on Roosevelt Street, one of the policemen, an old acquaintance, faced me.

"Who was that boy?" I asked.

"The devil himself, saving your presence," returned his captor with great fervor. "I've taken him up not less than twenty times with my own hands, and his lawyer always gets him off with the plea that I've a grudge agin him. Every one on the streets that he bulldozes is afraid to complain of him, because, you see, they don't know what he might take into his head to do to them, and so it's desperate work to get one to appear agin him. I did get him sent up once for three months, and he kept me after him for a year afterward, and no use. This time he's done for, for a while anyhow. There's an athletic club on Monroe Street, and he went in there and took up a pair of Indian clubs, and in two minutes had cleared out every soul in

the room. The fellow in charge went for him and got a terrible cut over the eye, but he was gritty and held on, and the rest gave the alarm, and I had my turn at last. There ain't a boy on the street, scared as they are of this boy, that doesn't think it rather fine to copy after him, and unless he commits murder or tries his hand at a big burglary I don't see but what it's got to go on."

It does go on. On East or West side, gangs of young ruffians and sneak-thieves prowl at night, or do their work boldly by day. They are proud of their profession, and welcome anything that does away with the necessity for continuous work at trade or at anything else that would mean an honest living.

At almost any point along the river front — though this applies chiefly to the East River — are haunts of thieves. It is on this side that the foreign population is massed, and it is from them mainly that we gather the army that fills prisons and reformatories. But on the West side is a region equally given over to vice, and even more dangerous at night-time. Back of the Cremorne Mission on Thirty-second Street, where Jerry McAuley worked for the last years of his life, newer but hardly less crowded and pestiferous tenement-houses are found in hundreds. Saloons are of a better order, but the whole region is one where open vice of every form has pre-empted the ground, and the decent citizen whom evil fortune has brought to this region, and who must make a home here, stands appalled at what his children must confront.

Here, too, save for those who must live in it, is small belief given to the story of the horror of the life daily and hourly lived in this region. Only a block or two away the streets open directly from Fifth Avenue, filled with high-priced houses, and owned by the prosperous business men of the city, who have little knowledge of what sights lie within the range of a ten minutes walk of their palatial homes. "The nearer the river the nearer to hell," was the saying of one of the roughs who had helped to make it true, and it is certain that the lurking-places afforded by the great lumber and coal yards in

the vicinity, and the long stretches of street through which policemen make only an occasional round, are all favorable to the criminal. It is on the West side that "Hell's Kitchen" has its place; a tenement given over to Italians of the lowest order, with a sprinkling of Portuguese. Here the knife punctuates and illustrates all discussion, and if murder is not done it is no fault of the combatants, who at any hour of day or night may be heard engaged in their favorite pursuits. The neighborhood dreads yet takes a certain pride in its desperadoes, as an Italian village may plume itself upon the bandits near it.

"Little Italy," is farther up, and inhabited by much the same class, but its quota of thieves seems less than that of other regions where the same life is lived. The preponderance of crime is farther down, and in the ward which has had the longest monopoly of it, thus making the rate an always increasing one. It is not that means of many kinds are not taken to stem this tide of evil. Probably it is even not so great, proportionately, as in the not so remote days when the Five Points could not be entered without a policeman. But the tenement-house with its masses is sending out a type as difficult to deal with, and for which we try cures, after the harm is done, far more than we study methods of prevention.

The police courts of the Tombs, Essex Market, and all the points at which justice is supposed to be administered, will give the student of these problems many a point upon which to reflect. Every phase of human suffering is represented there, but chiefly and always, day after day, lads from sixteen to twenty, hardened and brutal beyond conception, form the chief source of supply, and go up to the Island only to return with seven devils more wicked than the first. How to reach them and bring about any change may well stir the thought of those who ponder over the future of a city which must always, in the nature of things, deal far more with a foreign than a native population, and to whom corruption is as yet a more familiar form of government than anything which can bring about righteous administration of law.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LIFE ON BLACKWELL'S ISLAND — THE DREGS OF A GREAT CITY — WHERE CRIMINALS, PAUPERS, AND LUNATICS ARE CARED FOR — A CONVICT'S DAILY LIFE — "DRINK'S OUR CURSE."

The "Tub of Misery" — A Miserable Sight — Gutter-Soaked Rags and Matted Hair — Rounders — Terrible Scenes — Insanity in Handcuffs — Results of Trying to "See Life" in New York — Aristocrats in Crime — Appeals for Mercy — Sounds that Make the Blood Run Cold — White Heads Brought Low — A Pandemonium — Vermin-Infested Clothes — Insane from the "Horrors" — Suicides — "Famine Meal" — Odd Delusions and Beliefs of the Insane — The Queen of Heaven — The Mother of Forty-five Children — Snakes in his Stomach — "Oh, Lord! They're Squirming Again" — A Contented Tinker — Waiting for the River to Dry up — "For the Love of God, Bring me a Coffin" — A Ghoul in the Dead-House — An Irish Philosopher — The Penitentiary — Daily Life of Prisoners — A Hard Fate — Convict Labor — Secret Communications between Prisoners — A Puzzle to Keepers — Treating Crime as a Disease.

LONG ago, in days just preceding the second war with England, New York boasted of two or three famous gardens and certain orchards planted by sturdy Dutch burghers, and yielding fruit impartially to their successors. From Kip's garden roses were plucked for Washington on his last visit to New York, which he wore in his buttonhole, and which made the tree from which they came always thereafter a prized possession. From an orchard no less famous came early summer apples, "Harvest Boughs," and, later, Newtown pippins, which were said to have a finer flavor in the orchard on Blackwell's Island than even in their native home at Newtown.

Here on Blackwell's Island were to be found apple blossoms, bloom of cherry and peach and plum; tender green of grape-vines for spring, and for autumn all manner of fruit

pleasant to the eye and good for food. Yet over all this was always a shadow, the forerunner of the darker cloud in time to settle more heavily not only on this but on the whole cluster of fair islands which one by one have renounced orchard and homestead and given place to buildings grim, gray, and formidable, and with each year more crowded and more numerous.

Certainly no fairer spot could well have been chosen as a home; and the man whose story is the forerunner of many another of far sadder and more tragical order may have seen, as he walked under blossoming trees and remembered better days, men whose feet would tread the same paths and know the same regrets.

The unending squabbles between Dutch and English for the possession of New York, the horror of the pious Puritan at the easy-going, beer-loving Hollanders, and the eagerness of both for every chance of despoiling the Indian,— all form part of the history we study in youth, but fail to grasp as actual reality till some experience puts life into the pages, and we suddenly see men living and breathing like ourselves. There is little record of why one Captain Manning chose to surrender to the Dutch the English fort of which he was commander; but choose he did, and marched out, leaving them in possession, making his own way as speedily as possible to England.

He was compelled to return and meet his accusers, nor could any influence ward off this disagreeable duty. In time the court-martial called to inquire into the case met and brought six charges against him, on each and all of which he was found guilty. Family influence saved his life, but there was no saving him from the deserved dishonor of cowardly surrender, and he was sentenced to have his sword broken over his head, to forfeit all rights of citizenship, and never to receive office under city or general government.

This was the end of Captain Manning for all public life, and when the broken fragments of the dishonored sword fell at his feet he turned toward the spot which a few years before

he had chosen as a retreat for his old age, and on the then nameless island hid his face from all men.

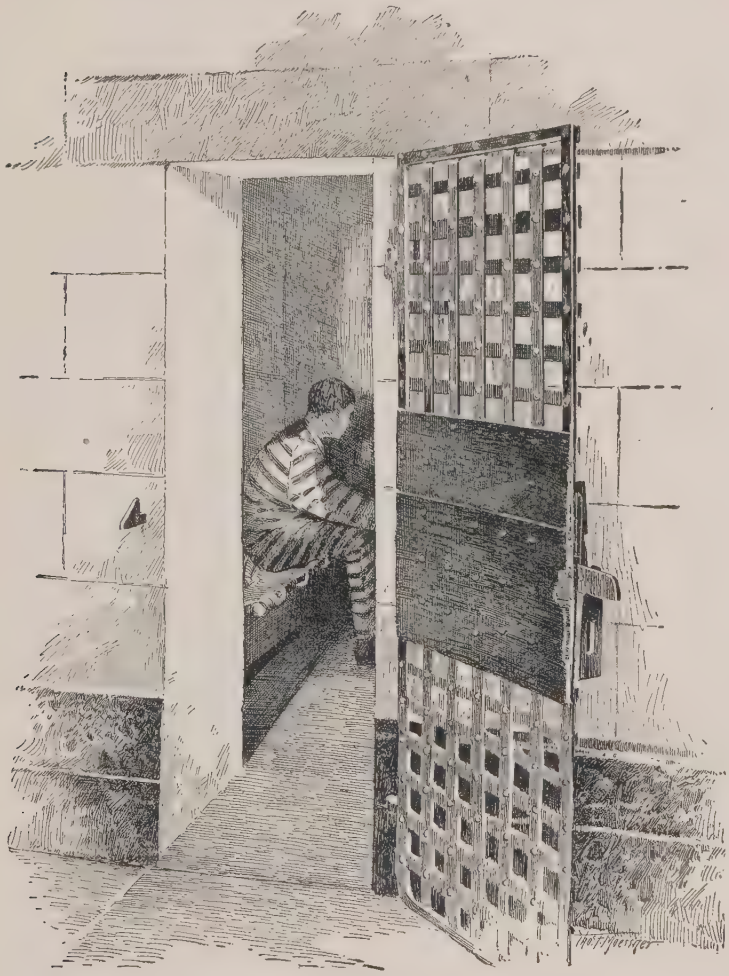
Time dealt kindly with the offender. His step-children grew to womanhood, and one of them presently married young Robert Blackwell, to whom the old Captain left the island which had taken his name at the celebration of the wedding. For a hundred years the family continued in possession, but in 1828 the city bought it and put up cheap temporary buildings for various purposes, chiefly as Almshouse and its dependencies. By 1850 it had become plain that more room was needed, and the cornerstone of the present Workhouse was laid. The Penitentiary had preceded it, and the convicts themselves quarried the bluestone rubble and the heavy blocks of granite which form the sea wall and many of the buildings.

To-day the island holds the Penitentiary, Workhouse, Almshouse, Lunatic Asylum, Blind Asylum, Charity Hospital, Hospital for Incurables and for Convalescents, with the numberless outbuildings necessary for the carrying on of work and feeding and providing for some seven thousand persons.

To know the story of to-day's life on Blackwell's Island one must take passage on the boat that leaves New York every morning with its crowd of prisoners, visitors, and officials. The air from the river is welcome after the throng on the dock through which one must push to reach the little window behind which stands a suspicious clerk whose business is to get as many in the next room in a given space of time as can be handed on. There one meets a stout and remarkably good-natured policeman, whose face belies the sternness of his voice, and, once beyond him must pass under the eyes of an old man who orders back the stray women who insist on going through the wrong gate. He does it philosophically, as if nothing else could be expected, and there is something of the same attitude in all the older officials.

On the boat itself one may see types of every form of poverty, crime, and evil inheritance, and thus gain some sense of what those nearest them must almost inevitably be. Saturday is "visitors' day," and the "tub of misery," as the boat is called.

swarms with friends of paupers, insane, and convicts, most of them carrying fruit or small luxuries, and all busy in telling the tale of why they are there.



IN THE CELL. BLACKWELL'S ISLAND PENITENTIARY.

The prison van, known as the "Black Maria," rolls through the gate with its load of human misery, — prisoners "sent up to the Island." The crowd make a rush forward, to find the gate suddenly shut in their faces, but, as the next van appears, rush again, nowise deterred by their experience.

"No you don't," says the old gateman; "they'll get out well enough without you."

Certainly they could hardly get out worse. The door of the vehicle is opened, and the waiting policeman receives the first installment of women sent up for drunkenness or other offenses. Two descend quietly, but a sound of jubilant singing within warns him that one at least is not yet over the carouse that brought her here. Some force is necessary before she can be induced to move, and then in the doorway appears a creature hardly human, it would seem; in woman's dress, but with little token besides of womanhood; a mass of foul, gutter-soaked rags; matted hair, with a black eye and cut face, and on her feet one shoe and a man's boot. She lurches forward, still singing and shouting, and is followed by a young girl not over sixteen, gaudily dressed, and with painted cheeks. Behind her come seven others of all ages, one a white-headed woman muttering and cursing.

"What! Down again to-day?" the policeman says to her. "You've been quick. You only got out yesterday."

She answers with a curse as she is hurried on with the rest to the room with barred windows where they sit till the Island is reached. One violently insane patient is led along handcuffed and protesting, and there are one or two milder cases of insanity. Then comes the van with the men whose cases have been judged at the various city police courts; the first a boy of twenty, who has come from the country, and in his endeavor "to see life" ended by a three weeks' sentence to the Workhouse. Behind him comes a man just emerged from a prize-fight, who will need the hospital before his sentence can be worked out, and then a row of young thieves and ruffians on their way to prisoners' cells in the Penitentiary, who chaff and jeer each other as they pass into the hold.

All about are the friends, some sympathetic, a few ashamed, but for the most part of the same order. One quiet little woman in black looks with sorrowful eyes at the brutal faces. Her own boy is on the Island for thieving from his employer, and she has a little basket with fruit and some luxuries.

The trip from the city requires but a few moments. On the journey we pass Bellevue Hospital, whence come physicians, nurses, and crowds of eager students, who sometimes to the number of three hundred or more go over on the hospital

PRISONERS' CELLS IN THE PENITENTIARY, BLACKWELL'S ISLAND. (THE DARK CELLS ARE ON THE LOWER FLOOR.)

boat to the clinics at the Charity Hospital, shouting and singing on the journey, after the manner of their kind.

The prisoners' boat is manned by men detailed from the Workhouse, and it soon appears that they rank many grades lower than the prisoners in the Penitentiary, offenders in the latter considering themselves aristocrats in crime, and those with longest sentences and most aggravated offenses highest in rank. The Workhouse recruits are brawlers, bummers, rounders, anything that expresses the nature of the chronic tramp

and shirker, or the habitual drinker. Their dirty brown uniform stamped on the back is less exhilarating, it appears, than the zebra-like stripes of the convict, and it is equally so among the women.

Often there seems to be among the prisoners' friends a certain pride in the position, and women vie with one another in the number of times some relative has been sent up, and what he or she said to the judge who sentenced them.

"The cost to the city?" cried a stout Irishwoman, who had crowded a meek little woman from her place, and now looked around prepared for battle. "The cost to the city is it! Shure didn't I hear me own son say, — him that was sint up for nothin' but a bit o' fun wid the little Jew round the corner, — that he'd heard the warden say 'twas but fifteen cints a head; more shame to thim that starves the helpless, says I. They'd make their own grandmothers' bones into broth an' be lickin' their chops to think how nate they'd saved ixpinse."

"Shure the whole Island's like that," responded a moon-faced woman near her. "There's naught but spoon-victuals in all the loonytic 'sylum, an' thim as in it fit to break in two with the hunger. It's thim docthors does it to see what'll come next, an' they always standin' by with their books an' writin' an' writin' down the best way o' gettin' folks out o' the world."

"What you talkin' about?" broke in one of the deck-hands, a Workhouse prisoner, but evidently an unaccustomed one. "I've had the 'sylum grub, and it's better than we get in the Workhouse. They feed 'em high to make 'em get well quicker and save the city expense; and there's many a one goes out cured, for my own brother is one and stands up for the doctors."

"It's a masher may be you are on the Bowery whin you're out o' your present suit," the big woman began wrathfully, but the whistle sounded, the deck-hand hurried to his post and blocked the way against the pushing throng till the boat was made fast, holding himself meantime as if the word "masher" had recalled former glories. The prisoners marched off the

boat, a motley throng, — a young girl hiding her face and weeping bitterly; a drunken woman and her baby sent up by her husband as a last resort; a man shrieking with the "horrors" and beating off invisible monsters with his clenched fists; a lot from a dance-house in Water Street, arrested and sent up for disorderly conduct; and two wretched old hags in worse case than any of their companions. From below sounded piercing cries, and the "masher" shook his head.

"Them lunytics don't know what's good for 'em," he said confidentially to a frightened-looking woman who shrunk back as the cries went on. "You don't need to be scared. He's in a close shut ambylance that it took three to get him into, and it'll take more'n three to get him out he's worked hisself up so."

The cries went on; shrieks for help, appeals for mercy, curses on those who were torturing him; sounds that made the blood run cold, and yet they meant no more than the extremity of delusion. An old man with bent frame and heart-broken face turned for a moment and listened.

"I'd rather be him than me," he said, "for he don't know where he's goin' and I do," and he dragged on toward the Almshouse, where his days were to end.

To obtain entrance to the Island at all, a permit is necessary from the Commissioners of Charities and Correction. Even armed with this authority one is eyed severely and distrustfully. Innocent-looking visitors have gone over, who developed afterward into reporters. Others entering as "cases" have presently shown the same features, and therefore officials are apparently on their guard, and permit and person are closely scanned.

The buildings are of feudal character, turreted and battlemented and of imposing size and height. Yonder is the Charity Hospital with its thousands of human wrecks, none more piteous than its husbandless mothers and fatherless children. The old orchards are gone, but trees grew in their place, lining the long avenues, or grouping here and there. Birds build and sing in the drooping branches, and doves brood and coo under

the eaves, while the blue water flashes under the sunshine, and fresh wind sweeps through and over all.

It is with the Workhouse we have to deal at present; its central building flanked by two enormous wings, the northern for men, the southern for women. In the central part are the warder's and physician's rooms, the laundries, a great room or

HUSBANDLESS MOTHERS AND FATHERLESS CHILDREN IN THE CHARITY HOSPITAL, BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.

hall for chapel, but serving as sewing-room for the women and for many other purposes. A new kitchen with all modern appliances has lately been added, thus giving up the old one for more laundry space, all needed for the two thousand and more prisoners - five hundred and fifty of whom are women — being provided for on the ground.

Let us follow the Workhouse group, who, having left the boat, wait for a few moments under the trees, some looking about curiously, for it is their first time; others calling to one and another acquaintance. A knot of women in the Workhouse uniform come down the road on their way to a day's

scrubbing in Bellevue. Their dresses are of heavy bed-ticking, deep cape sunbonnets hide their faces; but one woman pauses as she passes, and looks at the men just forming into line, and then at the group of women.

"God help us!" she says. "Drink's our curse. If it wasn't for the liquor we'd all be foine men an' women. Sure, why did I ever put the dirty stuff inside me mouth!"

The women march on silently toward the Workhouse door and file into the office, where they are seated on long benches till registered; the same ceremony being gone through with for men and women. The register is a history of each case, and, evade as she may, each woman is finally pinned to something like fact. A white-headed woman — certainly seventy — makes her replies in a whisper.

"She was a lady once," the warden says, "She took to drink when her husband died, and she's here most of the time. She went up last Monday, and here it is Thursday and she's back again for six weeks. I ain't sure but what she might better be let to drink herself to death and be done with it, for that's what it will end in."

Ragged and filthy, with matted hair and bruised face, the old woman does not lift her white head as she follows the rest into the bathroom, where all are compelled to bathe and put on the uniform, their own clothes being rolled in a bundle with a numbered wooden tag fastened to it. Twenty minutes later the transformation is complete, and we find her clean, combed, and generally made over, knitting stockings quietly as any old lady could, on one of the long benches of the general workroom.

No talking is allowed save at fixed times, and a certain amount of work is compulsory. Some two hundred women are employed in the sewing-room, knitting stockings for the inmates, darning and repairing generally, and making garments for the Randall's Island children. The number of white heads is appalling, but they are chiefly old hags long given to drink, who began life in low dance-houses and are ending it in the gutter, knowing no decency save as it is forced upon them here.

The floors are scoured as white as the deck of a man-of-war, often by most unwilling hands taking here their first lesson in care and order. When the art of scrubbing has been mastered, numbers of the women are detailed to other institutions, and the old inhabitants of the Almshouse smile with satisfaction as they remember the past and all its miseries. For many a year the respectable paupers, often through no fault of their own, were packed in with the order of criminal now sent to the Workhouse, and forced to submit to an association degrading and offensive in every way. Drunkenness and petty thieving were the offenses which took one there, and abuses of every order reigned. A board of ten governors distributed matters so evenly that no one was responsible, and the place was a pandemonium.

At last an attempt was made to draw the line between vice and laziness. Comfort was the right of the helpless pauper. It was not the right of the tramp, the habitual drunkard, the "rounder," who used the Island as a spot in which to recover from sprees and go out refreshed for a new one. The Workhouse must be a House of Industry, to lessen pauperism; and thus every facility is given for working, and it has ceased to be a training-school for the Penitentiary.

The long corridors are spotlessly clean. The wind sweeps through them, and all taint flies before it. A savory smell comes with it, and as we leave the workrooms a bell sounds, and from all quarters the women file silently toward the dining-room. Here are long, narrow tables, each place with tin plate and spoon. By the door are enormous baskets of bread cut in hunches, each woman receiving one as she passes in, and looking jealously to see if her neighbor's happens to be bigger.

The bill of fare is the same for men and women: Cocoa and bread for breakfast; for dinner beef soup with vegetables twice a week, and salt fish and potatoes for Fridays, with salt beef and cabbage on other days, and on Sundays boiled or roast beef. The kitchen is as spotless as every other portion of the building, and scrubbing is always going on.

On the men's side the shoemaker's shop has some thirty at work repairing and making. The tailor's shop is equally busy, repairing being incessant, and an even more disagreeable order of work, since the clothes are often filled with vermin, which the ordinary bath has no power to extirpate.

INSANE PATIENTS AT WORK IN THE BRUSH SHOP, BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.

In the old days flogging was the customary punishment, but the dark cell has taken its place and is dreaded beyond any other form of punishment. All shirk work the moment a keeper's back is turned or a friendly wall gives momentary shelter from his gaze. Wheelbarrows are dropped, hoers lean on the handles, and all regard even five minutes respite as so much clear gain. The mass are hardly to be made over. If man or woman shows a desire to reform, or energy that may be turned in better directions, their chance is not here. It is quite plain, after a look or two at these faces, that for this world their chance is practically over. For most of them the

wonder is that they ever reform or even wish to. Born in the slums, and knowing evil from babyhood, the stronger natures gravitate naturally to the Penitentiary, the weaker to this place, which since the corner-stone was laid has seen over a quarter of a million inmates come and go. Nor is it likely that the number will lessen, in spite of the amount of work done among them. To rescue the children is the chief task and the only effectual one. For the rest will be this alternation of debauchery and punishment till the end comes and the Potter's Field receives them.

Five minutes' walk under an avenue of green trees, and the high fence about the Lunatic Asylum is reached, the pass shown, and the great buildings stand full before one. Opposite the Island the pretty shore of Ravenswood slopes to the water's edge and the stately buildings on Ward's Island are just beyond. The asylum itself includes three buildings: the asylum proper, the Lodge or Madhouse, and the Retreat. All the most violent cases are confined in the Lodge, where visitors are never allowed. The center of the main building, octagonal in form, is devoted to offices, a receiving-room, etc., and the wards open out from this. The general arrangement is like those of most asylums, but there are no private rooms, and the beds in the dormitories are ranged closely together, with attendants stationed at intervals. In the convalescent ward the end is fitted up as a reception-room for friends, and is brightened with pictures and flowers. Above this is a ward for the milder cases, and here the patients gather — some fifty or so, a few knitting or sewing, but the majority idle.

Except in cases of melancholia, in which it is often impossible to rouse the patient, employment is insisted upon as one chief means of cure. Those in whom mild delusion is the difficulty are soon interested, and the amount of work accomplished is surprising. Two-thirds of the patients are foreign. Restraint is used only in case of necessity, and where rough handling or brutality of any sort occurs, it is the work of some untrained or angry attendant, the doctors protesting against such action even in extreme cases.

The medical staff is supplied from Bellevue and is always composed of picked men. The resident physician is autocrat, but consults with the staff, always four or five in number. One attendant is allowed to every fifteen patients, four-fifths of

INSANE PATIENTS AT WORK IN THE BASKET WEAVING ROOM, BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.

whom are here for mania. The rest are idiots, paralytics, or temporarily insane from the "horrors." From sixty to seventy are suicidal and require close watching. Now and then one makes a break for the river, and one or two have thus drowned themselves, but accidents are few.

The form of entrance is much like that of the Workhouse so far as registration and bath are concerned. The patient, who cannot be entered without a certificate of insanity, is examined by the resident physician, who determines in what ward the patient shall be placed. For the most part, all save violent cases are assigned to the first, till doctors and attendants have had time to judge the nature of the case. As many as possible

are kept in the convalescent ward, which has privileges not allowed in others. Chronic harmless cases are allowed all possible freedom, and work in one of the shops or in the sewing-room, always under observation. Basket-weaving and mat-making are favorite industries, and several of the patients crochet the beautiful Irish lace which is on sale in the visitors' room.

Twenty acres of land belong to the asylum, and are cultivated to the highest pitch by the patients. Flowers are everywhere, and the greenhouse is another source of pleasure to the workers in it. The water-supply flows through submarine pipes from the Croton reservoir and is abundant. In the new cook-house, soup is boiled in set kettles through which steam pipes pass, and is carried to the dining-room in huge pails. The dietary is a generous one. Soup predominates, but it is of the most nourishing order, and there is no limit as to quantity. Knives and forks are allowed to very few, and tin plates have proved the best form of dish, as they cannot be broken. Over two hundred were dining together in perfect quiet, save for little outbursts here and there. Mush and molasses on Friday always rouses objection. The Irishman has never taken kindly to Indian corn in any form, and resents being forced to use it.

Till very lately there was small provision for amusement, but the attendant physicians realized long ago how vital a factor this was in cure, and begged for larger quarters. A large and airy hall has at last been built, and here at least once a week all who are not too excited by numbers gather together, dance, sing, or are given some light entertainment. The delight in this is a thing that passes on from one week to the next, and every scrap of ornament is treasured and put on for the occasion.

More than one of the patients believe that the resident physician is God, and address prayers and sing hymns to him, this being the prelude to dance or game if he enters the hall. A maiden of fifty believes that she will ruin her complexion unless she wears continuously a mask cut from an old pasteboard box, and she waves a fan of the same material in the

most stately manner. As in every asylum, there is one who believes herself the Queen of Heaven, and daily receives dispatches from God; and one who owns it and everything in it, doctors included. Across the room sits a patient who receives guests affably and announces herself as the widow of President Garfield. A rag doll on the little table by her bed is one of her forty-five children, all of whom are grown up and doing well, — most of them, she says, in fine positions.

THE LUNATICS' CHARIOT, DRAWN BY LUNATICS CHAINED TOGETHER.

Near her is a little woman with twinkling blue eyes and a particularly merry laugh, who dances with delight, but pauses at intervals to whisper of the horrors she could tell if she were disposed.

"Murders by the score, — yes, by the score," she says, looking suspiciously about her; "but the victims are thrown into the river at once, so that no one has to mention it. Take care; I shall be heard," — and she laughs again and nods to her partner, a silent man, who chuckles to himself at intervals and moves his lips noiselessly. Another, at present cutting pigeon-wings learned in his youth, has a nest of snakes in his stomach, and sits down suddenly, crying with loud voice, "Oh, Lord! They're squirming again!"

It is a popular delusion that makes the test of insanity wild eyes and inflamed countenance. Often weeks pass before a patient says an irrational word, and save for some special de-

lusion many are perfectly competent for all ordinary affairs of life. Yonder, for instance, is an admirable tinker, when he can spare time. Most of it, however, is occupied in standing by the river, waiting for it to dry up, when he intends to cross and resume his station in society. Now and then he enters the office and applies for a pass, but when told that he must first get a Paris hat, he nods assent and goes out contentedly.

One patient, mad from confirmed opium-eating, shouted continuously for a coffin:

"For the love of God bring a coffin! I've been dead ten days! What do you mean by not bringing a coffin?"

In the dead-house sits an old patient who would rejoice to meet his wishes if he could. Corpses are his delight. One coffin fills him with satisfaction, and every additional one is a fuller joy. He will not leave them, but sits like an ancient and always good-natured ghoul, wishing he could pile the coffins higher.

Under the trees sits a one-armed French soldier who believes he is one of Napoleon's marshals and that the Emperor is to come again. An Irish philosopher, a graduate of Dublin University, and here from drink and opium, owns the island, but lends it by the day to the institutions.

"To-morrow, may be, I'll have 'em all pulled down," he says reflectively. "I'm thinking foine gyardens would look better and more cheerful like, but there's no hurry. Whin the time comes there's enough to carry out me orders and no bother to meself. There's no hurry at all, and I wouldn't be discommoding the Doctors, not I."

Down the long walk comes a group of women out with an attendant, all of them in the asylum uniform of calico, less unpleasant than the bed-ticking dresses of the Workhouse prisoners, a detachment of whom are working here. One little woman, walking with bent head, raises it suddenly and emits a piercing toot. She thinks herself a steam engine and whistles periodically, to the rage of the others, who recognize her delusion but are wholly unconscious of their own.

So it goes, and for each is the story of a blighted life and often the ruin of other lives closely bound to theirs. It is a pauper asylum, and fifty years ago all know what fate would have been theirs and in some remote country towns is still the fate of one so afflicted. Here, in spite of inevitable overcrowding and of a thousand difficulties, all that science can do is

THE CONVICTS' LOCK-STEP.

done, and the percentage of cures is a steadily increasing one. But for most, death is the best friend; and if the patient waiter in the dead-house rejoices over a fresh coffin he has better reason than he knows, for to its silent occupant no other release could have come.

For the Penitentiary the story has practically been told in that of the Workhouse. It is a more sombre building, has more rigid discipline, heavier labor, a more disgraceful uniform. It is the convicts who have built the heavy sea wall about the island and quarried the stone for most of the buildings. They

mend and repair roads, and in as many ways as possible return a portion of the money expended in providing a place of punishment.

The prisoner sent up to fill out a sentence goes through the same routine as all who enter any of the many institutions here. The register is his history in brief, and, like the portraits of the Rogues' Gallery, is a standing menace to him. Yet, hard as is the prisoner's lot, it is often the convict's first glimpse of regular life and decent food. He learns a trade, perhaps,—for there are many occupations taught under the prison roof,—and gains an appetite for the coarse but sufficient food. There is a chapel and a library, and all the alleviations at present allowed; for a more humane view is now taken of the prisoner and his fate than even ten years ago. Reformation is more and more the thought, and the convict here as elsewhere reaps the benefit of the new view. But routine necessarily remains much the same. The long day of labor under guard, the long night after the hour has come in which all are locked in their narrow cells, is the same for all. There is stealthy communication, and knowledge of each other that would amaze the keepers, who suspect but can seldom detect the method. Some learn to read, and spend such spare time as is theirs in reading, and most of them leave the prison better in health than when they entered it.

The prison has its own special staff of officers from warden to doctors and chaplain, its infirmary, and all the many outbuildings required for the maintenance of fifteen hundred and more prisoners. But its story is the story of all prisons, save the one or two fortunate enough to have at their head men who count crime chiefly a disease and proceed to cure it.

For speculation or fact as to this theory there is no room here; but it is certain a new science is being constructed, and that all future methods with crime will be largely colored by it. When the day comes, prevention will lead instead of follow, and we may believe that prison walls will contract rather than broaden, and fewer inmates look from the grated windows of the place of punishment.

CHAPTER XIX.

HEAVENLY CHARITIES — SISTER IRENE'S MYSTERIOUS BASKET — HOMES FOR FOUNDLINGS AND LITTLE WAIFS.

Sister Irene — A Modern Good Samaritan — A Mysterious Little Basket — Its First Appearance — "What Can it be for?" — Its First Tiny Occupant — Crouching in the Shadow — An Agonizing Parting — Babies Abandoned on the Street — Broken-Hearted Mothers — A "Rent-Baby" — A "Run-Around" — How Sister Irene's Basket Grew into a Six-Story Building — Fatherless Children — Babies of all Kinds — How the Record of each Baby is Kept — Curious Requests for Children for Adoption — "Wanted, a Nice Little Red-Headed Boy" — An Inquiry for a Girl with a "Pretty Nose" — "Going to Meet Papa and Mamma" — The Sunny Side of the Work — The Darker Side of the Picture — Pain and Suffering — Worn Little Faces — The Babies' Hospital — Free Cribs for Little Sufferers.

NEAR Lexington Avenue, between Sixty-eighth and Sixty-ninth Streets, stands the New York Foundling Asylum, an enormous building of simplest construction, the main portion six stories high, with various outgrowths, which on examination prove to be hospitals and other departments connected with the institution. Possibly the visitor has come straight from the children's ward in St. Luke's Hospital, with its many free beds endowed by Sunday-school classes, or by some mother in memory of her own little ones. Seeing the perfect care given there, one cannot but wonder how it fares with the myriad other babies, who must be part of the misery that abounds in the swarming tenement-houses of both the East and West Sides. What is done with the hundreds upon hundreds of motherless or worse than motherless little ones?

It is this Asylum which affords one answer, and which twenty-five years ago had no existence. Popular feeling was strongly against foundling asylums of any order. Their need had been often discussed by charitable workers, but it was felt in the various churches to which such work was long confined

that if crime were shielded it must necessarily increase. Paris with its enormous foundling asylums was pointed to as an illustration of all we should most wish to escape, and thus little waifs fared as they could, room being made for them in homes and asylums ill adapted to such use, and where all such work was carried on at the greatest disadvantage.

As usual in these cases, a woman began the solution of the problem. Its ethical bearings did not enter her head. She had long worked among the poor. She knew what temptation meant, and how often an innocent girl betrayed by a villain needed the support denied her by the Pharisee, and even by those who wished to help yet feared some compromising quality in the act. What thoughts went on under Sister Irene's close black bonnet she does not tell. It is sufficient to our purpose that the basket was bought, and that on an October morning in 1869,—the rain pouring as if to wash out any possible stain entailed by the act,—the people in Twelfth Street saw in the doorway of No. 17 a curious little basket softly lined, and for a mysterious purpose which nobody could fathom. Men looked at it as they went to business and wondered if anybody had set it down and forgotten to take it in. It was still there when they returned home at night, and a light gleamed above it, but its purpose was no plainer than when day dawned and found it there.

THE MOTHER'S LAST KISS.

Far into the night, when the solitary footsteps of an occasional pedestrian echoed loudly in the silent street, a frightened woman stole toward the open doorway, casting startled looks around and behind her, and after long crouching in the shadow softly crept up the steps. Something held close in her arms went with her, which she pressed to her breast again and again, and then with a burst of tears she laid it in the basket

and silently hurried down the steps. Crouching again in the friendly shadow she waited, her face turned toward the doorway, till a baby's wail followed by a sharp little cry was heard, and she half sprung up and stretched her arms toward the basket. The door opened even as the cry came. A woman with a calm, gentle face stood for a moment, the flood of

SISTER IRENE'S BASKET AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE NEW YORK FOUNDLING ASYLUM.

light from the hall bringing out every line of face and figure, then stooped and lifted the bundle to her shoulder, pressing the little face close to her own. The baby nestled to her as she passed into the hall; the door closed, and the woman crouching in the darkness stole away, bearing her secret with her. Another babe was found on the stoop during the night, in spite of the rain that was falling in torrents. The next night came two women, each with her burden, which was laid

in the basket, and twice again the door opened and the black-robed figure responded to the feeble cry that had only to sound to be heard. Out of the cold and dark, into warmth and light and care, went each helpless tenant of the waiting basket, and the news soon went out that here no questions were asked, no demands were made, but help and comfort were always waiting. Within a month the number of babies reached forty-five: the house was full.

This is the story of Sister Irene's little house on Twelfth Street, — the first foundling asylum in the United States. Never was anything on smaller scale. Often she rose in the morning utterly uncertain as to where the day's food was to come from, and always before night help came and the work went on. Doubt as one might the wisdom of such undertaking, there were the babies and they must be fed. Ladies sent in food, money, and bundles of little garments, often from the drawer where they had been laid with tears, as the bereaved mother folded them away in memory of the little one who had put on angel raiment. These bereaved mothers took turns at watching, preparing food, and all the thousand cares of the nursery, and Sister Irene and her nuns did the rest.

Up to this time infanticide had been common, and abandonment on the street no less so. Twenty years ago scarcely a morning passed without its being recorded in the daily journals that the body of a new-born babe had been found floating near the docks, buried in an ash-barrel, or flung into some lonely area. Each day an armful of little unfortunates, picked up by the police on their night beats, were carried to the Almshouse on Blackwell's Island, to be bottle-fed by the aged paupers, rarely surviving their infancy. There was no place for these little waifs in charitable institutions, for the charters did not admit them; and even now, with a place offering itself, it was doubtful if it must not depend upon private charity for support. The matter came up for consideration, and the city fathers finally settled to pay a trifling amount per head for the babies' support.

This was the beginning, and during the twenty years that

have gone by since Sister Irene lifted the first tiny occupant of the basket to the motherly breast that has never known motherhood, over twenty-two thousand babies have been cared for by her and her helpers. Long ago the Twelfth Street home proved utterly inadequate, and the great building on Lexington Avenue received them, to become in turn all too small for the crowds that apply. The main building now accommodates six hundred babies and three hundred mothers, and besides these, twelve hundred are put out to nurse. In any poor family where a baby has died, the mother can take one of these little waifs, provided the doctor gives a certificate that the applicant is responsible and in fair health. For this the city pays ten dollars a month, but the woman must bring the child to the Asylum once a month on the pay day fixed, where it is inspected by the Sisters before she receives her wage.

FOSTER MOTHERS.

Picture a helpless babe, a day or two old, either laid reluctantly in the crib by a poor broken-hearted mother, or abandoned pitilessly under cover of night on the steps or in the neighborhood of the Asylum. A little one entering is first registered, receiving a name and number, and is then temporarily placed in one of the nurseries. In a few days it is confided to a nurse in the outside department. Within a week her home is visited by the Asylum detective, to gain positive assurance that she is worthy of the trust. For the next three years the foundling is a member of its foster-mother's family and is known as a "rent-baby." Once a month, on pay-day, she takes it to the Asylum for inspection, and if sick it must be carried there for treatment. Time passes on, the baby has become a "run-around" and is recalled to the Asylum. This time there are bitter tears shed over the foundling by the fos-

ter-mother, who declares that the little stranger brought a blessing upon her home. If it is ill, it is taken in at the hospital for treatment, and here its troubles often end. But the percentage of deaths is less than would be expected, and of all the mothers who serve as deputies the majority give good care and often grow so attached to their little charges that adoption follows.

Shortly after the opening of the Asylum, a second branch of work, until then uncontemplated, forced itself upon the Sisters' attention. One day a young woman came with her baby, and pleaded not to leave it, but to be received into the house with it. As provision had been made for foundlings only, she was refused. A few hours later the woman returned and renewed her entreaties, saying her friends had cast her off — she had no shelter for the night — might she not remain with her child? Money was given her for her present need, but once more she was refused admission. In the evening she came again, and said there was but one alternative — if the Sisters would not consent to take her she would go and destroy herself — if they allowed her to stay with her child, she would work for them and nurse another baby with her own. These last words were a revelation, for painful experience had taught that, with the most unwearied care and vigilance, it was almost impossible to raise a number of infants by hand; the babies would gain by this extension of the work, as

THE CHILDREN'S CLOTHES ROOM.

well as the poor homeless mothers. The girl, by her importunity, had opened a refuge for thousands who, since then, have sought the shelter of the Asylum.

It is a noteworthy fact that, of the many nationalities represented — Irish, French, German, and Italian, — it is the Italian mothers who bring back the healthiest-looking babies, and

ONE OF THE NURSERY WARDS.

under whose nursing the weaklings soonest begin to thrive. They "mother" them like their own, and it is mothering, or the want of it, that means life or death to the waifs that, save for happy chance, will never know the portion of real childhood.

In the great Asylum on Lexington Avenue — the outgrowth of Sister Irene's little basket — she still rules. The face is more than twenty years older than on that stormy night in which her basket held its first tenant, but it is even more peaceful and bright. Her shoulders are bowed; her day of work near its ending, but she cannot enter a ward but that the children tumble over each other in their eagerness to even touch

her; and her pride in them is something beautiful to see. As she pauses to admire the delicate skin of one, the bright eyes of another, the larger babies quarrel as to which shall open the door for her, or rejoice as she singles out one for special attention. They learn rhymes to please her. They even make no protest against that sorest of childhood's trials, face-washing, if it is to make ready for Sister Irene's coming, and a forest of small hands wave a parting greeting as she passes through the open door.

There is another reminder of her beginning of this beneficent work. In the marble corridors of the great building hang pictures of saints and children, each one a gift, and each with its special significance. In the vestibule there is no longer a basket, but a bassinet with its pretty canopy of pink and white, and it knows as many pitiful stories as the old receptacle which it long ago replaced.

In the long wards with their white-canopied cribs one sees white-capped nurses caring for their small charges as diligently as if it were their sole thought in life. It is hard to believe that they are themselves on probation, proving here their repentance and desire for a better life. Two or three Sisters are always with the babies, and the larger children follow them about or are busy with the bright papers and toys of the Kindergarten.

There are two Kindergarten classes, each numbering about fifty. A more charming sight can hardly be imagined than that presented by these children of misfortune, laughing and singing at their games, or grasping in their tiny fingers the various Kindergarten gifts. The least observant visitor, on beholding the large assemblage of older children in the full tide of enjoyment and happiness, would quite forget the sad page in their history. They are not in uniform, — that depressing fact of most asylums. On the contrary each child seems to wear a different color, and the pretty locks of all are "banged" and tied with bright ribbons as carefully as if a mother's hand had done it.

One fact might well be dwelt upon by all mothers. These

twelve hundred and more babies have the purest complexions, the result of the absolute regularity with which they are fed and cared for. No food is allowed between meals, but not one of them goes hungry, and the majority have a contented and comfortable look. All nationalities are here, and every shade of coloring and every type of feature, and often a beauty of both feature and expression that wins all hearts at once.

THE PLAY ROOM.

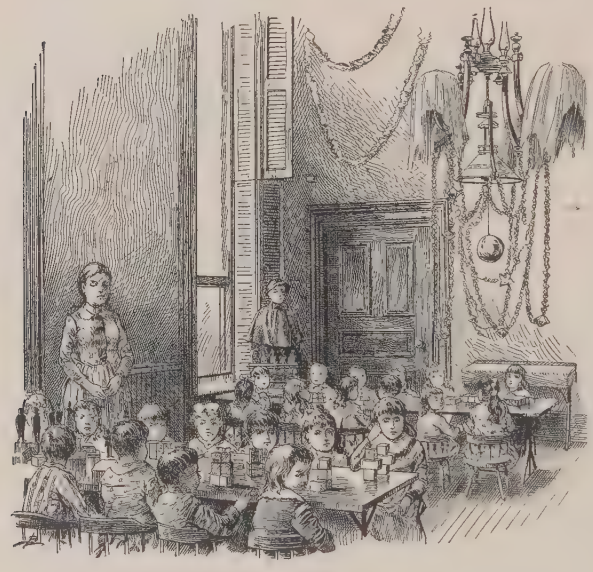
At three years old a baby's life under Sister Irene's roof must end. Up to that age the mother may claim it if she will. After that it can be legally adopted by any one, though under the charge of the Sisters till its majority. It has been deemed best to find homes for them outside the city, and an agent visits the parties applying for children to adopt, and travels in the West securing homes. The number of applications is large, and they are of all orders. One writes: —

"We want a nice little red-headed boy. I have a red-haired wife and five red-headed little girls, and we want a boy to match."

Another, in an order for a little brown-haired and blue-eyed girl, adds: "She *must* have a pretty nose," while another writes, "Send us a smart, stout, saucy boy of six, Irish parents."

Good tidings come from the West concerning the little ones who have been sent out to brighten childless homes. Some are declared to be "the sweetest and dearest little children in the world," others are "the smartest in the school,"

and one and all of the adopted parents express in different ways the same sentiment,—that they could not possibly get on without them. Many persons who have seen them in the care of others desire to obtain similar treasures for themselves, and the agent, during his Western tours of inspection, has little difficulty in selecting homes for a band of forty or fifty. And then comes the excitement of departure. The children all animation and eagerness at the thought of the dear "papas and mammas" who are at last sending for them, assemble in the "play-room" to be prepared for their journey. They are dressed in their neat, warm cloaks and pretty hoods by those who have been to them as loving mothers, and who could scarcely bear to send them forth to an unknown future but for their confidence in Him who has promised "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." The roll is called, to make sure that all appointed for the journey are at hand, and then, accompanied by several Sisters, the little ones are placed in the stages that are to convey them to the station. The novelty of the ride and the bustle of the depot interest and amuse them, and it is only when they are settled in the car that is to take them to their destination, and the Sisters turn to leave them, that they realize the parting from their first friends, and the journey is begun amid sobs and tears. But childish griefs are



THE KINDERGARTEN.

short-lived, and by the time the West is reached bright little faces are peeping out anxious to catch the first glimpse of those who are eagerly awaiting them.

As far as could be expected they have met with parental care and love, and in their innocence fondly imagine that they have found their lost father and mother. It is most affecting to behold a little troop starting for these far-off homes. In response to the question, "Little one, where are you going?" the reply invariably comes, "To my papa and mamma."

Many of them regularly correspond with Sister Irene. One recently wrote:—

"DEAR SISTER:—

"I suppose you are well, and I would like to hear from you. I am getting a big boy now, and I am nine years old. I am getting along in my books very well. Tell Mr. Hughes to send me that goat.

"I have a sloop and she got frozen in the ice, and I could not hardly get her out. Good-by."

Another wrote:—

"DEAR SISTER:—

I thought I would write to you and send my report, so that you can see how I am getting along in my lessons. I got the prize last month for taking the highest per cent. in spelling. I am beginning to save my money, and I have forty-four cents. I have had a real nice time this winter, sliding on my sled. I am well, and so is mamma. Good-bye. Mamma and I send love to you.

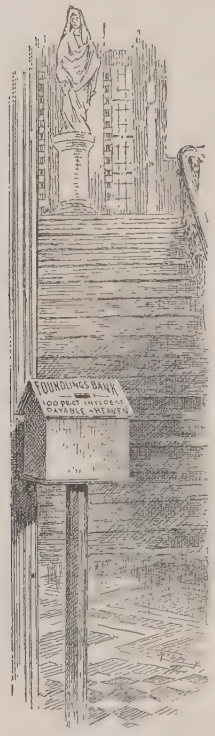
Your little boy,

F———.

Some of the children first sent out have already reached maturity and have chosen a calling; some are happily married, and often write letters showing how gratefully and affectionately they remember those who protected them in infancy.

This is the sunny side of the work. There is another,—the hospital, its wards filled with disease, deformity, and suffering, the penalty of the parents' sins. Here are the incurables, some of whom will linger in pain and suffering year after year; but many will soon escape to the happier country, where they shall no more say, "I am sick." The little faces, worn and spiritualized by suffering, are still cheerful. Every possible alleviation is there, but pain rules and must rule in the tortured little bod-

ies which have never known any other life but suffering. Beyond these wards is the quarantine, connected with the other buildings by iron bridges, by means of which little patients sick with any contagious disease can be conveyed there without going through the other buildings. To meet the total expenses of this great work nearly $275,000 a year are required, and voluntary contributions are depended upon to a considerable extent.



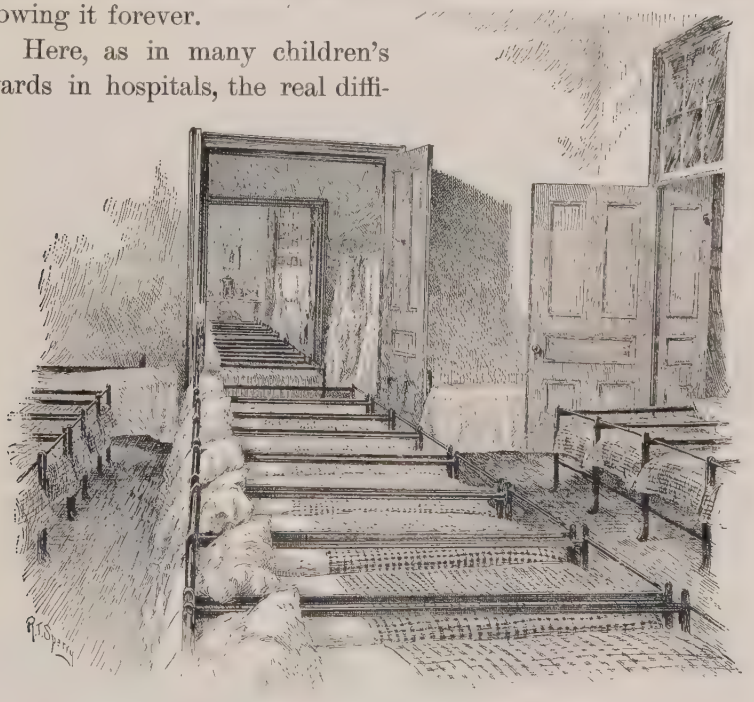
FOUNDLINGS' BANK AT ENTRANCE TO MAIN STAIRCASE.

This Foundling Asylum is a type of the many Homes which year by year have grown up for children, fifteen thousand of whom are now the charge of city or private charity. There are orphan aslyums of every order, white and colored, Catholic and Protestant. Every hospital has its "children's ward," and there are special ones for every form of disease. Near Sister Irene's Home is a new venture hardly five years in existence, but of equal helpfulness in its way. It is only one large house, known as the "Babies' Hospital" and capable at its utmost of holding not over forty babies. It is for the sick, not for the well, and gives summer outings for the severest cases. None are turned away, not even the dying, and these come oftener than might be supposed, since hard-working mothers cannot or do not stop till the last moment to attend to a baby, sick or well. Contagious diseases are excluded, but everything else is undertaken and sooner or later finds its way here. Every police station, all the charitable associations, all the mission-rooms, have been notified that here is a refuge for all sick children. Mothers are suspicious of hospitals, and believe them places built for experiment upon the poor; but the mother who has once had her baby under treatment here persuades all she knows to try it for their own.

There are a number of free cribs. It costs three thousand

dollars to endow a crib for one's lifetime, and two hundred and fifty dollars to maintain it for a year. The children of Elberon, where President Garfield died, pay this sum yearly for a crib over which their name hangs, and there is one crib for which a wealthy mother gave five thousand dollars, thus endowing it forever.

Here, as in many children's wards in hospitals, the real difficulty is often found to be that the babies have never been properly fed, and a week or two of good food cures the supposed disease. The most interesting spot in this hospital after the babies themselves, each in its crib with white coverlet, warm blanket, and pretty blue, pink, or lilac "puff," tufted with knots of gay worsted, is the kitchen where all their food is prepared. Here stand the great cans of milk, bottles of baby-food, beef-juice, and all that baby needs require. Beyond is the "cold room," and in it stands a great case similar to a row of post-office boxes, one for each baby and labeled with its name. In it is placed daily the food it is to have, chosen after



IN THE CHILDREN'S DORMITORY AT SISTER IRENE'S.

the doctor's prescription, and in bottles stopped with the latest discovery, — baked cotton batting. Germs of disease being a part of the air one must breathe in cities, or indeed anywhere save on mountain tops, it becomes specially necessary to guard against them in a hospital; and it has been found that they cannot penetrate through baked cotton batting. So baked it

THE LITTLE WAIFS' EVENING PRAYER.

is, and these babies have purer food than often falls to the lot of most Fifth Avenue children.

There is one scene that nightly appeals to those in charge of the homeless little ones at the Five Points House of Industry. It is repeated at other points of the great city; wherever, indeed, rise the walls of a child's asylum or protectory, but here in this first and oldest of all aids for the helpless ones, it seems to have special significance and most touching appeal.

"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."—BEDTIME IN THE HOMELESS LITTLE GIRLS' DORMITORY AT THE FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY.

The most beautiful thing in this life is the faith and trust of a child. Round about the great room at the Five Points House of Industry, with its rows of little iron cots, covered with snowy white spreads, kneel the babies of three years and upwards. With folded hands, and eyes tight shut, the little lips of these homeless ones repeat in unison the prayer that happy mothers in many a home bend to hear:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

Round about the great room with its rows of little iron cots covered with snowy white spreads — the only home these tiny waifs have ever known — kneel the babies of three years and upwards. With folded hands, eyes tight shut, or opening for a moment's survey of the others, the little lips repeat in unison the prayer that happy mothers in many a home bend to hear:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

Be sure that it is heard, and that for each and all of these little ones, there is watch and ward in that Kingdom, where none may enter save as they become as little children.

The new Training School for children's nurses, which is intended to give thorough training to all who are to have the care of young children, has four of its students on duty here through the day, and they may even serve a term as regular nurses after their two years' course is over. For this and all the other hospitals for children is a type of care impossible even a few years ago. The standard has risen, year by year, till now every appliance of science is brought to bear, — even the hospital for incurables furnishing its quota of experience and suggestion.

There are many institutions devoted to this heavenly charity. The two I have imperfectly described are typical forms in which the passion for helpfulness and the saving of life find marked expression. But the city has other charities no less worthy, and the story of any one told in full would make a volume, each page of which might well, if praise were in question, be printed in letters of gold, and bound like the beautiful missals of old, in vellum, jewel set, and with all rare and costly work of monkish pens and gravers.

CHAPTER XX.

ITALIAN LIFE IN NEW YORK — SCENES IN THE GREAT BEND IN MULBERRY STREET — HOMES OF FILTH AND SQUALOR.

The Home of the Organ-Grinder and his Monkey — Italian Child Slavery — Begging, or Honest Occupation — Grinding Poverty — An Italian's First View of New York — Flashing Eyes and Gay-Colored Raiment — Fatalists — The Great Bend in Mulberry Street — Mouldy Bread and Skinny Poultry — Tainted Meat and Ancient Fish — Unbearable Odors — Rotten Vegetables and Rancid Butter — Strong Flavors in Cooking — The Beehive — Bones, Garbage, and Rags — Squalid and Filthy Homes — Swarming in Great Tenement Houses — Maccaroni and Oil — The Monkey-Trainer — Rag-Pickers in Cellars and Basements — How the Italians Live — Smashed Eggs by the Spoonful — "Little Italy."

CURBSTONE GOSSIP IN MULBERRY STREET.

FULLY a generation ago the children who watched from New York windows for the organ-grinder and his monkey, or those more adventurous ones who followed his devious way as far as they dared, looked with wondering eyes at the monkey's close companion, — a child, and sometimes more than one, dark-eyed, low-browed and swarthy, with flashing white teeth that gleamed out at the least kindness, and a grace

and suppleness of movement born under other than American skies. For the most part they were melancholy little creatures, and they had good reason. Their inability to speak English, and their terror at the conditions that surrounded them, sealed their lips; nor did the public awaken to the outrages committed upon them till roused by the indignation of the few who had investigated the matter to the bottom, and knew whereof they spoke.

SIDEWALK PEASE SELLER, MULBERRY STREET.

It was the Children's Aid Society that first sounded an alarm and sought some means of relief for the abominations of the *padrone* system. This meant a formal traffic hardly less well organized than the old slave system, by means of which Italian children were hired from parents or friends at home or came here with them to follow organ-grinders and beg. Every child was compelled to bring home a fixed sum daily. If it

was exceeded, good. If it fell below the standard, beating and starvation were the penalties. Children died of want, cold, and privation, nor was there any hope of betterment till the first school for Italians was opened and fought its way to recognition and final success.

The organ-grinder was once an emblem of our idea of Italian life and the recipient of all the scorn that busy, practical America has for this pursuit. It has gradually dawned upon us, however, that a man need not necessarily be a beggar who adopts organ-grinding as his occupation, and that he may even lead a more wholesome and broader life than that of the shoemaker at his bench or the toiler in the factory or mine. Often, it is true, the Italian organ-grinder represented the worst order of his countrymen. He was the forerunner of the tide of emigration from Italy that from that day to this has set steadily toward our shores, a constantly increasing army of Italians young and old, drawn from the poorer and often from the most vicious classes.

The New York Italian colony now numbers over seventy thousand souls and is still increasing. It is chiefly the laboring class who come, and they have proved efficient and patient workers at railroad construction and innumerable other forms of manual labor. Aside from this is a proportion — and a constantly increasing one — of professional men and merchants. Ninety-five per cent. of all who arrive become American citizens, and thirty per cent. remain in New York or its immediate vicinity.

It was the organ-grinder who first carried back the tale of what might be done in the new country, and stirred uneasy longings. Often there was no capital available for the listening peasant save that in Tessa's heavy gold beads, but she sold them willingly for passage-money, firm in the faith that better ones would soon take their place. If they owned a little patch of land it was sold or sometimes leased, and the two turned their faces westward. One may see the type to-day: Giovanni in leggins, broad hat, and blue jacket, and Tessa with her heavy braids and gay flowered shawl just landed at Castle Garden,

and looking with serious eyes at the new surroundings. The Elevated Road is the first amazement, and a terror as well, till custom has dulled the first shock at seeing trains in the air; but for the first few days all is wonder.

CURBSTONE BEANS SELLER, MULBERRY STREET.

From whatever part of Italy they come, they bring alike the melancholy faces that are part of the Italian inheritance. They are fatalists. Long oppression, unending hard work, and grinding poverty, have all left their lines. We think of all Italians as happy, easy-natured do-nothings, and for Naples and much of southern Italy this is in part true. But northern Italians have much in common with New Englanders. They are abstinent, frugal, hard-working, and patient, but a little prosperity soon alters the expression and brings out the underlying type.

Let us begin with the lowest order, the dealer in fruit and vegetables, or the rag-picker, who gravitates at once to the region given over to his people. Here one finds them swarming in the great tenement-houses, grouping on doorsteps and sidewalks, and forming, with their vivid coloring, their flashing eyes, and gay-colored raiment, one of the most picturesque scenes New York has to offer. Do they herd together? Yes,

but no more or perhaps less than at home, as any one who has been in Genoa for instance, and watched the stream of humanity pouring out from the tall old houses of the Carmagiano district, can testify. They were not paupers even there, though many affirm that whoever prefers macaroni and oil to baker's

PUSH-CART BRIGADE IN THE GREAT BEND, MULBERRY STREET.

bread must be near that condition. But they live on what an American would find impossible, and thus lay up money even when earnings are scantiest.

Take the Great Bend in Mulberry Street on a Saturday morning,—a spot as utterly un-American as anything in New York. The open-air market is going on, and trucks and barrows of every description line the sidewalk. A never-ending throng, through which one can barely make way, fills every available foot of walk. Tainted meat; poultry blue with age and skinny beyond belief; vegetables in every stage of wilted-

ness; fruit half rotten or mouldy; butter so rancid that it poisons the air; eggs broken in transit, sold by the spoonful for omelets; fish that long ago left the water,— all contribute their share to the unbearable odor that even in the open air proves almost too much for endurance. Over and over again the Board of Health officers have swooped down on the Bend and dumped the contents of the entire market into the river, but they cannot always be at hand, and so buying and selling goes on.

SIDEWALK BREAD SELLER — MULBERRY STREET.

Great sacks lie along the walk; they hold bread, the rejected stock of the down-town baker, who allows it to accumulate till hard, dry, or mouldy, according to the weather and the place of storage. It is sold at so much a sackful, and the inhabitants of the Bend walk away with their selections as content, apparently, as if it had come fresh from the oven. At one point sits an old woman, wrinkled and skinny as her stock in trade, and holds out a starved little turkey as customers pause for consideration.

"*Una bella pollina;* a beautiful hen turkey," she cries, with a thousand adjectives expressive of the fine qualities of this desirable investment, and presently a young woman, after a fierce course of bargaining accompanied with wild gestures that seem to point to nothing less than bloodshed, counts out the price, grasps her prize, and moves on smilingly. Buyer and seller vociferate and grimace, and he or she who can talk longest and loudest wins in the end. The piles of unwholesomeness

and actual disease rapidly diminish, even sometimes disappear altogether, before the crowd of eager buyers, and the throng lessens. It is the Sunday's supply, and presently there will be a smell of cooking, and herbs and oil will destroy rankness and make of the unsavory ingredients a meal which the purchasers will count festivity.

CURBSTONE VEGETABLE VENDER, MULBERRY STREET.

The homes in these houses are of all orders; some squalid and filthy, others clean and bright, with red and blue saints on the walls and gay patchwork quilts on the bed. They all love lilacs,—a reminder to them of the orange blossoms of their sunny native land; and in the season one may see many a bunch placed on a little shelf or bracket before the patron saint. The organ-grinder may even bring home a bunch on his return from a round. He loves flowers also, and delights in bringing them back to the children.

Down on Baxter Street is a cluster of eight houses known

as the Beehive, and here is a man who is organ-renter and clock-seller, the business managed in part by his wife. The organ-grinder seldom owns his organ and hardly ever his monkey. This same Beehive has another tenant who trains monkeys, and one who has long been organ-mender. The double house close at hand swarms with Neapolitans, who are chiefly

ITALIAN RAG-PICKERS' SETTLEMENT IN AN ALLEY OFF MULBERRY STREET.

organ-grinders and fruit-sellers, and here is a monkey-trainer who for a small consideration will show his pets. A well-trained organ monkey is worth from twelve to twenty dollars, and the trainer works patiently to give them the necessary accomplishments,— bowing, holding out the cap for money, and so forth. They are taught to obey the word of command in both Italian and English, the whip being employed as argument, but as little as possible. A dozen solemn-eyed monkeys were in the cage when I called upon them, and the youngest, a mere baby of a monkey, screamed for joy as the door was opened and he was allowed to come out for a little. He was

but half trained. The others watched the master's eye, and chattered comments among themselves, while a child stood gravely by, watching their antics.

This is the region of rag-pickers, and in cellars, basements, and alleys, as well as in many a room of the tenement-houses, the work of sorting goes on. Bones and garbage of many kinds are often added to the rags, and here again the Board of Health interferes as far as possible. A thousand people dwell in the Beehive, and most of them of the lowest order, yet there are few beggars, and the majority work hard each day. They give up the open-air eating that formed part of their European home life, nor do they take as many saints' days for holidays. The New York passion for money is upon them, and they work out of these noisome surroundings into something better in surprisingly short spaces of time. The members of the class just above them — the thrifty bourgeois — make money as grocers, hairdressers, or barbers, and go back to their native land to astonish old neighbors with their gains. Often such a one returns to New York and to the same quarters, for the sake of adding to his store, finding that the old life has lost its charm and that his days must end in America.

There is yet another class — the chorus singers and ballet-dancers in the spectacular drama, and the opera companies. They, with merchants and professional men, frequent the Italian restaurants, some of which are famous.

Nothing has done more to make the Italian immigrant contented with New York than the industrial schools, which are thronged by the children. A pair who had landed at Castle Garden at six were found in line at nine the same morning, and announced that seven others would be there in the afternoon. They know from others just what is provided for them, and use every opportunity. The great school on Leonard Street, the outgrowth of the little seed planted in 1855, holds five hundred of them. Afternoon and night schools take in the most pupils, since many must earn their support during the day. The boys are taught various trades;

the girls learn sewing, lace-making, and so forth. The building has school-rooms, bath-rooms, reading-rooms, and printing-offices, where trades are taught and payment given for work that is done. Some stay away at intervals, or attend irregu-

SIDEWALK VEGETABLE STANDS, MULBERRY STREET.

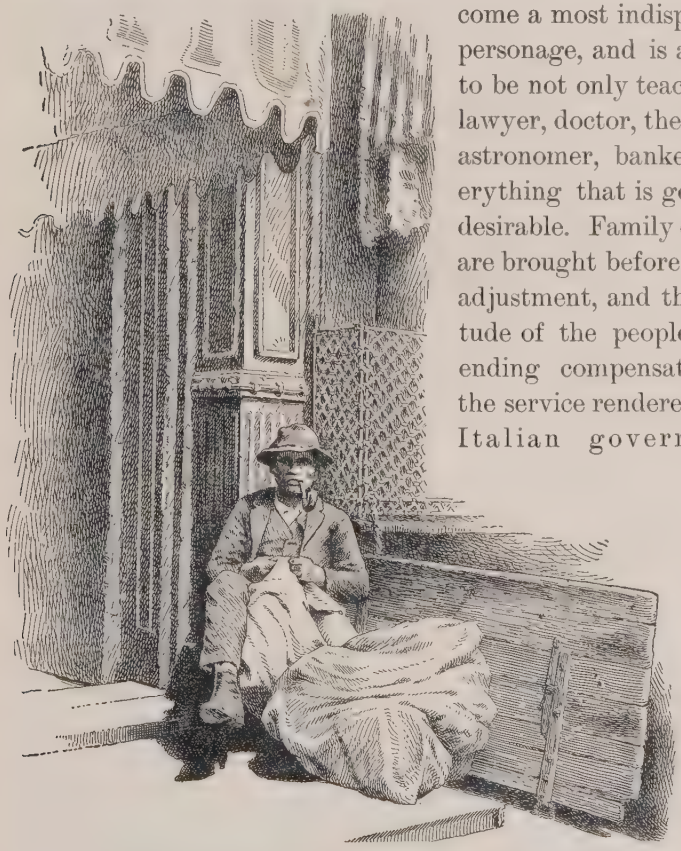
larly, because they must "mind the stand" or help to sort rags, but all are anxious to come. Often they graduate from this into the public school, and hundreds of good citizens owe their success to teachings received here.

The story of this school is, like that of many another invaluable work for children in New York, a part of the record of the Children's Aid Society. The first Italian emigrants were chiefly a part of the *padrone* system, and neces-

sarily the lowest order of that nationality. Some fifteen hundred settled in and about the Five Points, to which that type still gravitates. But they were not criminals and they lived hard-working lives, shut off by their ignorance of English from much share in the life about them. Suspicion and distrust had been born of this isolation, and thus it was hard to make them believe that a school could be opened with no ulterior design below the seeming help. Three years of constant effort were required before any real foothold was gained, the ardent opposition of one of their priests being the greatest obstacle. He threatened excommunication for all who allowed their children to enter the heretic doors, and went from house to house to supplement the curse given in church. Fortunately, he collected money for a school according to his own ideas, and then decamped, preferring to spend it at his leisure on his own soil. This was the turning-point, for the people made amends by sending their children to the school he had denounced.

SIDEWALK TURNIP SELLER, MULBERRY STREET.

From this time on, the growth of the school has been steady. The chief object was to cultivate self-respect and turn the children from begging and organ-grinding towards trades, and this has been accomplished most thoroughly. The *Maestro* has become a most indispensable personage, and is assumed to be not only teacher, but lawyer, doctor, theologian, astronomer, banker, — everything that is good and desirable. Family quarrels are brought before him for adjustment, and the gratitude of the people is unending compensation for the service rendered. The Italian government,



ITALIAN RAG-PICKER MENDING HIS BAGS, MULBERRY STREET.

through its Minister in the United States, has sent formal thanks for the benefits extended to its people, and the higher class of Italians in New York are doing their full share toward helping on the work.

Italians born in this country are much lighter in complexion than those born under an Italian sun. They pass for Americans, and wish to, for they are sometimes made to feel that their nationality is a disgrace. They enter every trade. The

girls are dexterous and skillful workers, and many are found in artificial-flower factories. In one of these factories, near Canal Street, an old Carbonaro spends his days in stamping patterns for flowers, a gray-headed, eagle-eyed old man, a patriot and companion of Garibaldi. There are many of the same order, but they work as quietly as Garibaldi himself worked at his trade of sail-making while in this country.

In the region known as "Little Italy" many of the most evil and reckless have banded, but they are a company less to be dreaded than our own hoodlums. They stab, it is true, and steal, and perform other undesirable offenses; but they are not as lost in degradation, and often, after a course of this sort of vicious indulgence, they reform and take to hard work.

The colony has nearly eighty benevolent societies, several weekly papers, and a Chamber of Commerce supported in part by the Italian government. It is intended to establish an Italian Home, and then the immigrants will fare much better than at present. Swindlers are always on the watch to defraud them, and there is constant complaint that the "bosses" are often as much at fault. Italian banks are started in the neighborhood of their work, and presently the cashier disappears with their savings; but all this is mending. The consuls, under the direction of King Humbert and the Italian government, are paying special attention to the immigrant and to the condition of all Italians in this country, and there is much testimony to their teachableness. They make a city of their own, and are one more element in the strange mosaic we call New York, where every nationality is coming to have larger place than the stock which has the best right to claim it as home.

CHAPTER XXI.

SHANTYTOWN AND ITS DWELLERS — LIFE AMONG NEW YORK SQUATTERS — CHARACTERISTIC SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

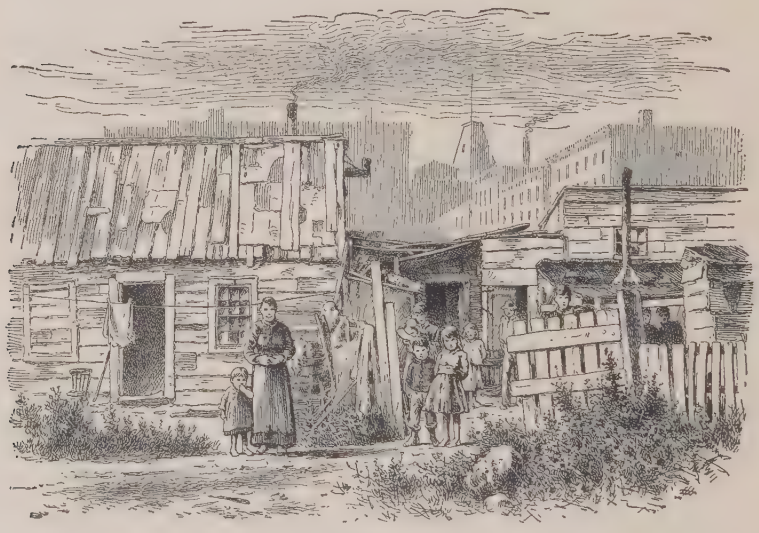
The Land of Hans and Pat — A Fertile Field for Artists — The March of Improvement — German Patience and Industry — Pat's Fondness for Whitewash — An Accommodating Style of Architecture — Growing up in Shantytown — Nora says "Yes" — Sudden Evictions — The Possibilities of Old Junk — A Persistent Landholder; His Home Blasted from under him — Making the Most of a Little — The Living among the Dead — The Animals of Shantytown — Dogs and Goats as Breadwinners — The Pound — The Aristocracy of the Tenement-Houses — An Irish Landholder — The Stuff Aldermen are Made of — Rapid Rises from Small Beginnings — Cleaning out the Shanties — The Shadow which Overhangs Shantytown.

LONG ago, in the days which the old New Yorker recalls with an effort, there was no Central Park. The traveler up town knew well the strange aspects of the dingy suburbs,— land, rock, hill, and hollow, alike bristling with shanties where the Irishmen reveled in all the dirt, all the smells, and all the barefoot freedom of his own native cabin. They swarmed at every turn. Not a bush or tree but held its quota of family linen, inflated by the free winds of the new country. Mongrel dogs contested place with the goats, which browsed upon everything from a dandelion-top to a battered coffee-pot or the brown paper that had wrapped Pat's slice of bacon. Pigs lived in closest relation with the family and lent their voices to the chorus from geese and dogs. Cows lifted gentle, incurious eyes to the passer-by, and hens divided place with the mistress of the shanty and snatched the bread from the children's hands with a confidence born of long practice.

In spite of the fact that building goes on steadily, that row after row of houses rise everywhere of all orders of pretension and general flimsiness of construction, it remains a fact that hundreds of acres are still occupied by squatters, and that a

large portion of the "green stuff" consumed by New Yorkers is grown, as it were, under their very eyes.

The old Shantytown is fast disappearing before the builder and contractor. The half mile of space between Sixty-second and Seventy-second Streets was most densely populated,—the Bohemia of the poor, to which the newly arrived emigrants of the lower order gravitated almost instinctively, finding a city after their own hearts.



A CLUSTER OF SHANTIES IN SHANTYTOWN.

The investigator who regarded it simply as the capital of the kingdom of Misrule soon found his mistake. A certain order prevailed. Some houses were utterly squalid, and repelled as thoroughly as their owners. For some of the older ones sunshine and rain had worked their alchemy and brought out soft colors. The scraps of which the buildings were made were as varied and capricious as the material of an oriole's nest. No wonder that artists wandered here, making surreptitious sketches or boldly bribing children to serve as temporary models; for Shantytown had a life and picturesqueness unknown and undreamed of by the reputable regions farther down.

For years Shantytown retained its characteristics, the early

immigration swelling its numbers. It was a sort of primary school in which some necessary lessons were learned, most of the pupils passing speedily to a higher grade. But many remained from pure love of the life, looked down upon by their relatives in the tenement-houses, who regarded themselves as much nearer the aristocracy to which they were all in the end to come. But cling as they might to the first quarters, subtle changes were at work. The children were taking on American characteristics, studying in public schools, and unconsciously assimilating the new life.

With the first thought of Central Park a howl went up, and there were louder ones as the thought found shape and the march of improvement took its course right through and over these swarming ant-hills of human life. The progress was swift and certain. Like another Red Sea the Park swallowed up its host, and no man knew what fate befell the vanished thousands.

Shantytown still has its representatives. It is widely scattered, but there is still a region given over to gardens, cultivated chiefly by the successors of the first inhabitants, who had little thought of this means of making a living. The German, with his patience and unending capacity for toil, has come, and with him miles upon miles of market-gardens. The houses have altered little, save that they are often cleaner, and that vines clamber over them, and flowers are here and there. There is an Irish element still, but the Italian is added, and in a cluster of shanties one may often distinguish the nationalities by the outward expression of the shanty itself.

The Irishman likes whitewash hardly less well than the negro, and he uses it not only for his house but for pigstye and anything else to which it can be conveniently applied, from tree-trunk to the stones about the door. He accepts his ground as he finds it, and has a fine eye for possibilities. No two feet of his floor have the same grade, and often a knob of Laurentian gneiss shows its head in the middle of the shanty and is utilized as bench or table. A shanty has been known to creep all over a rock and employ every jutting point as buttress or

stay, but it settles with equal facility in the hollows and has no objection to mud floors.

There are tenants whose life began here. They played as babies in the same puddle, contesting it with the geese seeking vainly to live up to the traditions of their ancestors and to make-believe triumphantly that puddles are next best to ponds. Later the boy and girl carried the family pail to the pump together, or went to and from school for such time as is allotted to fragments of education. The girl has changed insensibly yet suddenly to woman. The boy has become a truckman or day-laborer, but looks in of an evening, to be assailed on his exit with old tin cans and jeers by the observant small boys of the neighborhood. He does not mind. Norah has blushed and laughed and evaded till the last moment, and then said an honest "Yes," and he plans, as he goes, how they may have a house of their own and stay on in the old spot.

Once he would have had free tenancy. Now the ground-rent of a lot ranges from twenty-five to fifty dollars, with always the chance of a sudden eviction. The steam drill and derrick are tokens of coming change, and no other warning is needed, though there is a customary gift of five dollars to every householder compelled to sudden flight.

The shanty architect pleases his own fancy. Often he picks up the boards and outer fittings as he goes, but any junk-shop will supply him with as motley a collection as he likes. The settlement is tolerably certain to have at least one such shop, where strange accumulations may be seen in which the practised eye at once discerns all possibilities. The squatter may choose to arrange his material in one of the depressions in the soil, or perch upon a rock. In the latter case he is more likely to feel the shock of blasts, or to be forced to make way for the derrick. One man clung to his eyrie long after such work had begun, running out when a blast was announced and returning till a signal for the next one came, holding his place till the rock was actually drilled from under him.

The junk-shop provides all that can be needed for begin-

ners. Old stovepipe abounds, and where it fails an ingenious tenant has been known to supply its place with pieces of drain-pipe acquired he does not say how. A stove which has no objection to bricks for legs; a bed, and some odds and ends of chairs and tables, all of which may make the interior appear squalid or inviting according to the charactertistics of the mistress. In many a shanty one sees that she has learned how to make the most and best of her possessions, and to brighten the room with spotless white curtains and gay chromos.

Traces of old days still linger. Yonder an old house yet stands on a hill, with enormous willows here and there, though the steam drill is ominously near. A little further down are the ruins of an old Dutch Reformed church, and in the grave-yard are stones whose well-nigh illegible inscriptions testify to the surprising indifference of descendants of old families to these memorials of the past. Goats clamber at will over grave and stone, and children play, gathering flowers which spring from the dust of other children who once held their places.

Wherever there is space, and often where there is not, geese are being fattened for market. Poultry-dealers send them up here and expect a return of so many a week or month. Often the people own a flock which wanders at will, trying puddles at various points, and cackling loudly at strangers and confidentially among themselves. Hens abound and share the shanty, and pigs as well; but dogs are the chief feature, and with the goats they front one at any and all points from which Shantytown may be approached. The big ones are bread-winners. The rag-pickers and garbage men and women use them in small carts, or they carry loads of truck. They are mongrel in name and nature, and bite at every opportunity, to the secret joy of their owners, who wish no intruders and who would fain shut out from Shantyland all but themselves.

There is a pound also. It is at the end of a long street of shanties, and is run by an American who makes it his business to see that neither cows nor goats trespass. For the former he has one dollar; for the latter twenty-five cents, if either are

caught out of bounds; and thus he earns a living and the cordial detestation of all Shantytown.

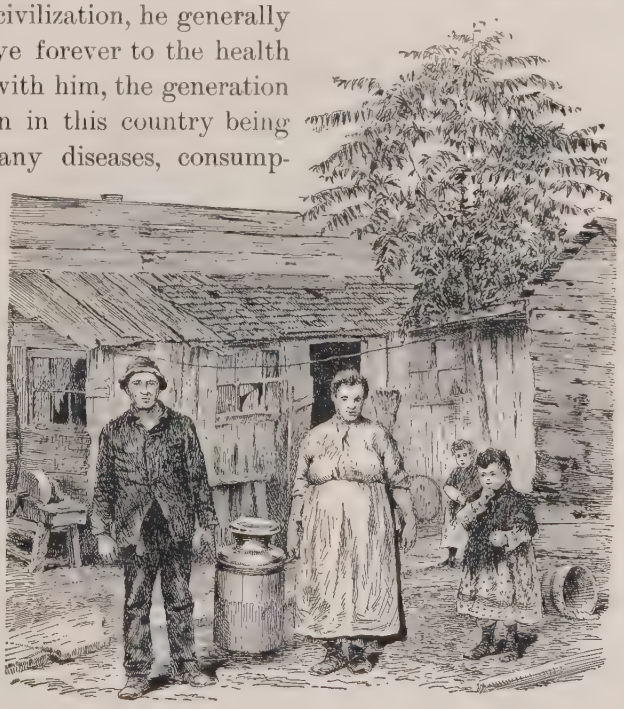
Wherever there is a patch of land that can be used, a garden springs up. It is Germans who sow and weed and work in rain or shine alike, laying the foundation of the prosperity that

BACK YARD OF A SHANTY IN SHANTYTOWN.

they are certain to secure. They do not like visitors, and with reason, since they suspect in each one a real-estate agent or some prying inspector sent by the Board of Health. Now and then one will talk, but never till he has settled satisfactorily to his own mind that his interviewer belongs to neither class. He pays his ground-rent cheerfully, only sighing as he thinks of dispossession. But he is master still of thousands of acres in the Harlem region, nor will he be entirely driven out for years to come.

The scorn with which the tenement-house dweller looks upon his brethren in the shanties is one feature of the situation

which fills the disinterested observer with amazement. It is regarded as a family disgrace to live in Shantytown, and every influence is brought to bear to make them renounce the life and herd like the others in the tenement-hives which they call homes. Yet the shanty-dweller has a thousand advantages over his more conventional relative. But when he has put on the yoke of civilization, he generally bids good-bye forever to the health he brought with him, the generation of Irish born in this country being prone to many diseases, consumption especially, which is almost unknown to their cabin life at home.



A THRIFTY GERMAN'S SHANTY IN SHANTYTOWN. TEN COWS KEPT IN A LOW SHED ON THE PREMISES.

Within a block of the spot where these words were written is the ideal shanty, a growth rather than an actual erection. The owner of the seven lots which will presently be sold for a hundredfold their original price has left the straggling fence put up in the days when the land was still a pasture. He charges ground-rent, but a moderate one, and many a man might envy the tenant who pays it. Two trees spread their graceful branches over the roof, covered with strange specimens of tin and sheet iron, with patches of shingles here and there. The windows were evidently once part of some steamboat, and sides and front have come together quite of them-

selves, it would seem, — no two boards having relation to each other. The pipe which serves as chimney is of three orders, — big, little, and a tile-pipe, all ingeniously bound together with wires, and strengthened with odd bits of tin and iron. A hen-house of the same composite order of architecture; goats everywhere; a dog-house, a low stable where the cow stands at ease, and a pig-pen far more pretentious than the house, make up the establishment. The New York millionaire has less space and by no means as much hint of country, and Tim, as he stands in his doorway at evening, has the air of a man well pleased with himself and with life. But the sound of the steam drill is near, and soon this too will give way to the long line of "flats" like those opposite, and Tim and his family will descend to the tenement-house, where already the brother who first came over demands his presence for the credit of the family.

A TYPICAL "ESTABLISHMENT" IN SHANTYTOWN.

The dweller in Shantytown is a natural politician. Aldermen and city officials have often come from ragpickers, truckmen, and the various orders of labor that make up the population of this district. It is from just this region that some of the present City Fathers have come. They had little groceries, such as are still standing, and furnished sugar and tea and tobacco to the neighborhood. One of them had a ball-room where occasional festivities were held; a ball-room rejoicing in

wealth of pink and blue fly-paper, wooden benches in long rows against the wooden walls, on which kerosene lamps in iron brackets were screwed. There they are still, and at night one may hear the sound of fiddle and jingling piano, and the thud of feet dancing merrily as if the day held no work. Sometimes a riot comes, and then the police descend; and if it comes too often, the shanties are cleaned out and the ground made ready for the derrick and drill, — the shadow which always overhangs Shantytown. Destruction is as certain as for any village that rears its walls on Vesuvius, — less terrible, but always in the background; and soon the advancing city will have swallowed all that remains of a life fast passing, and Shantytown will be numbered among the things that were.

CHAPTER XXII.

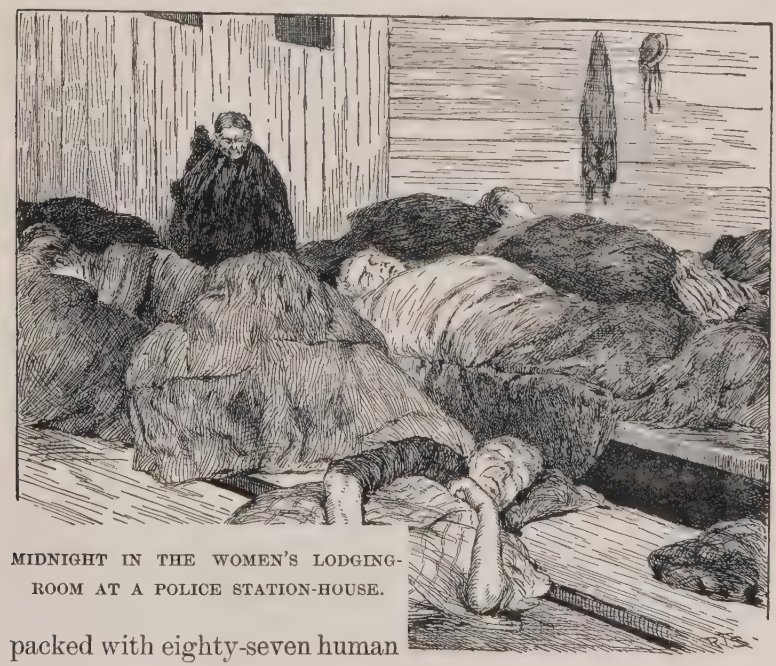
UNDERGROUND LIFE IN NEW YORK — CELLAR AND SHED LODGINGS — DENS OF THE VICIOUS AND DEPRAVED — STARTLING SCENES.

Life in Basements and Cellars — Underground Lodging Places — Where Outcasts and Vagrants Congregate — The Worst Forms of Crime, Immorality, and Drunkenness — Sleeping Over Tide Mud — Afloat in Their Beds — A Visit to Casey's Den — A Rope for a Pillow — Packed Like Herrings — Pestilential Places — A Blear-Eyed Crowd — "Full" — Five in a Bed — "Thim's Illigant Beds" — Sickening Sights — Cellar Scenes — Rum Three Cents a Glass — "It's the Vermin that's the Worst" — Standing up all Night — Floors of Rotten Boards — Dreadful Surroundings — Things that Creep and Bite — A "Shake-Down" — The Home of Criminals and Beggars — "Three Cents a Spot" — A Five-Cent Bed — "In God we Trust; All Else is Cash" — The Saloon and the Lodging-House on Friendly Terms — An Army of Vicious and Impecunious People — Startling Figures.

A POLICE STATION-HOUSE LODGING-ROOM.

A NIGHT in a police-station lodging-room is one of horror. Imagine bare planks raised about two feet above the floor, sloping at a slight angle from the walls of a room about ten by twelve feet, and you have the "lodging." Yet hundreds of men and women, every winter's night, fight like tigers for the bare privilege of being allowed to sleep upon a hard board, or even to be granted the luxury of having a roof above their heads. On one cold night

recently more than six hundred men and women fought, begged, and prayed for shelter at the various police station-houses. In the station-house on Eldredge Street alone, the small, close, and ill-smelling rooms given up to lodgers were



MIDNIGHT IN THE WOMEN'S LODGING-ROOM AT A POLICE STATION-HOUSE.

packed with eighty-seven human beings. In the men's lodging-room fifty-three unfortunates were crowded, many of whom were thankful for the privilege of standing up all night. In winter such scenes are witnessed night after night, and they grow more frequent as the years roll on. "They will not take no for an answer," said the sergeant. "When I tell them the lodging-rooms are full to suffocation, they still beg so hard to be taken in out of the cold that I tell them to go ahead. They go inside and look, and some of them silently turn about and go back into the street to walk around all night, or perhaps crawl unobserved into a cellar." Sometimes the crowd is so great in this station-house that the door of the lodging-room cannot be closed. It is the same story in other police station-houses. The figures differ, but the conditions are the same.

In the Fourth and other Wards, where the worst order abounds and the lowest forms of life exist, are numerous basements and cellars that afford shelter and rest by night and are loafing and drinking places by day. These underground lodgings are generally the resorts of thieves, drunkards, street beggars, and all the flotsam and jetsam of the night side of city life; and they take in also many a one who by some disaster find a home only on the streets by day, and when night overtakes them are forced to a choice between the dreary police station-house and a share in the dens where outcasts and beggars congregate.

Some of these lodgers have come to the city in search of employment; some for the purpose of preying on the charitable public as beggars; some, exiled from home, desire to lose their identity in the vast sea of humanity and thus evade offended justice; others, who are too indolent to work regularly, find occasional employment absolutely necessary for subsistence even in these cellar dens; and, lastly, large numbers of thieves and villains of every description, who think the city offers greater opportunity for the commission of crimes and at the same time immunity from detection. These people make up to a great extent what is known as the common lodging-house or cellar population. Here undoubtedly are found the worst forms of crime, immorality, drunkenness, and misery that the city can show. The entire cellar of a house is often formed into one, and occasionally into three or four apartments for lodging-places. In them, men, women, and children sleep indiscriminately together without the slightest regard to modesty or decency. The rotten boards forming the floor often bend under one's weight and splash against the water beneath. This is particularly the case with those along the river front, where at times the floors of the cellars will be inundated to a considerable depth, and the wretched inmates be obliged to keep in their beds till the water subsides.

There is a class of lodging-houses on the Bowery and elsewhere, where a bed can be had for ten, fifteen, or sometimes twenty-five cents. Some of them are well managed and pay a

fair percentage to the owners. But they are seldom occupied by the class one may find on Water Street and in its vicinity. For years there was one den at number 336, kept by a man known as Casey, which may serve as type of all the rest. One a grade lower, where a rope stretched a few inches above the

"SITTERS" IN THE WOMEN'S LODGING ROOM AT THE POLICE STATION-HOUSE.

floor served as pillow, and where the men and women packed in like herrings, was swept away by the clearing for the building of a warehouse on its site; but Casey's held its own till very recently, ending for the same reason, but leaving worthy successors at more than one point in the Ward.

Seven steps down,—the dingy walls of a brick tenement rising above it,—one came to a much battered door, mended here and there, and bearing the marks of many kicks as well as of the policeman's club which did duty as knocker in the present visit. It opened slowly and grudgingly, a head of tangled hair appearing first, followed by the body of a bedraggled, gaunt, and blear-eyed woman, holding a baby to her breast

with one hand, while the other raised a smoky kerosene lamp high above her head. She nodded sulkily.

"Full," she said, and then made way for entrance. The room opened directly from the steps,—fourteen feet square, and so low that the policeman bent his head as he stepped in. At the left was a small bar, with a few cracked tumblers, a broken-lipped pitcher, and some liquor bottles. Beyond it was the Casey bed, occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Casey, two sons of a former husband,—boys of ten and eleven,—and the baby. Beyond this was another bed, and opening from the room were two smaller ones with neither doors nor windows and filled with beds placed close to one another.

"Thim's illigant beds," Mrs. Casey said, pointing to the dirty, tumble-down cots, with vile coverings filthy beyond words. "Illigant beds. You'll not be findin' any so good for the money anywhere else."

A glance was enough. By the stove in the center of the room three men were cooking their suppers; one a red herring, another some slices of almost purple liver, and the last a salt mackerel. The fumes of the cooking, the smoke from the pipes,—for all were either smoking or chewing,—and the stench of the place itself, made an air it seemed impossible that human beings could endure for a moment, and one fled to the surface without strength to return. The best bed next to the Casey's had a man, wife, and child as tenants, and their respectable look showed it was not a familiar experience. A day later, at the Water Street Mission, the man told his story. He had been sick in hospital, discharged as soon as able to walk, and returned home to the tenement on Cherry Street, to find that his wife too had been sick in the mean time and had that day been dispossessed by the landlord. There was nothing to do but try Casey's.

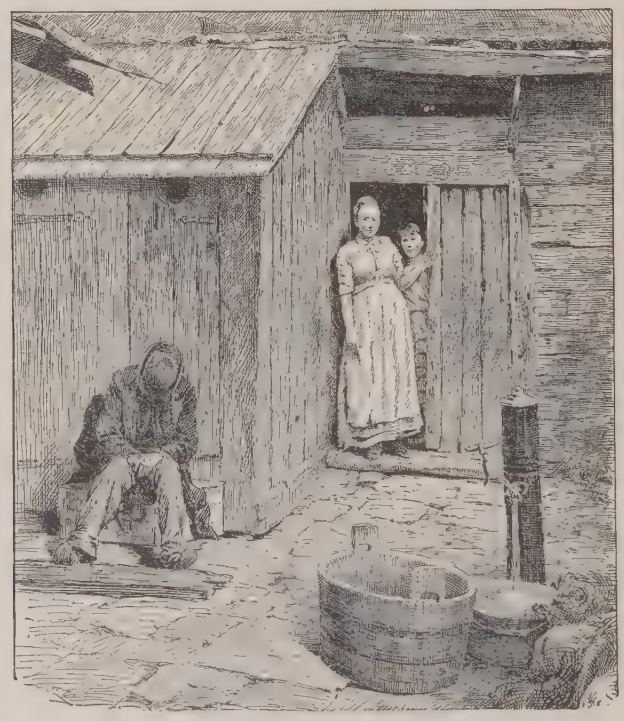
"I'd been there before," the man said, "when it was worse than it is now, but I wouldn't 'a' thought of taking my wife there only we're Protestants an' so hadn't many friends in the tenement. I'll sleep in the streets next time, or walk them till night is done. There was fifteen men and women in them

back rooms, and they hung their clothes on such nails as there was about. The rum is three cents a tumbler, and they all had some. There was all sorts of lodgers. "Nigger Jo," — who isn't a nigger at all, but only hair an' eyes black as the devil, — he was one, an' he's a murderer an' more than once. The three that sat with him at the stove was all old jail-birds, an' one just out that day. "Luny Ted," he's always there, an' everybody knows him. He isn't just right in his head, but Casey gives him a lodgin' when he comes, for doin' errands and such. You saw him, with a big head and a pig face, an' always with a grin. Three of the women had been in fights an' had black eyes, an' one had no clothes but an old calico, not even a shawl, for every one had been pawned for drink, an' she swore at Casey like a madwoman because he wouldn't give her more. The wife an' child was that dead they slept in spite of 'em, till they first got to fightin' over the suppers, an' then about a woman. The policeman on the beat came down an' threatened to run 'em in if they weren't quiet, and that stopped 'em for a while. Then Jimmy Ryan began to sing an Irish song, an' they all joined in the chorus, an' "Curly Billy" threw a tumbler, and they all pitched in. That brought the policeman again, an' he ordered every one into bed.

"It's the vermin that's the worst. I stood 'em till I turned sick with 'em, an' I sat up on the stool by the fire an' waited for mornin'. The sewer-pipe broke in the room above, an' that flooded the back room, but the lodgers didn't mind. We got out by daylight, an' please God it's the last time."

Lodging-houses are supposed to be periodically inspected by the Sanitary Police. They divide them into three classes. The best are known as first-class; those not having as good conveniences, as second-class; and those requiring more attention and more frequent inspection, as third-class. The police are required to inspect the first and second classes monthly, and the third class weekly. The law requires officers to see that proprietors thoroughly ventilate the sleeping-rooms daily, by opening the doors, — and windows where there are any; to care-

fully observe the condition of the bunks and beds, to see that they are kept clean, well aired, and free from vermin; that the walls and ceilings are cleaned and whitewashed as often as necessary; that the floors are occasionally swept and scrubbed; and to immediately notify the Health Department of any per-



ENTRANCE TO A SHED LODGING-HOUSE IN THE REAR OF MULBERRY STREET.

son sick on the premises, that measures may be taken to ascertain whether such person is sick with a contagious disease, and to retain the sick person until the case can be investigated. The officers are also supposed to make frequent night inspection, to ascertain if lodging-houses accommodate more lodgers than their permit allows.

In a report of an inspector of the Sanitary Aid Society, describing a tour among these cellars, he says, with reference to one of them:

"The cellar is used as a lodging-house. The measure from

floor to ceiling is six and a half feet. The ceiling is six inches below the level of the sidewalk; no windows of any kind are in front or rear. A lamp was necessary to make the inspection. It is not ventilated in any manner. The floor is in a very bad condition; the boards rotten and covered with filth and dirt. There is no area in front or rear, and no drainage whatever. The atmosphere was so offensive that the door had to be held open while the inspection was made. The floor, walls, bed, and bedding were very filthy, stinking, and reeking with the most unwholesome emanations and odors. There are six double beds and one single one in this cellar. I consider it dangerous to the people who live in it. The occupants are tramps and transient lodgers."

Shed lodging-houses of the lowest order are found in the rear of the great Bend in Mulberry Street. To gain access to them one must pass through narrow, foul-smelling alleys, reeking with accumulated filth, or through long, dirty hallways of tenement-houses. These passage-ways lead to the rear of the street buildings and open into back yards surrounded by crowded and filthy tenements, where life at its worst exists. Here, among rookeries swarming with low and ignorant Italians, street-venders, rag-pickers, and the most dangerous scum of Mulberry Street and its vicinity, are old sheds made of rotten boards through the cracks of which winds moan and snow and rain find easy access. Indescribable filth abounds within these lodging sheds; vermin hold undisputed possession and swarm on walls and floor.

The shed usually incloses but a single room on the ground floor. A broken skylight in the roof admits the only light by day. There is no furniture of any description save a bench about eighteen inches wide running around the four sides of the room and fastened to its walls. Occasionally a low platform — made of uneven and the roughest of planks — is provided for the use of those who can afford to pay the extra price demanded. Sometimes a small space in one corner is partially inclosed by boards reaching half-way to the ceiling; the luxury of such a "reserved room," furnished with a filthy husk mat-

tress, may be had for five cents a night. For the rest, the bench, and the bare and uneven floor with perhaps a sprinkling of saw-dust, are the only places left, the usual charge being three cents a night for the privilege of a spot on either. The dirty rags on the lodgers' backs are the only bed and covering they have. The bench is a coveted place and is quickly filled. A tallow candle, or more often a smoking kerosene lamp, furnishes a feeble light by night. The air is thick with tobacco smoke from a dozen or more black clay pipes. Some of the miserable inmates sit up all night and are designated as "sitters"; others stand or move about uneasily; all catch such sleep as the din of frequent quarrels and fights and the noisome stench will permit. Here, criminals who shun the light of day, and women of the lowest and most degraded type, of all ages and nationalities, congregate at night, and sleep promiscuously. Dissolute persons of both sexes skulk and loaf in these rooms by day, and so do thieves and burglars who meet here to make new plans and sally forth at night to commit fresh crimes. Old scrub women, without homes or friends, who wearily tramp all day looking for a chance to scrub floors of offices or public buildings, often take shelter for the night in these dens. Street girls, young in years, but most of them old in sin, in some of whose faces still linger traces of former good looks, are often driven by storms or dire distress to spend a night in these horrible lodging sheds. Not unfrequently homeless children creep in unobserved and cuddle down to sleep in a corner. On a cold or stormy night in winter these rooms are filled to their utmost capacity.

A large proportion of those who spend the night in cheap lodging-houses may be set down as criminals and beggars, others are irreclaimable drunkards, and a few are honest men out of work, or men who have employment at starvation wages. Then there is a small proportion of peddlers and in winter an army of tramps; and always a sprinkling of men who have seen better days but are hopelessly broken down.

In some resorts one can have a cot or "shake-down" in a room with other lodgers, the shake-down being a dirty narrow

EARLY MORNING IN A SHED LODGING-HOUSE IN THE REAR OF MULBERRY STREET.—GETTING READY FOR ANOTHER DAY OF IDLENESS OR CRIME.

A broken skylight in the roof admits the only light. Here dissolute persons of both sexes and all ages and nationalities sleep promiscuously by night and sally forth by day often to commit fresh crimes. Old scrub women without home or friends; and street girls, young in years but old in sin, in some of whose faces still linger traces of former good looks, are often driven by storm or dire distress to spend a night in these horrible dens. Not unfrequently homeless children creep in unobserved and cuddle down to sleep in a corner.

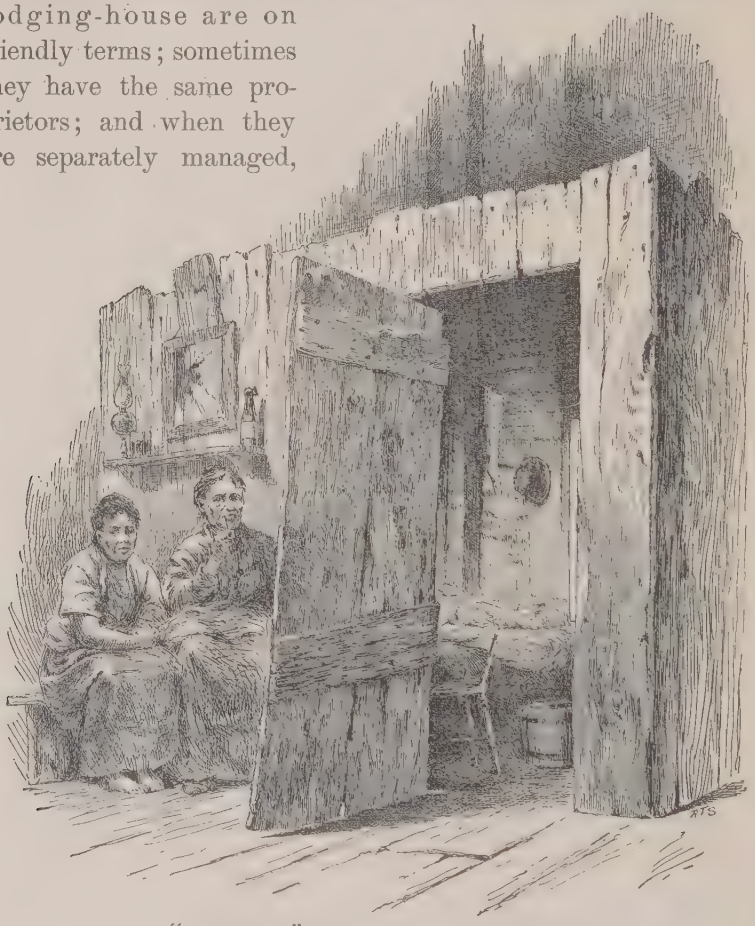
mattress thrown on the floor. In others twenty cents will buy the privilege of a "room" about eight feet long by five feet wide, separated from its neighbor by a board partition seven

A CORNER IN A LODGING-SHED BY DAY.

feet high. Sometimes a wire netting is stretched over the top of the room, as a slight protection against raids by other lodgers. There are no toilet facilities in the rooms, but a general lavatory outside gives all who desire it the luxury of a wash in the morning. Lodgings must invariably be paid for in advance, and to this rule there is rarely an exception. One lodging-house conspicuously displays the sign, "In God we

trust, all else is cash." Many of these houses are furnished with bunks arranged in tiers three or more high.

It is a noticeable circumstance that the lodging-house is very often adjacent to a liquor saloon, either its next-door neighbor or directly above or beneath it. The saloon and the lodging-house are on friendly terms; sometimes they have the same proprietors; and when they are separately managed,



A "RESERVED" ROOM IN A LODGING SHED.

drunken men from the saloon are taken at a reduced rate or for nothing at all, the lodging-house keeper being recompensed by free drinks for himself and his aids.

There are 270 lodging-houses in New York city, which contain 12,317 rooms. The number of lodgings furnished in 1890

to persons unable or unwilling to provide for themselves in a comfortable manner was 4,823,595; adding the station-house lodgers, 150,240, there were 4,973,835 cheap lodgings furnished. This indicates that an average of 13,627 persons lodged nightly in the station-houses and in lodging-houses of various orders. These are startling figures, for they show what a vast army of idle, vicious, and impecunious people maintain an existence in the great city.

CHAPTER XXIII.

JACK ASHORE — AN EASY PREY FOR LAND-SHARKS AND SHARPERS — LIFE ON THE "ST. MARY'S" AND AT THE SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR.

The Universal Love for the Sea — Sailor Life — A Tale of Shipwreck and Starvation — An Unconscious Hero — An Old Sailor's Story — "I Smelled the Sea an' Heard it" — A Voice from the Waves — "Jack, Jack, You Ain't in your Right Place" — Jack's Curious Character — His Credulity and Simplicity — The Prey of Land-Sharks and Sharpers — Sailors' Temptations — Dens of Robbery and Infamy — Life in Sailors' Boarding-Houses — The Seamen's Exchange — A Boy's Life on the School Ship "St. Mary's" — Bethels and Seamen's Homes — Life at the Sailors' Snug Harbor — A Sailor-Clergyman — Fried Fish for Eight Hundred — The Cripples' Room — "A Case of Pure Cussedness" — Admiral Farragut and Old Jim — Bane and Antidote Side by Side — Ending their Days in Peace — How Jack Awaits the Ebbing of the Tide.

LOVE for the sea is as old as the story of man, and tales of shipwreck have fascinated and thrilled adventurous boys from the days of Homer to our own. For English-speaking people it is intensified by long usage. To be born on an island implies knowledge of how best to get away from it, and this may be one reason why emigration is the natural instinct of the English or their descendants. In spite, too, of all knowledge to the contrary, nothing convinces the average boy that Jack's life is anything but a series of marvelous adventures in which he is generally victor, and where the hardship is much more than made up for by the excitement and the glory. Even Jack himself shares the delusion, and no matter what peril the voyage has held he re-ships with alacrity, to repeat the experience or even to find it his last. Sailors' songs are full of the same faith.

"There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack" —

wrote Dibdin a hundred years ago, adding a thousand songs of sailor life to the long list already in existence; and many a runaway boy has looked up involuntarily, as winds rose and sails filled and strained, for the guardian promised to all who tempt the sea.

Years ago an old sailor, the mere wreck of a man, was brought to one of the city hospitals and laid on one of the little white beds. Shipwrecked, and for days floating on an open

THE SCHOOL SHIP ST. MARY'S.

raft, parched with thirst, well-nigh starved, and seeing his companions day by day fall before him, he had been picked up at last unconscious, though still holding on his knee the head of a little cabin-boy for whom he had denied himself food, and with whom he had shared his scanty ration of water. The child died before port was reached, and Jack found resting-place in the great hospital to which one of the owners of the vessel sent him. He had broken his left arm in the wreck, and tied it up in such fashion as he could; and now the act of breaking the arm again had to be accomplished, since the knitting of the bones had been all wrong.

To this bed there gravitated, as if by instinct, a boy who

knew the hospital well, and whose sunny face had for years brought cheer to forlorn souls who had found refuge there. From babyhood he had said, "I shall be a doctor, like my father, and make everybody well," and he followed the daily round of the hospital physicians and surgeons with unflagging interest. Many men of many nations had lain here, but never a sailor till this bronzed, wrinkled, weather-beaten wreck, who looked out from under his grizzled eyebrows and put out his hand to this child, the reminder of one for whom he had so nearly lost his life.

"Tell me about it, please," the boy said. "Tell me every word of it," and the old sailor began.

"More, more," the boy urged at any stop,—his shining eyes intently fixed on the old Sinbad's face. "I want to know everything about it."

"You can't unless you tries it for yourself," said Jack at last. "An' I wouldn't say as anybody'd better do that. It's a dog's life, an' what's the end? Why, you're stranded, maybe in port, an' eat the bread o' charity,—you that has worked day an' night an' been knocked round worse'n any dog. You're stranded if you don't end in a wreck as there's no savin' you from. Seven times I've been shipwrecked,—seven times,—an' each time I've said to myself, 'Jack, you're fool if ever you leave dry land again.' But I did. The sea draws you like. I went to Maine to see some folks I had up there, an' I smelled the sea an' heard it, an' all the day long it called me like, 'Jack, Jack, you ain't in your right place. Why ain't you where you belong?' an' at last it wasn't in mortal man to stan' it another day, an' I stole off, along o' one or two that would 'a' stood in the way if they'd knowed. I stole off same as I stole off forty year afore, an' my mother lyin' cryin' for fear I would, an' I hain't never been back since. They're all dead, mos' likely. You wouldn't take no such notion as that arter you'd been wrecked six times, this time makin' the seventh. You wouldn't now, would you?"

"I believe you want to go again yourself," said the boy after a long shake of the head. "I almost do myself."

"That's the right kind of a boy!" exclaimed old Jack with a faint attempt at a hurrah! "I knowed you was the right kind of a boy the first minute I set eyes on you. Of course I want to go agin, an' what's more I shall, soon as this thing is knit an' I'm set up enough to pass muster. You come along too, an' I'll make a sailor out o' you fit to command anything as floats."

BOYS' SCHOOLROOM BETWEEN DECKS ON THE ST. MARY'S.

"I would if I could, but you see I made up my mind so long ago to be a doctor that I don't believe I can change it now. I'll think about it," said the boy.

He did "think about it," to the consternation of all his kin and the deep delight of old Jack, who, as his arm mended and strength came back, begged for wood and evolved from it at last a full-rigged brig, every rope of which the boy presently knew. The curious ferment that comes to the boy even far inland was working in him, and to such purpose that to-day he is captain of a great ship and happiest when in mid-ocean.

Through him many things have been done to lighten the lot of sailors, nor are his efforts likely to cease till the last voyage comes and he meets again the old sailor whose words first stirred his longing for the sea.

Something like this is the story of thousands who are drawn from remotest distances, and who answer the call once for all. Yet there is no life among workers that holds more certain hardship and privation, or often more utter brutality of treatment.

Years of agitation were necessary before any legislation looking to Jack's welfare was brought about, and this came only after an inquiry into general conditions. Isolated cases of barbarity had occasionally stirred public feeling, but as Jack was seldom allowed to testify in his own behalf, and any rebellion came under the head of mutiny and was punished by death, no man had less chance of justice. But the testimony at the first court of inquiry was so hideous in its revelation of what terrors hedged about the life, and of what possibilities of despotic power of torture and death were in the hands of the captain of any sailing vessel, that the first Shipping Act of England was passed without a dissenting voice. Even this was insufficient to check the worst evils of the system; but further legislation brought the needed reforms, and to-day the British sailor has a fairer chance of justice than most of his brethren. America is not far behind, though our own Shipping Act was not passed till within recent years. Almost a century before, as the merchant service grew in importance, a society had been formed for the protection of the sailor, known as the Marine Society of New York, which was incorporated in 1770. It sought to make his position a safer one, and to bring some alleviations into the hard lives; but little could be done save in port, long cruises rendering any oversight impossible.

Then, as now, the chief difficulty lay in the characteristics of Jack himself. With the spirit of adventure which had made him a sailor were bound up also the impulsive, heedless generosity of a child and a warm-heartedness always prompt

to relieve fancied distress, and to share with all in trouble of any order. Credulous, simple, and with small capacity for learning any lessons from even the bitterest experience, Jack, from the day he set foot on shore, was the prey of land-sharks and sharpers. With great love for old associations, even when disastrous ones, he was more than likely to make straight for the very spot in which he had suffered most. Add to this the

THE SAIL-MAKING CLASS ON THE ST. MARY'S.

fact that an organized gang of rascals preyed upon him systematically, and it is plain that very active effort would be needed to alter conditions and Jack's own relations to them.

The "touter" for sailors' boarding-houses, until the passage of the Shipping Act, had everything in his favor. Payment was made by the owners, and to secure as much of Jack's hard-earned money as possible was the "touter's" first work. Often the "touter" met the incoming vessel and went on board with the pilot. Many a time his operations were of this order: A confederate, stationed in the background, waited while the "touter" asked his victim where he meant to go. If Jack

hesitated or said he did not know, or if he named a preference, the confederate suddenly fell upon him, half stunning him with a heavy blow.

"Take that for your impudence," was the exclamation of the "touter," as he fell upon the confederate for having abused his man, bringing Jack at once to the rescue. Jack is specially sensitive to sympathy, and gratitude to his defender made him quickly agree to go with him; and the "touter," having made a small advance, knew that his prey was certain. Jack's heart warmed as he saw the familiar names over the doors on South or Water Streets: "The Flowing Sea," "The Mariner's Home," and the like. In these dens, where foul women waited and the bar offered every temptation, Jack found a home such as it was till he shipped again, the boarding-house keeper charging double and treble prices for everything furnished, sending in the bill to the owners. A frequent charge on the ledger was for "a treat for all hands," which would be anywhere from five to ten dollars for each performance. Jack's bill ran up at a frightful rate. Often he found himself not only without a cent, but in debt, and his earnings for the next voyage already mortgaged. In a single night the fruit of a three years' cruise might disappear, and often Jack found himself beaten, robbed, and on the sidewalk, with no knowledge of how it had come, and quite powerless to find or convict his assailants.

The Shipping Act ended much of this. In 1868 there were one hundred and sixty-nine sailors' boarding-houses in New York city, in which fifteen thousand sailors were annually robbed of very nearly three million dollars. To-day there are less than a hundred, forty of which are licensed, and many means are adopted to secure to the sailor protection from temptation and some of the comforts of shore life.

To any one with any interest in the fortunes of poor Jack the Seamen's Exchange appeals at once. It is an unpretentious building fronting on Water Street, and opened in April, 1872. In his address at its dedication Mr. Beecher said: "This building gives the sailor comforts which he will appreciate, and such

influences will preach religion to him even if Christianity is never mentioned."

From statistics kept here it is found that there are always about three thousand sailors in port, while sixty thousand yearly come and go,— all of them, with few exceptions, reporting at the Seamen's Exchange. On the first floor is a savings-bank and a large and cheerful reading-room. The basement has a clothing and outfitting store, where everything Jack requires is furnished, good in quality and moderate in price. On the second floor is a hall which will hold eight hundred, and above are the offices of the United States Shipping Commission.

Here one finds a bulletin for names and destination of ships wanting men, and usually a row of sailors studying it. When they have settled to their own satisfaction which vessel is the desirable one, there are various formalities not known to the past. Printed legal forms are now in use for masters, men, and owners. The wages, service, and food are precisely stipulated. The master binds himself to pay thirty-five dollars a month and give a certain dietary. A day's allowance is one pound of bread, one and a half pounds of beef, half a pound of flour, one-eighth of an ounce of tea, half an ounce of coffee, two ounces of sugar, and three quarts of water. Rations of desiccated or fresh vegetables are often issued, and every precaution is taken against scurvy, which in the past was one of the worst afflictions of the sailor. His quarters are cleaner, his food better, and his life in all respects brighter than even a generation ago; yet even now hardly a week passes without some tale of outrage on the high seas, and it is found that it is easier to deal with Jack than with Jack's masters.

The mercantile service, in which there is chance of rising, and which, though not on the same footing as in the past, when men of education and influence were merchant captains, is regaining a portion of its diminished prestige. There is a training-school for this under the control of the Board of Education. This on the school-ship "St. Mary's," stationed in New York harbor at the foot of East Twenty-third Street. An average of seventy-five pupils is found on board, and the offi-

cers of the ship are detailed from the United States Navy. There is the usual spelling, reading, writing, English grammar, geography, arithmetic, and navigation, and in seamanship as follows: 1. Making all knots, splices, hitches, bends, clinches, etc., on board ship; worming, parceling, and serving ropes, turning in deadeyes, securing lanyards, and rattling down rigging. 2. Learning the names of all spars, blocks, standing and running rigging, and their uses. 3. Learning the names of the different parts of a sail, bending, loosing, furling, and reefing sails. 4. Rowing, sculling, and steering boats, and handling them under sail. 5. Boxing compass, steering by compass, and taking compass bearings. 6. Marking log and lead lines, heaving the lead, and calling out soundings correctly. 7. Using palm and needle, sewing a seam, and working an eyelet-hole. 8. Swimming. 9. The colors and arrangements of running lights.

LEARNING TO SPLICE ROPES ON THE ST. MARY'S.

The summer vacation is occupied by a long cruise, often to Europe, and the system has done much to make it impossible for its graduate to fall into the traps that always beset the path of Jack ashore.

Last on the list of methods for serving him come the loan

libraries, the giving out of which began in 1859. Forty-five volumes, most of them, unfortunately, of a rather heavy order, are put up in a neat wooden case and sent from ship to ship. Forty-five hundred of these small libraries are now afloat, a total of one hundred and eighty-five thousand volumes. Nearly four hundred new libraries were sent to sea in 1890, and over four hundred were reshipped, these being used by over ten thousand men, all of whom call for travels, history, and light reading, and wear this portion of the library out, the many theological volumes remaining generally untouched.

There are numerous Bethels and Homes for Seamen in active operation, and missionaries who understand Jack are always about the docks watching for incoming vessels, ready to give good advice and a word of warning to the sailor with full pockets and a mind to empty them as fast as possible. By this means he is saved many disasters, and the Savings Bank has more and more depositors.

Chiefest among the "Homes," and known to sailors in all parts of the world, is the Sailors' Snug Harbor at Staten Island, where hundreds of seamen have cast anchor, and, like the old whalers at New Bedford and Nantucket, lie in dock gradually going to pieces and glad of quiet harbor.

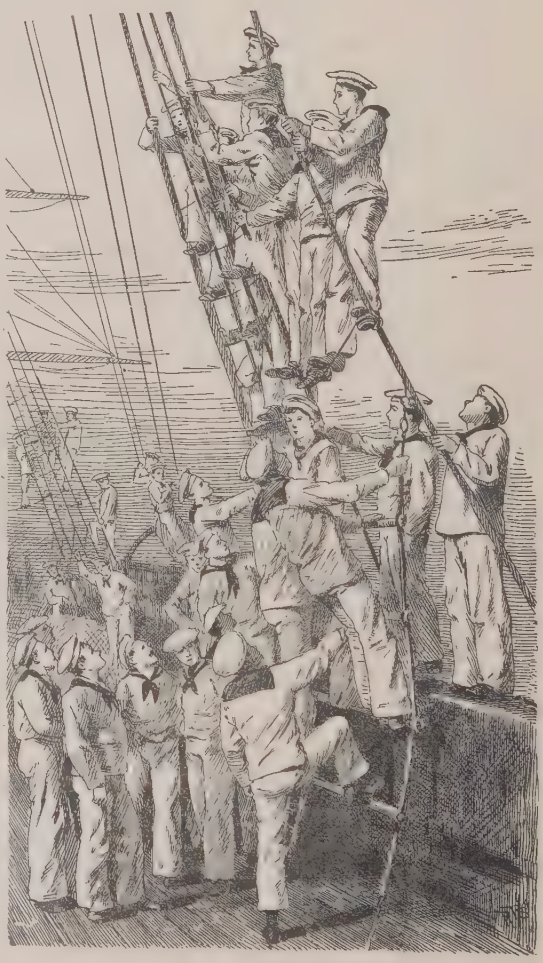
The Sailors' Snug Harbor was the gift of one man, and owes its origin to Captain Robert Richard Randall, the son of a Scotchman who was captain of a privateer in the Revolutionary War. When the Spanish governor of New Orleans declared in 1775 that his port was open to Yankee privateers, Captain Randall appeared there, and in the sale of many prizes made, for those days, an immense fortune, all of which was left to his son Robert. Robert alternated between New York and New Orleans, preferring the climate of the former, and finally exchanging estates with a Mr. Farquhar, who was of the same mind as to New Orleans. In this way Captain Randall — for the son took the father's title — came into possession of a large tract of land between Eighth and Tenth Streets on Broadway. Early in 1801 Captain Randall made his will, and Alexander Hamilton and Daniel Tompkins drew it up. Many

legacies and annuities were arranged for, but the bulk of the property still remained untouched, nor could he determine what use to make of it.

"How was the money made?" asked Hamilton.

"In honest privateering."

"Then, as sailors made it, why not give it to sailors?" said Hamilton, and this word turned the scale. A Home was provided for seamen, and the Mayor and Recorder of New York, the President and Vice-President of the Chamber of Commerce, the Rector of Trinity Church, and the minister of the First Presbyterian Church were made perpetual trustees.



"UP ALOFT." A DRILL SCENE ON THE ST. MARY'S.

For thirty years the relatives fought the case from court to court, till in 1830 the Supreme Court of the United States decided against them and sustained the provisions of the will. New York proved undesirable, and in 1838 a farm of one hundred and sixty acres was bought on Staten Island, and the buildings were erected which stand to-day quite unchanged and absolutely unlike anything else the country owns.

The foregoing is history, — the tale as it has been handed down not only by word of mouth, and that mouth the combined voice of all old New York, but the actual record to be read of all men in every chronicle of the city to be found on library shelves. Clute, who is one of the best authorities, gives it in full detail, and the rest follow with more or less minuteness. Yet no myth of god or tale of ancient history is farther from the mark, and with none is apparently less need of being so. It is a mystery unsolved and unsolvable, why tradition has stepped in and covered the field so plainly the property of truth, yet so firmly rooted is it in every mind that even proof of the strongest hardly takes hold.

It is to Captain Trask that we owe the delving out and present orderly arrangement of the real story of the Snug Harbor. Like the rest he accepted the old version till forced to believe that there was a screw loose at some point. For months he burrowed in old records with unfailing patience and pertinacity, and this is what he found to be the actual state of the case. So far from being the "obscure Scotchman" he is made to personate, Robert Richard Randall was the son of Thomas Randall, a wealthy merchant of New York city, one of the founders of the Chamber of Commerce, and one of those who drew up the Constitution of the Marine Society. No man was more prominent in his day. He was a shipmaster and had fitted out many privateers in his time, accumulating thus a considerable fortune. When Washington came to New York, Thomas Randall was the coxswain of the barge, manned by members of the Marine Society, that rowed him ashore.

His son went into business with him, the firm being "Stewart, Randall & Son." He also was a shipmaster, and his name stands on the records of the Marine Society and the Chamber of Commerce as Captain, that title belonging only to shipmasters. He was a personal friend of Alexander Hamilton, and co-director with him of the Bank of New York, and the Broadway property was bought by him some time before his death.

As lifelong member of the Marine Society, his interest

in sailors was naturally of the strongest, and being a bachelor he felt no urgent claim on his money in any other direction, and thus planned to benefit sailors, always the most helpless of men when off their own element. It is plainly, then, an impossibility that Alexander Hamilton should ever have held the conversation attributed to him, or that Captain Randall could have replied as he is credited with having done.

READY FOR SEA. A SCENE ON THE ST. MARY'S.

Here was a man of wealth and prominence, living on one of the finest estates on Manhattan Island, the founder of a great institution, the son of a man still more prominent in commercial life, and yet, eighty-three years after his death, when they came to erect a bronze statue on the grounds of the Sailors' Snug Harbor, distorted legend and fiction were all that were left of his memory; and the sculptor did not dare to model his bronze image in the garb of a sea-captain, nor to carve the word captain on the granite pedestal, and even the place of his burial was in doubt.

There is no more doubt. The records of the Marine Society show the transfer of his body from old St. Mark's churchyard

to the quiet spot where it lies to-day, and where, on the day it was borne to this final resting place, all the old sailors in uniform stood bare-headed as their benefactor passed up through the long ranks massed about the gates. Never was memory more beclouded in the minds of men he sought to help, and both versions are given here as an illustration of the difficulties the modern historian must sometimes face.

PEACEFUL INDUSTRIES AT THE SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR. OLD SAILORS MAKING MINIATURE SHIPS.

At the Snug Harbor dock at least a dozen old salts are generally in waiting, some with baskets and other articles of their own making to sell; others ready to man a boat or perform any service as guide. At the end of the dock, others more indifferent to gain sit and look off at the shipping, generally with profound disdain. At this point the island is separated from the Jersey shore by a narrow strait known as the Kill von Kull, whither only small craft repair, and the sailors, accustomed to square-rigged vessels,—ships, brigs, and barques,—refuse to recognize fore-and-aft rigging and look beyond to the tall masts of out-going vessels.

Leaving them behind, one comes in a few moments to wide-shaven lawns and old trees, back of which rise the many build-

ings in which Robert Randall's bequest does its work. The main buildings are each 65 feet long and 100 deep; the wings, 51 by 100, the five making an entire frontage of five hundred feet. Back of these is the hospital of gray sandstone, and the many buildings occupied by the governor, chaplain, and other officials. This hospital is said to have a perfect system of ventilation, and delegations of sanitary experts come to study its workings.

Facing the main entrance is a monument, a square block of granite with inscriptions on the four sides. A flat obelisk, looking a little stunted as to growth, is on top, the whole an almost exact copy of the monument to Alexander Hamilton in Trinity churchyard. This was the first memorial of the founder, whose bones lie beneath, and the second is a statue by St. Gaudens, erected in 1883. It is of bronze and has a pedestal of polished granite, and seven years ago the spot where it stands was mere swamp land, which under the admirable administration of Captain Trask, has been made to blossom like the rose. Back of this is a little lake where the old sailors try their small vessels before sails are made, and along the edge of the lawn are small brick cottages, where the fortunate employés of the institution find as snug a harbor as the sailors.

The little church is half concealed by trees. Its chaplain, Dr. Jones, ran away from his English home in boyhood, and for years went before the mast as sailor. In time his mind turned toward theology and he resolved to become a missionary. From this, after some experience, he returned to the sailors, whose life he knew and for whom few cared, and for many years was minister in the Mariner's Church near the Exchange. Subsequently, he received the appointment to the Harbor, and whoever would see one of its most distinctive features should go down in time for service. The chaplain's illustrations are all nautical, and his sermons of the most vigorous order, but many of the old salts who listen care but little, and nod and careen to slumber peacefully on some comrade's shoulder, or straggle out after a time and settle under the trees.

"Oh, don't talk about them things to me!" said one crusty

old salt, after an appeal for audience from the chaplain. "I've been without 'em sixty year, an' I reckon I kin stan' it for a year or two longer."

In this village of quite one thousand souls the first thing that impresses one is the extraordinary cleanliness of the whole, a neatness that is almost painful. The old captains laid up here remember their methods on shipboard, and demand floors as white and spotless as the decks of their own ships. Entering the great hall of the central building one finds the same dainty spotlessness, and a sweep of pure air straight from the sea. This is the show-place of the institution. The roof is frescoed with ropes and anchors and sails; masts and spars on which birds of all countries perch, and Old Neptune keeping guard over all. Fanlights and sidelights are of stained glass with nautical designs, and in a series of blue-glass windows near the vaulted roof are eight of the principal constellations. Over the main entrance is a sun-burst, so arranged with mirrors behind it that it acts as a sun-dial, the light from it falling on the inlaid star in the centre of the hall floor.

Opening off from this hall is the library and reading-room, and all the offices of the institution are in this main building, the dining-rooms being just back of the hall, and the dormitories in the wings. Each room holds two men and two beds, and there are bathrooms on each floor.

The problem of feeding eight hundred people at once has been found a troublesome one to grapple with. To serve food enough for this number, promptly and well cooked, demands all the resources of the kitchen. Things that can be cooked by the quantity are easily managed, but broiling or more delicate operations are impossible. Once, so many longed for fried fish that Captain Trask determined they should have it, and gave his orders to the cook accordingly. At six o'clock in the morning the whole force of the kitchen turned to, and by dint of hard work had by twelve o'clock fried enough fish to make a beginning for all, but at this point the caterer became discouraged and swore never to make the experiment again, — two days' work being necessary to provide a full supply for all.

But the bill of fare is varied and abundant. The eight hundred, whether captains or the men they may have commanded, sit side by side, and each is served alike by the waiters, who watch the plates to see that all fare equally well.

In the basement, baskets, mats, and hammocks are made, and last year some thirty thousand dollars was received from this source, averaging about seventy-five dollars a head. This belongs to the men themselves, who pay for all materials and use the returns in such way as best pleases them.

A CRIPPLED SAILOR WEAVING BASKETS AT THE SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR.

The cripples of the institution are provided with wheel chairs and easily move through the corridors and along the smooth roads outside. Under the eaves of some of the buildings are workrooms for their exclusive use, and here they make work-baskets and nets. Here, too, for a long time was the iron cage for the one prisoner of the Home, who could be dealt with in no other way.

"It was just a case of pure cussedness," explained an old sailor with long white curls and a wooden leg, which he waved parenthetically. "He knowed all the ropes, an' he'd sailed to

all the ports there is, but he couldn't seem to hold hisself in. He'd take a turn an' haul all the aged infirm ones out o' bed, an' the colder the day the better, an' leave 'em lyin' on the floor. He wouldn't take no pains to reform, neither, an' so they had to keep him, off an' on, in the cage, an' he not mindin'. but just layin' to do it agin fust chance he got, which is what he did every time."

A ONE-ARMED NAVAL VETERAN WITH A PERFECT MODEL OF THE FLAGSHIP "HARTFORD," MADE WITH HIS LEFT HAND.

There are old boatswains whose mouths seem always puckered for the whistle, "piping the side." One old captain has in his room — a truly nautical one — small craft of all kinds, the product of his jackknife, standing on chests and even decorating the passageway. Some of the miniature vessels made by these old salts are wonderful exhibits of patient skill. In a little room under a skylight at the top of one of the buildings was — during a recent visit — Wm. Graham, a one-armed naval veteran of Commodore Farragut's fleet, an ingenious and

intelligent man, who with his left hand had just completed, after two years' faithful labor, a perfect model of the famous old flag-ship Hartford. Every block and rope was in working order, every gun in its place between decks. In equipment, rigging, and armament the model is an exact fac-simile of its renowned prototype, all measurements being mathematically calculated, thus giving the model the true proportions and a faithful appearance of the old war ship.

For a long time one object of interest was James Spencer, the last survivor of the American frigate "Essex," which in 1812 fought two British cruisers in the harbor of Valparaiso. Commodore Farragut was at that time a middy on the Essex, and as long as he lived retained an affection for the old man, who always went to see him when in port. At the last meeting Jim reported how he found him.

"The Admiral was a-sittin' on a sofy. 'Jim,' says he to me, 'You an' me's got nearly into port! I wonder which on us will fetch up first.' I said naught, but I suspicioned how it would be, an' it was."

The Admiral's death took place in a few days. Spencer insisted on going to the funeral, though in a driving rain; took cold, and speedily died.

For many years Captain Benjamin Gardiner was in command of the Cross-Rip lightship in Vineyard Sound, a dangerous locality where many a lightship anchored here to warn passing vessels has itself been lost. Other vessels could lie safely under the lee of the shore in the gale, but there was no lee for him. When he parted his chains in a gale, he was sure of "fetching up" as he described it, on the shores of Cape Cod or Martha's Vineyard, or on the reefs of Nantucket Shoals. His orders, he said, were "to go up or down," by which was no doubt meant that he should either sink or go ashore rather than drift about and thus mislead the passing mariner. Captain Gardiner lost two ships during his long term of service, but saved his crew both times, and was frequently adrift in the gale. Once he was compelled to make an involuntary cruise of forty-two days, during which he says

he was "a-driftin' all around the lot." While on his station he was often run down in thick weather, and the honest old sailor waxed indignant when he described the ignorance exhibited by passing skippers of the position of their vessels. On one occasion, the weather being thick, he was struck by a full-rigged ship a glancing blow, but powerful enough to drive the bows of the vessel into the pantry of the lightship. "I come a-runnin' on deck," said Captain Gardiner, describing the incident, "an' I sings out to the captain, 'What are you a-tryin' to do?' 'I'm a-tryin' to find the Cross-Rip,' says he. 'Well, you've found it now, and the lightship, too,' says I; 'an' you kin just keep out o' my pantry, fur you aint got no business in there.' Then he sheered off."

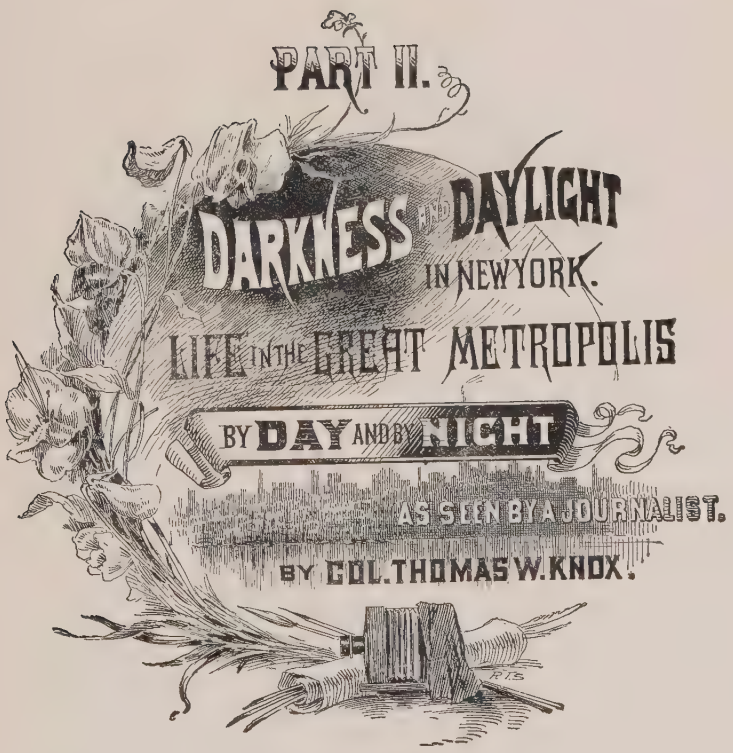
A CONTENTED OLD SALT.

Old Captain Brown, once shipowner and a famous sailor, raises watermelons, which he peddles about the village or at the dock. His frequent companion was "darkey Rube," an old negro sailor, who from herbs whose name he would never divulge, made what he called "Universal Drops." Bane and antidote thus walked side by side, and often the customer for one bought the other purely for a joke, which thus perpetuated itself.

It is the hospital that holds the most pathetic cases; the sad endings of the invalids, paralytic or dying of sheer exhaustion, whose voices once rung out above the howling of the storm, and who have faced danger in every form. Saddest of all is the corner of the pavilion where the few insane wait their release. To tell the story of even one would mean many pages. Even for the most contented it is a dreary life, and of late it has been much questioned if the enormous income of nearly half a million dollars yearly might not better be divided up into pensions, and thus allow its beneficiaries to live with

relatives and have more human interests than are now possible. At present the Snug Harbor remains the only institution of the kind in the world. No sailors from steam vessels are admitted. Naturally Captain Randall had no premonition of the change so near, and though, as in a recent case, sailors on steam vessels may have served a lifetime, they are not eligible. Two men who had been forty years in the navy,—one of them in the fire-room — had regularly paid from their wages the dues required from all sailors for the Marine Hospital, but had saved nothing. Both were rejected and cast adrift, and this case has attracted such attention that it is hoped it may serve to bring about an alteration of the system. In the meantime eight hundred find a peaceful home, and names are always waiting to fill vacancies and take their turn on the benches under the great trees, where through all the summer days the old salts sit, their jaws keeping time, and their eyes fixed on the distant horizon.

PART II.


DARKNESS AND DAYLIGHT
IN NEW YORK.
LIFE IN THE GREAT METROPOLIS
BY DAY AND BY NIGHT
AS SEEN BY A JOURNALIST.
BY COL. THOMAS W. KNOX.

Very Truly Yours,
Thos. W. Knox

ENGRAVED FROM A PHOTOGRAPH EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK

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PART II.

BY

Thos. W. Knox.

CHAPTER XXIV.

STREET LIFE—THE BOWERY BY DAY AND BY NIGHT—LIFE IN BAXTER AND CHATHAM STREETS.

A Street Where Silence Never Reigns—Where Poverty and Millions Touch Elbows—"Sparrow-Chasers"—Fifth Avenue—The Home of Wealth and Fashion—Life on the Bowery—Pit and Peanuts—Pelted with Rotten Eggs—Concert Halls—Police Raids—Dime Museums and their Freaks—Fraud and Impudence—Outcasts of the Bowery—Beer Gardens—Slums of the Bowery—Night Scenes on the Streets—Pickpockets and Crooks—Ragpickers and their Foul Trade—"The Black and Tan"—A Dangerous Place—"Makin' a Fortin'"—"Razors in the Air"—"Keep yer Jints Well Iled"—The Old Clo' Shops of Chatham Street—Blarney and Cheating.

BROADWAY is the artery through which pulsates a great part of the life-blood of the city. The crowd that constantly surges through it is greater in numbers and steadier in its flow than anything London or Paris can show, and it mixes up the most dissimilar elements of nationality and condition. The night is never so dark or so stormy that the footfall of pedestrians and the rumbling of vehicles are altogether hushed.

The life of Broadway varies greatly with the hours of the

day. In the very early morning it is nearly deserted, save by belated wanderers and those whose occupations call them abroad in advance of the great mass of their fellow-men. Soon after five o'clock there are unmistakable signs of movement, and as six o'clock approaches men of rough garb come from various directions, walking hurriedly along. They are the porters, engine-drivers, sweepers, boys, and others whose labors are chiefly manual in the stores and shops that line the great street.

As time goes on this crowd thins and another takes its place. Clerks, shop-girls, salesmen, and others who are expected to be on duty at eight o'clock largely compose the new throng. They are followed by those whose duties begin at nine o'clock or thereabouts, and these again by the heads of establishments who think they are in good season if they arrive at their destinations at ten. Later come the owners and magnates whose homes are in the aristocratic part of the city, and who are supposed to do pretty much as they like. They are early if they reach their offices by eleven o'clock; some do not appear until noon; and some only go to business two or three times a week.

One is reminded in this connection of the story of the countryman who visited Washington in the time of President Jackson, and on his return home gave to his friends an account of the dinner customs of the capital of the nation.

"The workingmen," said he, "dine at one o'clock, the clerks at two, the big officers at three, the representatives at four, the senators at five, and the officers of the cabinet at six."

"What time does Old Hickory eat *his* dinner?" asked an open-mouthed listener.

"Oh! the old man doesn't dine till next day," was the prompt reply.

Until ten o'clock the stream of travel on Broadway is southward, especially in the hours between six and nine. About three o'clock it sets upward, beginning with those who came down latest and ending with those who came first.

People of all ages and both sexes compose the never-ending

throng, and here may be seen all ages and all conditions of life. The thin-featured shop-girl, or worker in a down-town factory, whose shawl is drawn around a shrinking form that tells plainly of low diet, hard work, and bad lodgings, is jostled by a woman on whom fortune has smiled if we may judge by her costly apparel and the absence of care on her face. Here is a merchant or banker whose fortune is counted in millions; near him is a clerk whose salary is too small for the comfortable support of his family, and whose head is prematurely whitened by the cares that have fallen upon it. The former walks with an easy, dignified pace, while the latter rushes along with his head bowed and his mind evidently in a state of perplexity. Clerks, millionaires, merchants of all kind and degree, speculators, idlers, countrymen, and here and there a thief or other "crook," make up the forms that fill the kaleidoscope to be seen any day along Broadway.

In the two miles of distance from the Battery to Union Square the scene on Broadway is pretty much alike. In Union Square one finds relief under the shady trees, listening to the play of the fountains, and watching the children, nursemaids, and loungers that fill the place on pleasant afternoons in summer.

Is there a prettier bit of green in any city in the whole world than Madison Square? I am not referring to its area, as it is a mere garden-patch compared to Central Park, but to its general aspect of beauty in the center of the great city. The trees are leafy and give a welcome shade; the grass is of the deepest green; the paths are of asphalt; the nursemaids are pretty, the children are prettier, and the maidens and matrons that pass are of the prettiest; the statues are historic and patriotic; the buildings that surround and make the square are stately; and the carriages and other vehicles that roll along the streets and avenues have a cheerful aspect. If the day is pleasant the seats in the park are filled, and there are no distinctions so long as there is good behavior. At night the tramp hies hither for sleep, and but for the interference of the gray-coated park policemen, nicknamed "spar-

row-chasers," who rap rudely on the boot-soles of the slumberer, the tramp would enjoy the park much more than he does.

Fifth Avenue is the great show street of the metropolis. Early in the century Fashion had its home at the Battery and on lower Broadway, and many of the buildings now used for offices and tenements once resounded to the laughter of belles and beaux and were the scenes of gay and festive life.

But business has invaded these once fashionable quarters, and now all the way to Forty-second Street Fashion is fast disappearing before the steady advance of Commerce. A few of the old houses remain untouched, but the tide is irresistible and the world moves. Superb carriages still roll along the avenue, and in the afternoon there is a throng of promenaders, though it is less dense than the active, rushing throng of lower Broadway.

The Bowery has a course parallel in a general way to the great thoroughfare, Broadway, but the course is the only feature in which a parallel exists. In population, shops, theatres, manners, customs, and everything else, the Bowery and Broadway are wholly dissimilar. The Bowery is intensely German in character. German beer saloons, German shops of every name and kind, German theatres and concert-halls, German banks, and other German institutions innumerable abound here.

There was nothing more characteristic of the Bowery in its prime than the Old Bowery Theatre. My first visit to it was made more than thirty years ago, when the place was in the height of its glory, but the scenes are as vivid as though it were but yesterday.

Admission to the pit was twelve and a half cents. The pit exists no more in any of the theatres, its place having been taken by the parquette; and instead of being the cheapest part of the house it is now the dearest, with the exception of the dress circle and private boxes. The pit of the old Bowery was generally filled with newsboys, bootblacks, and other youngsters, or with older patrons of the same general character.

Nearly all the patrons of the pit removed their coats on entering and sat upon them throughout the performance, partly for the purpose of cushioning the hard seats, and partly to prevent those garments from being stolen. The occupants of the pit were evidently fond of peanuts, as all who could afford the outlay had a paper bag full of them, which were eaten during and between the acts, the shells being thrown on the floor.

When a favorite actor entered he was greeted with three cheers, given in a somewhat disorderly fashion. Woe to the unfortunate actor who became unpopular with the "boys." He was received with cat-calls, hisses, and other demonstrations of dissatisfaction, and they were so loud and prolonged that it was impossible for him to proceed with his part. Occasionally he was the recipient of solid remonstrances in addition to vocal ones; they took the shape of eggs or vegetables that had passed their period of usefulness, or of wads made of the bags that had contained peanuts or other delicacies. If an actor became unpopular beyond hope of redemption, his contract was canceled by the manager, as it was useless for him to continue in the theatre. All the actors at this theatre fully understood the situation; in the language of the time they "played to the pit" just as in many opera-houses to-day, the world over, the tenor and the prima donna are said to "sing to the boxes."

Heavy tragedy and blood-curdling melodrama were the favorite performances at the Old Bowery; broadsword duels and the like were sure of applause,— in fact there was a strong predilection for mimic bloodshed or deep-seated quarrels in which heavy-toned actors launched at each other the most bitter imprecations and the most terrible threats.

One night I visited this theatre to see an actress who had achieved great popularity. In one of the scenes she sang a pretty little solo and was naturally called upon for an encore. For the encore she sang "Up in a Balloon," at that time a popular air, and one that all the street urchins were humming. When she reached the end of a stanza she paused a moment and then said,

"Now, boys, join me in the chorus."

The boys responded to the invitation, and the chorus could have been heard a dozen blocks away. It was easy to see how the actress had gained her popularity with the occupants of pit and gallery.

Even to-day one can nowhere else find such cosmopolitan audiences, whether at the theatres which boast that they keep open doors and have full houses all the year round, or in the little halls with a big bar at one end and a tiny stage at the other, which finds it necessary to pander to a demand for amusement with drinks. The Bowery theatres still find that it pays best to present heavy tragedy, such as thrilled the soul of the Bowery boy years ago, or to go to the other extreme and dazzle his eyes with a variety show whose changes are kaleidoscopic. In either case the actors are gorgeous of attire and dash through their parts with a vim which shows that they are not yet wearied out with the race.

There is not much in the performance on the stage to cause either laughter or tears, and yet everybody is in the full tide of enjoyment, and the most indifferent of spectators could not but smile at the heartiness of the applause. The boys in the gallery loudly proclaim their sympathies with the heroine, and the people in parquette and orchestra-chairs laugh aloud or chatter audibly over the plot. Here is a young couple in shopworn clothes — she works in a cigar factory and he is the driver of an ice-cart — whose sole extravagance is a night every week at the theatre, and neither would miss it for the world. Why not? Is the bread of the poor always to be eaten without sauce?

The actors in the cheap museums and on the Bowery music hall stage are often broken-down men and disappointed women, whose only art now is to hide from the audience that they are near the end of a bitter struggle for daily bread. Many of them live in garrets and sup at the cheapest restaurants, and some of them, I know, started in life with the brightest of hopes.

By eleven o'clock the Bowery is in full blast. The glare of the numerous electric lights is so bright that one has no difficulty in making out the faces and dresses of the nocturnal prom-

enaders. Many odd characters drift past in the crowd; advertising handbills without number are thrust upon us; our ears are assailed by the deafening tramp of feet and the never-ending crash of wheels; misery and merriment, pomp and poverty, in various shapes, file before us.

Most of the stores are open, few of the throng think of going home while shop-windows, theatre-fronts, and concert-halls are yet so attractive, and the midnight marauder who can operate only in the early hours of morning is still slinking behind a coal-box around the corner.

EXTERIOR OF A BOWERY DIME MUSEUM.

Concert-halls and Dime Museums thrive on the Bowery. The ordinary concert-hall is a place where no respectable man would like to be seen by any one for whose opinion he has any regard. Their frequenters are dissolute men of all ages, but more often young clerks and mechanics, together with strangers and rural visitors who think they are "seeing city life." Beer and cheap liquors are dispensed, vulgar songs are accompanied by wretched music, and the surroundings and influences are generally low and vile. The attendants at the tables are often disreputable women who are fit associates for dissolute patrons.

The monotony of these establishments is occasionally varied

by a raid by the police, when every person found within is locked up in the station-house and must take his slumbers on a bare plank until next morning, when he may be sent to Blackwell's Island or let off with a heavy fine. Concert-halls of this class abound in the Bowery and adjacent streets, and nests of them are to be found in many portions of the city.

The Dime Museums are a conspicuous feature of the Bowery, but they are not entirely confined to it. Their name tells the price of admission, one dime; their attractions are of the sort classed as "freaks," and not infrequently the proprietors combine swindling and robbery with other sources of revenue. Above and on each side of the doors of these museums are large and gaudy paintings on which the wonders to be seen within are elaborately represented, and the chief wonder is oftentimes the liberality of the outside display compared with the paucity within. The external promise is far in advance of the internal performance, but if one asks for a return of his money on account of non-fulfillment of contract, he is not likely to get it. The amount of the admission fee is so small that nobody cares to make a fuss about it, and therefore it is of no consequence how much the visitor is defrauded. I have visited a dime museum where not one-fifth of the freaks represented on the outside placards were on exhibition; when I asked where they were, the doorkeeper replied, with a broad grin his face, that they had "gone to the country for their 'ealth."

The lilies of the field and the freaks in a dime museum are much alike. No work is done by either. The museum owner, always a handsome man with a fierce mustache and large diamonds, stands near the door, and close to him a second-rate dwarf, dressed as a policeman, club in hand, shouts out directions about keeping order. A mermaid stuffed and dried, swings from a nail on the wall, and a fat woman, discharged for losing weight, comes in to collect what is due her.

The first object that greets you inside is usually the tattooed man. He looks defiant, but he really is cheap, for a method has been discovered of tattooing him by electricity, so that a large part of him can be highly ornamented in one afternoon.

Next to the tattooed man is the lecturer, a very important being, who explains and dilates upon the attractions of the collection, and who passes with the grace of a Chesterfield from the charms of the fat woman to the rare qualities of the man who eats glass. Then come two dwarfs, who prefer to be alluded to as midgets, and then the Albino, a gentleman with pure white hair and pink eyes. The bearded lady, who is to be pitied because she is hardly ever admired and her sex usually doubted, stands beside the living skeleton.

IN A BOWERY DIME MUSEUM. THE LECTURER, HIS FREAKS, AND HIS AUDIENCE.

Here, too, is said to be the smallest living man in the world. You are attracted to him by his sharp, squeaky voice, and by the remarks of the eager crowd gathered around him. At first it is difficult to believe that the queer little thing, with a ridiculous little silk hat on the back of his head, is really a man. He tells you that he weighs ten pounds. Next to him is the fattest of all women. She is advertised to weigh half a ton, and probably actually does weigh about eight hundred pounds. She looks very unhappy. A fat freak thinks but little, dies young, and is worried in her last moments by the thought that her coffin must be lowered out of the window by ropes.

The strong man who lifts tremendous weights is near the fat woman. Close beside him is a small band discoursing discordant music, and as the man drops the weights on the floor to show by the noise how heavy they are, four bass drums are pounded simultaneously, which makes the weights sound very heavy indeed.

The "expansionist," who is able to inflate his chest in a wonderful way, stands beside the turtle boy, who derives his title and his income from the fact that apparently he has no legs, and that his feet are attached directly to his body and present an unpleasant imitation of the flippers of a turtle.

Other freaks are numerous. The Egg Crank, who eats one hundred and twenty eggs; the Dog Faced Boy; the Wild Men of Borneo; the Living Half Man, whose misfortune it was to be cut in two by a buzz-saw below the waist; the Transparent Man; the Human Pin-Cushion, a remarkable young man who allows you to stick needles into his breast and arms at will; the Human Claw-Hammer, a handy man around the house, who drives tacks in the carpet with his thumb and forces large nails through three-inch planks with his hand; the Human Anvil, who allows a friend to break large stones on his chest with a sledge-hammer, are all here. Snake-charmers are numerous; and leopard children, men who walk on red-hot iron, spotted boys, porcupine men, two-headed dogs, and other wonderful attractions, are often found in these museums.

Freaks are divided into two classes; those that are genuine, and those that are false. Among the real freaks may be classed the fat woman, the dwarf, the Albino, the living skeleton, the spotted boy, the glass eater, the giant, and the legless wonder. Among the bogus freaks are the Circassian girls, the tattooed men, the sword swallowers and fire eaters, the Fiji Island cannibals, the wild men of Borneo, and the survivors of great accidents, like the Johnstown flood, and so forth.

Sword swallowers and fire eaters have a comparatively easy trade, which plenty of men might follow. Tattooed men can be produced as rapidly as they are wanted. One man in the tattooing business says that he can produce several South Sea

Islanders every week, and can transform any girl into a South Sea princess without much trouble or pain.

These human curiosities travel from one museum to another, stopping one week here and two weeks there, and each manager strives to secure for himself the freak who stands for the superlative in his own particular realm of freakdom.

It is characteristic of the Bowery that it has its own artists in the criminal professions and tolerates no others. They may live on the side streets, but they operate on the great thoroughfare. There is a battalion of tramps, also, who never stray outside this charmed circle. Some of them I have known for twenty years and have watched them step down lower and lower until their feet are close to the threshold of the morgue. One, a gray-haired and bent mendicant, tottered ahead of me to-night, little dreaming that I can recall the day when his name was famous in literature. To the world he has been dead these score of years, and he will be nothing more than a mere name and remembrance when his tired bones are laid to rest in the city's cemetery of the outcast.

At yonder dark corner is a female beggar of most disreputable appearance, holding her hand out dumbly and keeping her head bowed. When the half-paralyzed wretch lifted a pair of great black eyes and thanked me for the silver dropped in her palm, I recognized in this human wreck a famous actress who had once been the star of a spectacular troupe. Diamonds and gold had been lavished upon her, but she had spent with a free hand, and when sickness came and her beauty departed her friends went with it. For years she depended upon the stray bounty of her old admirers, and haunted their offices until driven away by the police and at last drifted to the Bowery to beg by night.

As for the lager beer saloons their name is legion. The German is dearly fond of the beverage which had its origin in his native land, and in the evening he often brings his whole family to saloons dignified by the name of "gardens." There are two such "gardens" that can each accommodate a thousand or more patrons at once. They are comparatively quiet during

the day, but when evening comes they fill with people, the orchestra at one end of the vast hall fills the air with music, and the audience fills itself with beer. On every side are family groups, father, mother, and children, all merry, all sociable, all well-behaved and quiet. The Germans are proud of keeping up the respectability of the place to which they bring their female friends and relatives.

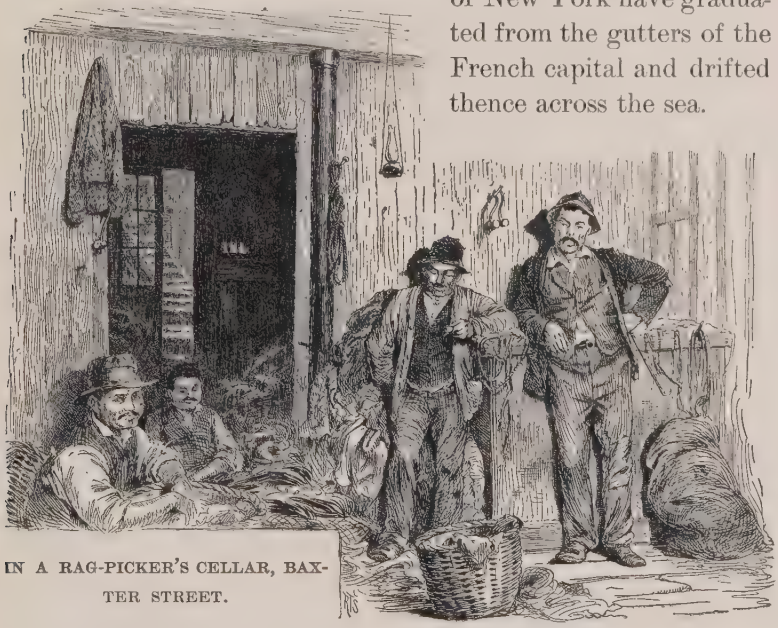
Running into the Bowery from each side are numerous streets and alleys. Many of them are the abodes of vice and crime, of honest and dishonest poverty; and others contain the homes of artisans, day-laborers, working girls and women, who make up the throng that presses along the sidewalks in the evening and especially on the last evening of the week.

On Saturday night the working-people, most of whom have received their wages, come out to spend their hard-earned money in luxuries or necessities. The shops are open until midnight, and some of them later still, and at every step one encounters persistent and noisy peddlers of all sorts. The beer-saloons and other drinking-places are brilliantly lighted, and the sound of jingling pianos, the squeak of violins, or the discordant notes of an accordeon, come from cellar dives and low resorts. Here in low and dingy beer-shops and dirtier cellars lurk some of the worst specimens of our foreign population, and uncanny forms of evil stop a moment to stare at you before they suddenly dive down dimly-lighted stairways or slink around the corners.

Gamblers, pickpockets, and other "crooks" abound, and are ready to take under their wing any one who will trust himself to their care. The soap, hair-oil, tooth-wash, or cutlery peddlers occupy corners wherever the police will permit them to stand, vociferously crying their wares. Flaming torches light up their stands with a fitful glare, and reveal every line of their faces with the distinctness of a photograph.

An interesting night-worker is the man who delves in ash-barrels and boxes or in dust-heaps for whatever may be deemed worth picking up. Everything is fish that comes to his net; cigar-stumps, empty bottles, bones with bits of meat clinging

to them, scraps of old clothing, — anything and everything that can possibly have the least value is taken in. Along the Bowery can occasionally be seen a rag-picker from Baxter Street searching the gutters with a lantern which he carries at the end of a string, so that he can hold it close to the ground without stooping. This is an idea borrowed from the *chiffonier* of Paris, and not at all a bad one. Not a few of the rag-pickers of New York have graduated from the gutters of the French capital and drifted thence across the sea.



IN A RAG-PICKER'S CELLAR, BAXTER STREET.

The Bowery has its social divisions just as we find them in the aristocratic parts of the city. There are race and class distinctions, and there is also the distinction of color no less marked than anywhere else in the land. White men have their resorts, and so have the colored, and each holds itself aloof from the other.

Not long ago there was a curious resort on Baxter Street, not far from the Bowery, from which thoroughfare much of its patronage was drawn, known among white men as "The Black and Tan," which was not altogether a safe place for a well-dressed man to enter alone, especially at night. Off from

the street was a long narrow barroom with a low ceiling and a very showy bar. The liquors sold were of the cheapest quality. A noticeable feature of the bar was a large club within easy reach of the proprietor, and there was a club for each of his assistants. These clubs were of great use in preserving order among the patrons, who not infrequently fell into discord.

Most of the customers were negroes, but there were Malays, Chinese, Lascars, and other Asiatics as well, and on one evening not long ago two American Indians were found there imbibing firewater of a dangerous character. Here and there was a white man who had no prejudice as to color, and there were women of all shades from ebony black to the lightest of tan colors. Most of the latter were flashily dressed, but the coal-black ones were generally in plain attire, though there was often an abundance of cheap jewelry which shone conspicuously against the dark skin. Many of these negresses had their heads wrapped in bright-colored, old-fashioned bandannas, and their accent revealed the fact that they have drifted from Southern States since "de wah."

At the end of the bar was a swinging door leading into a rear room from whence, during a recent visit, came the hum of voices. Even were there no voices one might easily surmise that the room had many occupants, for at frequent intervals a colored waiter came out with orders which were quickly filled at the bar. Quietly following him one found himself in a room which was lighted by numerous kerosene lamps. It had the same low ceiling, and the walls were covered with cheap and gaudily colored sporting pictures.

Around the room were several small tables at which dusky negroes were deeply engrossed in card playing. At one side of the room was a crowd surrounding an old stout negro who sat behind a table which was marked off into six squares by means of lines drawn with white paint. The squares were numbered from one to six, and the game consisted in betting pennies or nickels on the numbers and deciding the course of fortune by means of a dice-box.

"Walk up, gents, 'n try yer luck," the stout darkey shouted

as the playing lagged. "Here's yer chance to make a fortin; walk roun' the room with yer gal and play ebery time yer come along. Peggy, don't yer feller want ter play?"

The query was addressed to an ebony maiden of thirty or more summers, who had in tow a Malay sailor with rings in his ears.

Peggy led him to the table and suggested that he play a nickel "fur luck." He plunged a hand into a deep pocket and produced a nickel which he placed on the table. The stout negro rattled the box and threw the contents on the table.

"You're a winner, two for one," he said to the Malay, pushing back that gentleman's wager and two nickels with it. Another rattle of the dice-box followed, and another invitation for somebody to make his "fortin."

Peggy nodded to one of the waiters, who was at her side in an instant. She suggested "two beers," and the winnings of her Malay acquaintance were speedily invested in liquor.

Then she proposed that they have a dance. He assented, and she led the way to the end of the room and down a narrow stairway to another apartment which was designated the ballroom, from whence came the sound of cheap music and a shuffling of feet. The music was produced by a strong-armed negro energetically thumping a piano which was badly out of tune, an old gray-haired colored man sawing the strings of a cracked violin, a gay colored youth with distended cheeks blowing a wheezy flute, and another youth with closed eyes and head fallen to one side industriously picking a banjo. However, none of the dancers were inclined to complain of the quality of the music, and the players seem to be entirely engrossed in producing the greatest possible amount of noise.

There was not much space for dancing, and the crowd was dense. As they shuffled along the floor the dancers jostled each other, but nobody objected and there was a general appearance of good nature. Now and then some dusky visitor got into a quarrel with another and resorted to blows or pulled out a razor —the favorite weapon of colored citizens throughout the country. Some of the seafaring men in the ballroom carried knives,

and when knives and razors begin to flash in the sickly gas-light of one of these resorts it is time for all hands to leave.

"Whenever the orchestra paused, the waiter, whose badge of office was a white apron, vociferously shouted,—

"Come, gents, give yer orders,—treat yer partners in dis yer dance,—keep yer jints well iled,—take beer or suthin' an' be quick about it."

The cool night air was refreshingly welcome as we emerged from "The Black and Tan" and wended our way to Chatham Street, long famous for its old-clo' shops and its stores of cheap clothing. The shop-keepers are mostly Israelites; but enterprising Irishmen, Germans, and Americans have entered the field, and some of them have made a success that is envied by their Hebrew neighbors.

In former times one ran considerable risk in getting inside of one of these establishments. If he refused to purchase he was in danger of being violently robbed; if he dared to make complaint he had no witnesses to support his statements, while all the *attachés* of the place swore to a contrary state of affairs. But a vigorous police have changed things for the better.

The purchaser of clothing on Chatham street is pretty certain to be swindled, as the goods sold are of the cheapest sort, badly made and of wretched materials. Clothing has been bought there which was pasted or glued (not sewn) together; it answered fairly well if worn on a dry day, but unfortunate was the purchaser who ventured out in it in a rain storm.

The clothing-dealers on Chatham Street possess the gift of "blarney" to a high degree. They have been known to convince a customer that a coat three or four sizes too large for him "fits shplendid"; they stand him before a mirror and as the customer observes the front of the garment the dealer gathers in a handful at the back. When the buyer is in a position to see the reflection of the back, the crafty swindler performs the same trick with the front and adds,

"Oh, mine frent, I vish you had eyes in de pack of your headt, shoost to see how shplendid dot gote fits betveen dose shoulders."

Sometimes the dealer plays on the cupidity of a customer by putting a well-filled pocket-book in the pocket of the garment he is trying to sell. While the customer is trying on a coat the dealer exclaims,

"Dere vos a nice shentleman, Mishter Astorbilt, he vos from Fif Avenoo,—maype you knowed him,—comed here last veek und buys dot same gote, und dis morning he prings him pack and says de gote vos too tight alreatty arount de arms. He dakes anoder gote, not quite so goot as dis, und pays me ten tollars to boot, shoost because he vare dot gote vore days und dot makes de gote second hand. Dot gote, mine frent, shoost fits you shplendid. I vant mine brudder to see dot fit. Yacob! vill you come right avay here a minnit und shoost see dot gote fit on dis shentleman's pack. Now, my frent, I sells dot gote to you so sheap as never vos," adding in a whisper, "sheaper dan to mine own brudder, but say noddings."

Meantime the customer feels through the pockets; the dealer makes sure he does so without appearing to direct the movement of his hand. The hand comes in contact with the plump pocket-book which was probably forgotten by "Mishter Astorbilt." If the customer is honest he disappoints the dealer by bringing the article to light, but if he is not averse to a dishonest penny he buys the coat and departs with it as quickly as possible. Later on he finds that he has paid an exorbitant price for a poor coat containing an old pocket-book stuffed with brown paper.

CHAPTER XXV.

TRAINING-SCHOOLS OF CRIME — DRINK, THE ROOT OF EVIL — GREAT RESPONSIBILITY OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC FOR CRIME — PLAIN FACTS AND STARTLING STATEMENTS.

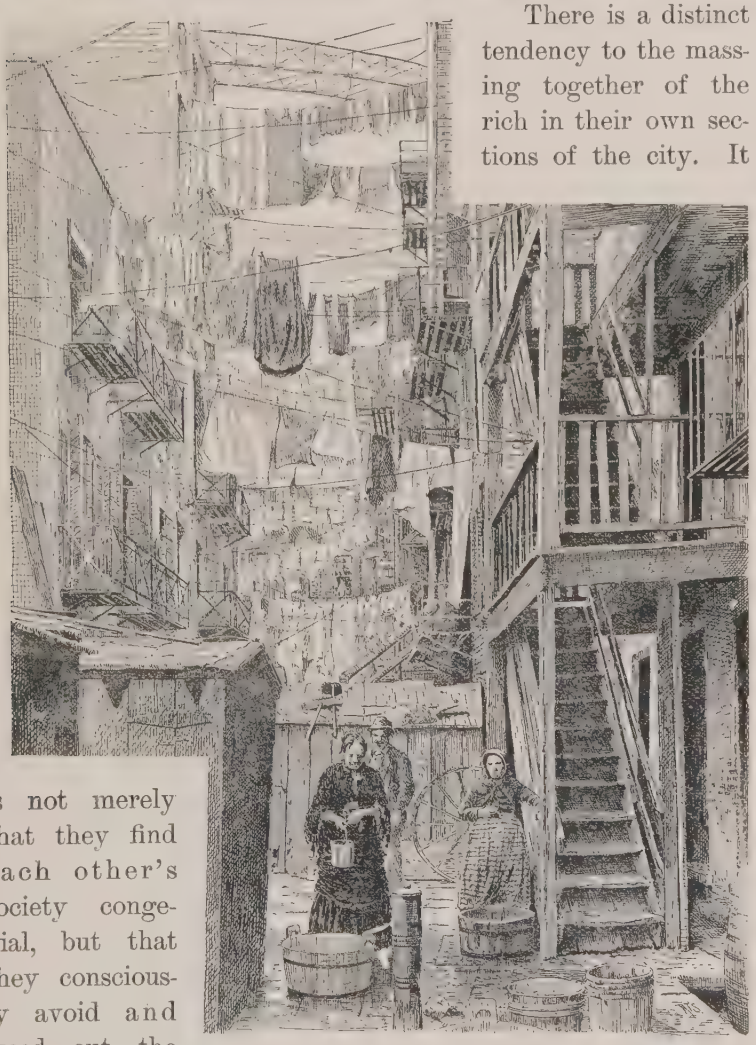
The Ancestry of Crime — Effects of Heredity — Intemperance the Root of Evil — Pest-Holes of New York — Conceived in Sin and Born in Iniquity — Where Criminals are Born and How They are Bred — Parents, Children, and Geese Herded in a Filthy Cellar — Necessity the Mother of Crime — Driven to Stealing — The Petty Thieving of Boys and Girls — How the Stove is Kept Going — Problems for Social Reformers — Dens of Thieves and Their Means of Escape — Gangs and Their Occupations — Pawn-Shops and "Fences" — Eight Thousand Saloons to Four Hundred Churches — Liquor-Dealers as Criminals — A Detective's Experience on Mott Street — A Mother's Plea — A Cautious Countryman — An Unsafe Place at Night — A Child's First Lessons in Crime — Cheap Lodging-Houses — Foul Beds and Noisy Nights.

ALTHOUGH social scientists have for many years been endeavoring to find means to prevent and punish violations of law, there is no special organization in New York city having for its object the discovery of the most prolific sources or causes of crime.

Mr. William Delamater, who, in discharge of his official duties in connection with the Police Department, has had exceptional opportunity for the study of crime and its causes, and to whom I am indebted for much information contained in this chapter, says that crime may be the effect of numerous causes which multiply themselves indefinitely as we go backward in our examination of them. It has so many phases and degrees that a course of reasoning from a general effect to a special cause would be unsatisfactory. The commission of a murder, for instance, may be the natural sequence of a burglary, the latter of a petty theft, which last may come of a desperate need for the alleviation of hunger or the distress of poverty,

or a desire to obtain the means for gratifying a passing whim; or all may be and often are the results of a single glass of liquor.

There is a distinct tendency to the massing together of the rich in their own sections of the city. It is not merely that they find each other's society congenial, but that they consciously avoid and weed out the poor. The man of wealth will pay an exorbitant price for a lot which he does not want, merely to get some wretched shanties and their occupants out of his neighborhood. The church, of which it should be the



AMONG THE TENEMENTS IN THE REAR OF MULBERRY STREET.

glory that "the poor have the gospel preached to them," sells its hallowed shrine for a warehouse and rebuilds miles away as soon as the poor hive in any numbers around its doors. This massing of wealth involves the massing of poverty. The poor are driven by inexorable necessity into "the poor quarters" of the city, where they pull each other further down from all chance and hope. Whoever follows a case of distress to its abiding-place finds it in part of one room of a tenement-house, and that one room duplicated in wretchedness by range after range of rooms from the oozy cellar to the leaky garret, and that house duplicated by streetsful of other houses, till benevolence stands aghast at misery miles in area and six stories deep. Individual help seems like putting one drop of oil upon a stormy sea. Fifth Avenue and the slums grow ever more hopelessly asunder. Fifth Avenue despises the slums, and the slums hate Fifth Avenue.

This massing of wealth and poverty tends to vice at both ends of the social scale, especially at the lowest. A life without an innocent joy; unthanked, unpitied toil, merely for the means to toil; an atmosphere foul with physical rottenness and fouler with the oaths and obscenity that are poured out on every breath; school privileges well nigh impossible for want of decent food and clothing and the hard necessity of child-labor; no chance ever to hear the gospel in the temples where the rich and the poor do *not* meet together, though the Lord be maker of them all; a hundred saloons to one mission Sunday-school, open twenty-four hours a day and seven days in the week to the Sunday-school's one hour and one day, — is it surprising that pauperism and crime live and thrive, and that both soon become professional?

That criminal tendencies are often transmitted from parent to child is unquestionably true. A celebrated student of crime recently made the interesting statement that the greatest malefactors inherited their criminal instincts from a long line of thieves, robbers, and murderers. In the Paris Gallery of Rogues are a number of photographs of criminal celebrities whose ancestors for generations have been jail-birds and convicts.

But while heredity undoubtedly contributes its quota to the criminal class, we must look further for the chief causes that swell its ranks. And first the most prolific and fundamental source of crime is intemperance, for drink is generally the foun-

A TYPICAL TENEMENT-HOUSE ALLEY.

dation of pauperism and underlies nearly all other sources of crime of every name and nature. The worst cradle of crime in New York city is in its tenement-house district, a region given over to pauperism and misery, the greater part of which was primarily induced by intemperance. Here liquor-saloons,

corner groggeries, and bar-rooms abound on every hand, ply their infamous trade day and night, and flourish on their ill-gotten gains extracted from the pockets of the poor, often sorely needed for half-starved women and children.

The amount of vice and crime springing from and fostered by the promiscuous herding together of human beings in tenements has been a fruitful source of trouble to the police. In the Fourth and Sixth Wards the population is packed at the rate of 260,000 individuals to the square mile, and in the Fourth Ward alone at the rate of nearly 300,000 inhabitants to the square mile. The most densely populated districts of London do not approach anywhere near these figures. Nearly 500,000 persons live in tenement-houses in New York, and there is one house that shelters 1,500 tenants. A recent systematic inspection of all tenement-houses, during which a census was taken, shows that there are 32,390 tenements occupied by 237,972 families, which are comprised of 937,209 persons over five years of age, and 142,519 under that age. Drunkenness is prevalent. Squalid misery abounds on every hand. In some of these wretched localities no education but that of crime obtains. Ignorant, weary, and complaining wives, cross and hungry husbands, wild and ungoverned children, are continually at war with each other. The young criminal is the product almost exclusively of these training-schools of vice and crime in the worst tenement-house districts. Eighty per cent. of the crimes committed in New York city against property and against the person are perpetrated by individuals who never had any home life, or whose homes had ceased to be decent and desirable.

Ignorant and poor, filthy and degraded, the low tenement victim drags out an existence which is as logical as it is miserable. Born in poverty and rags, nursed in filth and darkness, reared in ignorance and vice, matured in sin and crime, is the life history of the great majority of tenement-house creatures, and the end must be either the almshouse or the prison, or possibly the felon's death.

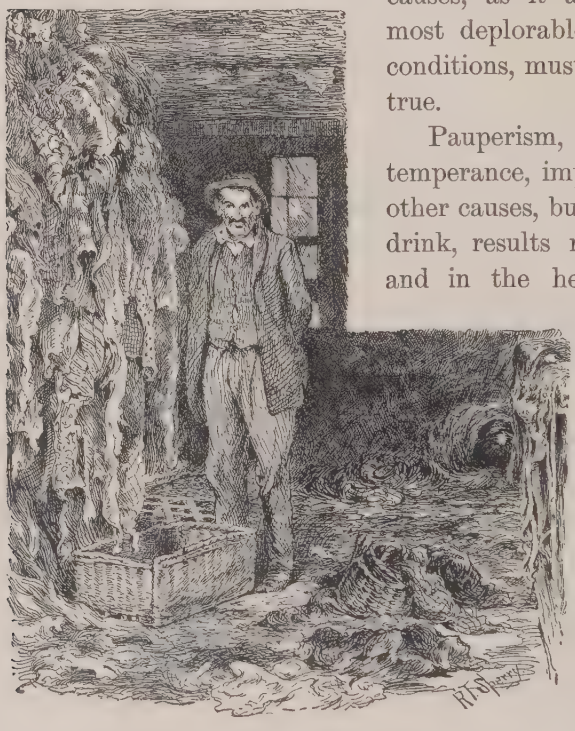
It is estimated that the Eleventh Precinct of New York city, which is a tenement-house district, contains six per cent.

of the city's population, and the fact that the proportion of arrests in this precinct is nearly double that of any other precinct, is a striking commentary upon the evils resultant upon tenement-house life and its tendency to crime. This precinct contains a dense cosmopolitan population. It abounds with tenement-houses, good, bad, and indifferent, - - mostly bad. No district of equal population in the city better illustrates the

A GROUP AS FOUND IN A TENEMENT-HOUSE CELLAR IN THE REAR OF MULBERRY STREET.

extreme destitution and misery of vast numbers of human beings huddled indiscriminately together like a mass of garbage, to ferment and decompose into offensiveness; and certainly no district in which intemperance, pauperism, and crime prevail to so large an extent as in this. In it are born and bred a class of beings whose immediate ancestors were drunken, poverty-stricken, and vile, and whose progeny must be paupers

and criminals — pitiable as well as lawless. That intemperance is often the cause, and pauperism and crime the outcome, of such conditions, must be admitted; and that abject want, no matter what its cause, is among the foremost of all crime causes, as it assuredly is the most deplorable of all human conditions, must be accepted as true.



A RAG-PICKER'S ROOM IN A TENEMENT-HOUSE.

Pauperism, induced by intemperance, improvidence, and other causes, but most often by drink, results necessarily from and in the herding of large numbers of human beings in tenement districts where apartments are small and rents correspondingly low. The ignorant and vicious become speedily intermingled with the poverty-stricken, and the whole body rapidly assumes the characteristics of the vicious, who are naturally the strongest. The following report of an inspection made by an agent of the Sanitary Aid Society in the Eleventh Precinct is suggestive: —

"The investigations reveal a state of affairs than which nothing more horrible can be imagined, and which, although perhaps equaled, cannot be surpassed in any European city. To get into these pestilential human rookeries you have to penetrate courts and alleys reeking with poisonous and malodorous gases arising from accumulations of sewage and refuse

scattered in all directions and often flowing beneath your feet. You have to ascend rotten staircases which threaten to give way beneath every step, and which in some cases have already broken down, leaving gaps that imperil the limbs and lives of the unwary. Walls and ceilings are black with the accretions of filth which have gathered upon them through long years of neglect. It exudes through cracks in the boards overhead and runs down the walls; it is everywhere.

"The rooms are crowded with sick and dirty children. Often several families occupy the same apartment. One of the inspectors reports twenty-five persons in three so-called rooms, but of which two are mere closets without windows or openings to the hall. Here is a family of father, mother, and four children, taking in fourteen boarders and living in three rooms. There are fifteen people of all sexes and ages in two little rooms, a great portion of which is in addition taken up with old rags and refuse. One of the directors discovered parents, three children, and fifteen geese living in a filthy cellar. Another visited a room which had actually not been cleaned or whitewashed for five years, and where the ceiling was tumbling down in pieces, one of the children being in bed from severe wounds on the face and shoulder inflicted by the falling plaster. Here were found a woman and five small children who were actually starving, having eaten nothing for two days; there a woman but two days after confinement being ejected by an inhuman landlord."

This is no fancy picture of a pest-hole in the great city of New York, for indisputable evidence of its truth is readily attainable. If this be the physical condition of about sixty thousand of our fellow-creatures in one ward, their moral condition makes us shudder to contemplate. Can any thinking man hazard the assertion that criminals are not born and reared in such a region of fifth and degradation? Assume that poverty compels human beings to mass themselves, it does not follow, as is generally supposed, that the actual necessities of living are lessened in any way. The reverse is the fact, for with crowding comes indulgence in vicious habits and practices, dis-

ease and death, with all the evils that attend them among the poor. Necessity,—the inevitable sequence of intemperance,—more than all other causes combined, drives people to the commission of crime. If one suffers from cold and hunger, and can neither buy nor beg food, fuel, and clothing, he must perforce steal it, for necessity is a master over human action. And when we add to this the inclination to inebriety, idleness, and vice engendered by the surroundings of their lives, we cannot wonder that from such a class and under such circumstances criminals are born.

A TRAINING-SCHOOL OF CRIME. BOYS PLAYING PICKPOCKET IN AN ALLEY.

Petty thieving by boys and girls who are not taught to discriminate between right and wrong, who are, in fact, led to believe it a virtue to steal in order to provide themselves and parents with comforts impossible to obtain otherwise, is a matter of course among the poorest classes. Getting up behind a coal-cart and purloining a few pieces of coal is a common sight in the tenement regions, and the boy who gets the greatest quantity without discovery is not only regarded by his companions with envy, but his poverty-stricken mother awards him the highest praise. Thus recruits are daily added to the great army of criminals. The boy who steals coal to provide his mother with a fire, or a shawl to cover her thread-bare dress, becomes a hero, in his own estimation at least, and perseveres in the same direction toward a felon's cell.

Persons arrested for intoxication and disorderly conduct arising therefrom, in a large percentage of instances, are fined only small sums by the police magistrates, or sent to the city prisons in default of payment. What is the effect? The

A TENEMENT-HOUSE ALLEY GANG. CANDIDATES FOR CRIME.

family of the offender are often deprived of the necessities of life by the enforcement of a fine, or are left wholly without means by the husband's or father's incarceration. Necessity compels a resort to crime that the family may not starve. Wages of tenement-holders are at all times small and scarcely adequate to the maintenance of their families; and when from the small wage is taken a fine, or the wage-winner is prevented

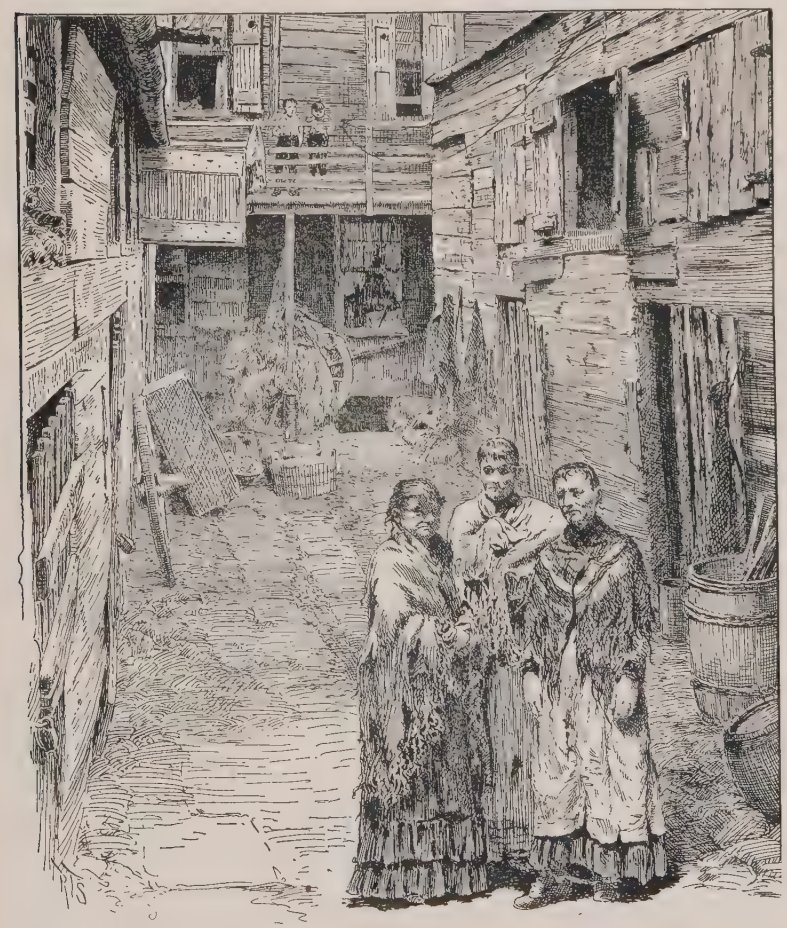
from earning his scanty pay, the family dependent upon him must suffer. The inevitable result is almstaking or crime. How this may be remedied is one of the most important questions to be considered by the social reformer.

Tenement-houses are admirable places for the concealment of criminals as well as the proceeds of crime. The intricacy of interminable and dark passages, the numberless halls and small rooms, the disposition to defend and screen each other, so as to prevent apprehension and consequent punishment, make the tenements dens of thieves. The various "gangs" that have infested the city and given the police force no end of trouble for many years are found in the densely populated districts. The tenement-houses afford them excellent hiding-places, and from them the gangs are recruited when a police raid has temporarily decreased their ranks and sent many of them to penal institutions. It is deemed commendable by these gangs to assault the police, to molest and rob citizens, to fight, steal, and murder. Here again the collection of poor, ignorant, and vicious people into common homes engenders lawless habits and practices.

The fact that the majority of the pawn-shops in the city are located in tenement-house districts is worthy of notice. It is well known that these institutions do not thrive upon the worn-out garments of the poor, and that the worthy poor have little else to dispose of in emergencies. These pawn-shops located in the midst of a pauperized community are used more often by the criminal than by the temporarily distressed, and prove excellent storehouses for the spoil of the burglar and sneak.

The door of the almshouse — that last resort of the conscienceless and most degraded — is the alternative to the commission of crime by the very poor. Vagrancy, and a committal to the almshouse therefor, is regarded by certain classes as far more despicable than to be actually criminal. A thief is looked upon by his friends as a gentleman as compared to a tramp, or one who begs from door to door; for he has money and dresses well. Even those who constitute what is called the best society regard a thief more leniently than they do a

beggar, reasoning that a tramp is by choice or inclination a degraded and lawless wretch undeserving of sympathy or assistance, while a thief is a criminal because of his education or his



AN ALLEY TRIO. AS FOUND IN A MULBERRY STREET ALLEY.

necessity. The fact is, both the tramp and thief have a common origin, their parent being necessity superinduced by drink and evil companions.

The poor are, by reason of their poverty, socially ostracised, and can sink no lower by a debased intercourse. In the tenements the young of both sexes are constantly thrown to-

gether in large numbers in small apartments, continually hear the coarsest and most indecent language, and are led gradually into immorality. It is believed that eighty per cent. of the lowest class of female offenders were reared in tenement-houses. Necessity — too often the legacy of a drunken husband or father — is the great primary force driving girls and women first to the door of starvation, then to comparative ease, afterward to indecency and crime.

How pauperism can be abated or removed, as one of the causes of crime, is one of the intricate social problems that reformers have to solve. No human law ever framed has had sufficient wisdom to suppress or prevent it. That it is too often induced by drunkenness, and that it always thrives on the liquor traffic, must be apparent to any intelligent person.

In some parts of the city may be found a dozen or more saloons in a single block. In many places where streets intersect at right angles one can see criminal schools in full operation on each of the four corners. Some of them pretend to do a legitimate business, but many of them are the resorts of well-known "crooks" and desperate characters of all classes.

There are more than eight thousand saloons and barrooms in New York, which can boast at the same time of only about four hundred churches. Saloons are open at nearly all hours of the day and night, and their business is carried on the greater part of every twenty-four hours, not excepting Sundays.

The barrooms in the principal hotels and restaurants are "respectable" enough, so far as any barroom can be respectable, but with the great majority of the establishments for drinking purposes the case is far different. Nine barrooms in ten, and we might fairly say nineteen out of twenty, are the property of local politicians or are managed in their interest. Usually the liquor-dealers are in a majority on the Board of Aldermen by actual count, or if they appear to be in a minority it is in appearance only, as they are sure to be represented by men whom they have elected from other occupations. In all the departments of the service of the city the liquor interest

has an important place. One who has studied the state of affairs in the metropolis argues as follows to prove that the saloons and barrooms have the control of the local government: —

"Eight thousand barrooms mean eight thousand proprietors, eight thousand to twelve thousand assistants (we will take the lowest figures), which together make sixteen thousand votes directly in the interest of rum. Every barroom can be esti-

INTERIOR OF A LOW GROGGERY ON CHERRY STREET.

mated good for at least five voters among its regular patrons, or forty thousand in all. Add five thousand votes for the wholesale dealers and their employes, whose business depends wholly on the retail establishments, and this will give a total of sixty-one thousand votes from the liquor interest.

"The beer-saloon is first cousin to the barroom, if not its twin brother. The owners, managers, and employes of the breweries, and the owners, managers, and employes of the hundreds of saloons and beer-gardens throughout the city, com-

prise not fewer than thirty thousand voters, which number added to the foregoing brings us to ninety-one thousand in all.

"The owners of the buildings that are leased for drinking places added to those who profit more or less indirectly by the liquor traffic, though not nominally engaged in it, will swell the total to more than one hundred thousand. The total vote of the city for mayor at the election of 1889 was 197,789. Further comment is unnecessary."

In its political aspect the barroom is bad enough, but it is infinitely worse in its criminal aspect. Many of the owners and more of the assistants in barrooms are closely connected with violations of the laws against felony. If justice were done to liquor-dealers, many of the places of bar-owner or bar-tender would to-day be vacant in consequence of the involuntary absence of their present occupants to "do the State some service" at Sing Sing or other prisons. Numerous barrooms throughout the city are well known to the police as haunts of thieves, and training-schools where young candidates receive their initiation into crime.

The "green-goods" men who send circulars to people in the country inviting them to buy counterfeit money almost always have their letters addressed to barrooms. When followed up by the police, the barkeeper says a man whom he "doesn't know" asked permission to have his letters sent there; he calls every day or two to ask for them, but the barkeeper hasn't seen him for a week and hasn't the slightest idea where he lives.

It is difficult to prove that the swindler and barkeeper are leagued together, but it is pretty certain that the barkeeper knows a great deal more than he will tell. He is probably a sharer in the business, or is paid a certain commission "not to know anything."

Not long since a friend of mine who had for years been on the detective force in another large city had occasion to visit a New York barroom notorious as the loafing-place for a gang of thieves. It was about one o'clock in the afternoon when he found himself in one of the worst localities in the city. There

were barrooms all about, and nearly every one was a den of thieves. They were frequented by young fellows, many not out of their teens, and of the class described as "toughs."

A young fellow was just coming out of the door of a saloon on the corner, who was in the Tombs police court that very morning. His mother was the complainant against him. She said he was once a good boy, but for the last few months he had been idle. He spent much of his time at the saloon associating with bad boys, and very frequently came home under the influence of liquor, or more often did not come at all. "Last night," said his mother in court, "he threatened to throw all the furniture out of the window, and said he'd give me and his sister a good beating just to make us know what he could do."

The judge turned angrily toward the young tough and asked what he had to say for himself.

"I wasn't doin' nothin'," he answered with sullen look and downcast eyes; "I didn't throw nothin' outen the winders, and I didn't hit none of 'em at all. I was jest in fun, jedge, and won't do so no more."

"Will you go to work and keep out of the barrooms and lodging-houses if I let you off this time?"

"Yes, jedge, I will, and I won't run no more wid de gang o' fellers I've been a runnin' wid."

Then the mother pleaded for his release, and said she was sure he would be a good boy now. He was let off with a warning that he would get thirty days on the Island the next time he appeared in court.

He kept his promise as most of these young students in crime keep their promises to the police judges or anybody else. He was with the "gang" at the barroom within an hour after being let out of the police court, and told with great glee and to the amusement of his comrades how he "fooled der jedge and hauled der wool over his eyes beautiful." The bartender and also the proprietor enjoyed the joke hugely, and the young scoundrel's heart swelled with pride as he realized that he had become a hero.

These fellows do not look upon arrest and imprisonment as a degradation, but exactly the reverse. True, they don't like the inconvenience of imprisonment and the enforced absence from their favorite haunts, nor is the food and discipline of Blackwell's Island at all to their tastes. But when their terms

AN OLD CORNER GROGGERY NEAR A TENEMENT-HOUSE DISTRICT.

have expired and they return to the places that knew them of yore they are received with applause and honor. There is a jollification in the barroom that forms the headquarters of the gang, and not infrequently the proprietor makes the event a special occasion by furnishing free drinks to all hands. He is sincere in his welcome of the returning hero, as he expects to make a liberal percentage out of the next robbery perpe-

trated by the gang, every member of which will be a good customer for weeks, or possibly months, while maturing plans for fresh deeds of lawlessness.

Upon entering the saloon my friend saw half-a-dozen idle fellows lounging about, not one of them apparently over twenty-two years of age, together with a barkeeper and a little ragged boy who had to stand on tiptoe to reach the top of the counter. The boy had just come in with a dirty broken-nosed pitcher to be filled with beer, and the barkeeper and the loafers who constituted the gang were "having some fun with him." A cent was dropped on the floor, and the urchin was told he could have it if he would pick it up.

As he stooped to take it the barkeeper slipped a long piece of ice down the little fellow's back next to his skin. The idlers laughed at his squirming antics and so did the boy; not because he enjoyed the joke, but he was rather proud of the fact that the barkeeper, who had served his term on the Island and at Sing Sing and was noted for his pugilism, was willing to take any notice of a boy not old enough to rank as a "tough," but entertaining hopes that he would be one in course of time.

A red-faced tough stood a little apart from the others. He was one of the oldest in appearance among those in the room. In a low and confidential voice my friend asked,

"Is Boston Jack about?"

"Naw," was the reply with a suspicious look, "he's a doin' his t'ree mont's on der Island."

"Sorry I can't find him," said my friend with a half sigh "We used to work as pals in Boston before he came to New York, and I wanted to see him for a little job."

The red-faced man looked up at the suggestion of a "job," and his interest was sufficiently roused to ask what was up.

Seated in a retired corner of the room my friend hinted that if a trusty pal could be found to take a hand there was something to be made and no tales told.

"Ef it's a job fer de stuff, I'm wid yer," was his listener's low response to the non-committal inquiry. "I've bin in lots o' lays wid Jack, and him an' me's der best o' friends."

At last he introduced himself as Bill Carver, though he added that the boys called him Porgie Bill sometimes, in consequence of his having eaten seven porgies at a single sitting.

My friend grew confidential and intimated that he had made the acquaintance of a man who had recently arrived in

OLD AND YOUNG TOUGHS PLAYING CARDS ON THE DOCKS.

the city from the country, who had a large amount of money with him which could be divided between anybody who assisted in getting it away from him.

"Can't yer fetch him inter der back room," said Porgie Bill softly, as he made a move towards the door of the snuggery at the end of the bar.

"But he hasn't got the money with him. He's locked it up in the safe of the hotel and won't take it round in his pockets."

"Why can't yer get him to bring der stuff down here somehow? Tell him der hotel's a dangerous place fer his cash; for

hotel clerks every little while runs away wid money dat's in der safe. See?"

Then the following plot was hatched between them:

My friend was to persuade his new-found acquaintance from the country that the hotel safe was not regarded as perfectly secure, on account of the uncertain honesty of the clerks. He was to advise him to put the money in the bank and offer to accompany him there. He must manage to detain him so that by the time the bank was reached its doors would be closed for the day. He was to recommend the Citizens' Savings or the Bowery Bank as the safest in the city, both of which were convenient to the haunt of the gang. Upon arriving at the bank and finding it closed they were to saunter leisurely down the street, and when opposite to this saloon he was to invite his friend to take a drink of ice water or something stronger. If he called for liquor it would be drugged; or if he declined to drink at all Porgie Bill and two of his cronies were to resort to the desperate chance of quickly pounding the countryman into insensibility. At the same time they were to go through the pretence of pounding his companion, so that if any fuss was made about the affair he would seem no less a victim than his friend.

All being settled, the friends separated, and for all I know they may be still waiting for their proposed victim.

It is not unsafe on the street in this part of the city in the daytime, but at night one will do well to look out for himself. Most of the gangs work in the night; they follow strangers, especially drunken ones, keeping an eye all the while upon the policeman making his round. Two, three, or four of these fellows work together, and when a good opportunity presents itself they fall upon a victim, and while one holds and a second chokes him, a third rifles his pockets. It is all over in a few seconds, and the man is dropped insensible on the sidewalk, while the thieves scatter in various directions, to meet later at their headquarters, where the spoil is divided and freely spent in saloons while concocting new crimes.

Most of the robberies, great and small, committed in New

York are planned in the back rooms of low drinking-places or executed by gangs using the barrooms as their headquarters. Break up these places, and a long step will be taken towards the prevention of crime.

The very lowest class of drinking-places are cellar groggeries called "bucket-shops"; beer and spirits are sold in jugs, buckets, and bottles as well as over the bar, and in many of the shops the remains of drinks, together with the washings of the bar and the rinsings of the cloths with which it is wiped, are thrown into a tub and sold for two and three cents a quart. This liquid is known by fancy names, such as "dog's-nose," "all-sorts," "swipes," and other terms.

Drunkenness in its worst and most degraded forms is to be seen around these bucket-shops, especially at night. Men and women in rags are to be seen there spending what they have earned, begged, or stolen, for the vilest drinks, and when unable to pay for what they want they watch their opportunity to secure "a treat." Children of both sexes swarm and perforce listen to blasphemy and tales of criminal exploits, and it is often here that they receive their first lessons in crime, drawing it in, as it were, with their first breath.

The child thus familiarized with evil becomes a "tough," and the "tough" at a later period of life is the burglar or worse, whose existence alternates between the dark deeds of his profession and the walls of the penitentiary where he "does time" in punishment for his evil acts.

An important adjunct of the barroom as a training-school for crime is the cheap lodging-house. Lodgings at five, ten, fifteen, and twenty cents a night are to be found all through this locality. No questions are asked as to the name or character or anything else concerning a lodger; he pays his fee, and that is all that is required. The cheap lodging-houses are excellent retreats for them after committing a robbery, and not a few of the keepers are in league with these criminals.

Regarded as places for sleeping, by an honest man, these houses are not attractive. Crowded closely together, often in damp cellars, in beds reeking with filth and alive with vermin,

the patrons — many of whom are more or less under the influence of liquor — are dangerous and noisy, and on frequent occasions the slumbers of all are disturbed by a row that may end in murder. The proprietor is indifferent to such possibilities, and if a lodger objects on the ground that he wants to sleep he will quite likely be met with the argument on the part of the owner:

"I sells you the place fer sleepin', but I don't sell the sleep with it."

How true is that striking passage from the twenty-third chapter of Proverbs in which the baneful effects of intemperance are vividly described: "Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

Shakespeare makes even his clowns and fools expose the vice of intemperance and the degradation of drunkards.

Olivia. — What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clown. — Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman; one draught makes him a fool, the second mads him, and a third drowns him.

What a sermon, too, on the blessings of temperance, is contained in "As You Like It," when Adam says to his young master: —

"Let me be your servant!
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility:
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly; let me go with you:
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE POLICE DEPARTMENT OF NEW YORK — THE DETECTIVE FORCE AND ITS WORK — SHADOWS AND SHADOWING — SLEUTH-HOUNDS OF THE LAW.

A Building that is Never Closed — Police-Station Lodgings — Cutting his Buttons off — A Dramatic Scene — Teaching the Tenderfeet — The Duties of a Policeman — Inquiries for Missing Friends — Mysterious Cases — Clubbing — Night-Clubs and Billies — Scattering a Mob — Calling for Assistance — Watching Strangers — "Tom and Jerry" in a Soup Plate — The Harbor Police — The Great Detective Force and its Head — Chief Inspector Thomas Byrnes — Sketch of his Career — A Proud Record — His Knowledge of Crooks and their Ways — Keeping Track of Thieves and Criminals — Establishing a "Dead Line" in Wall Street — Human Depravity and Human Impudence — The Rogues' Gallery — Shadows and Shadowing — Unraveling Plots — Skillful Detective Work — Extorting the Truth — The Museum of Crime — What May Be Seen There — Disappearance of Old Thieves — Rising Young Criminals.

ON Mulberry Street running through to Mott Street, in a quarter of the city that is neither fashionable nor attractive, stands a plain solid building of four stories and a basement. Its appearance is so ordinary that it would not be likely to attract special attention were it not for the blue-coated policemen that are constantly ascending and descending the steps. This is the police Headquarters, the most important building of its kind in America. Here are the offices of the Police Commissioners, Superintendent, Inspectors, Detective Bureau, Health Department, etc. In the basement is the police telegraph office, the right arm of the service, connected by telegraph with the fire department headquarters, Brooklyn police headquarters, all elevated railroads, all the leading hospitals, the prisons, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and many other institutions. Anything of importance that is taking place at the farthest police point of the city

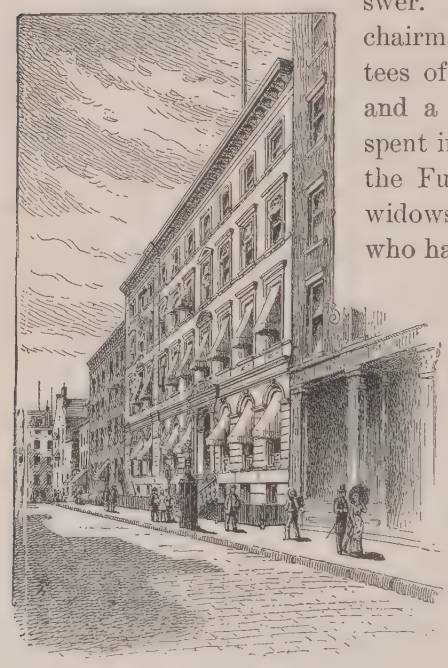
is instantly known at the central office at headquarters, and if necessary can be communicated through subordinate officers to every member of the force. The messages transmitted over the police telegraph wires during 1890 reached the enormous number of 346,671, of which 202,650 were general-alarm messages, 31,009 were notices of dead animals, and nearly 15,464 were calls for ambulances. Notices of arrests, fires, lost children, riots, strikes, etc., and miscellaneous business connected with the department made up the balance. From this unpretentious edifice orders are sent out that govern the entire force of three thousand five hundred men who constitute the police of the great metropolis. No city in the world is better protected against the operations of all classes of criminals. The expenses of the department are about $4,800,000 annually.

The building is open at all hours of the day and night. Through its doors enter beggars and merchant princes, swindlers and philanthropists, and men of all nationalities, classes, and professions; some as criminals, others as victims seeking aid from or protection by this strong arm of the law. A complete record of all arrests and for what crimes, of the term of sentence and place of imprisonment of those who are convicted, and every item of criminal occurrence and police life, is promptly entered with great minuteness in a book called a "blotter," one of which is kept at each station-house, and these are consolidated daily in records kept at headquarters. Each of the morning and evening newspapers keeps a reporter constantly on duty here until the hour of going to press; he closely watches the telegraph and other returns from the various station-houses, and promptly sends a transcript of important events to his newspaper office. Murders and other matter out of the common run of things put him on the alert at once, and if the affair is of such magnitude that he cannot attend to it alone he telegraphs to his managing or night editor for aid.

For the purposes of police government the city is divided into three Inspection Districts, each district being under the charge of an Inspector; these districts are subdivided into thirty-six precincts which are presided over by Captains; and

these in turn are divided by the captains into patrol beats or posts for the Patrolmen.

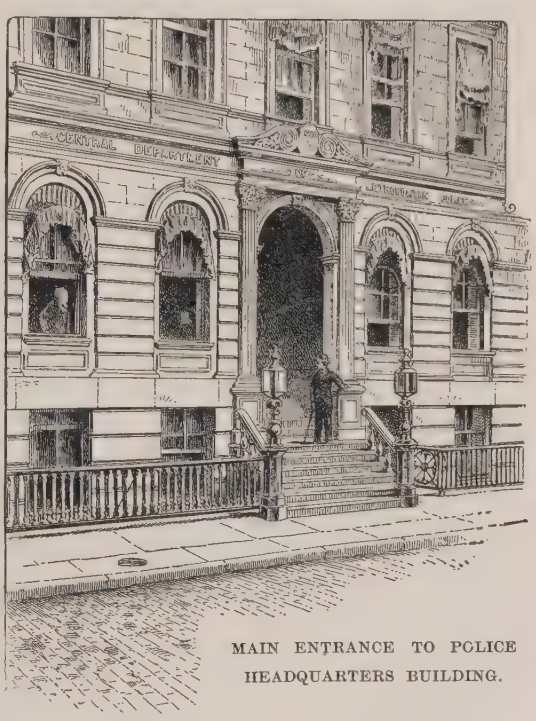
The control of the police is vested in four Commissioners, known as the Board of Police, who are appointed by the mayor for six years. One of them acts as president of the Board; he has the special duty of examining all charges against policemen before they are tried, and all important letters coming from police authorities all over the world are referred to him for answer. Another commissioner is chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Police Pension Fund, and a good part of his time is spent in investigating claims upon the Fund, especially those of the widows and orphans of policemen who have died in the service. Another commissioner is Treasurer of the Police Board and also of the Pension Fund, and the fourth on the list has general oversight of the station-houses and is chairman of the Committee on Supplies, and has charge of all purchases pertaining to this department.



POLICE HEADQUARTERS BUILDING.

Next to the commissioners the highest officer of the force is the superintendent. His duties are arduous, and his position one of great responsibility. He issues orders received from the commissioners, takes command at riots or great fires, and performs duties generally devolving upon a superior commanding officer. Then come the inspectors, of whom there are four, one of whom is Chief Inspector in charge of the Detective Bureau, and in the absence of the superintendent acts as Chief of Police. Each of the three remaining inspectors has charge of

a district. They are responsible for the preservation of peace and the protection of life and property in their respective districts. Then come the captains, thirty-six in all, who have charge of the precincts and are expected to maintain order in them. Each captain posts his men and has general supervision over them, keeps an accurate record of daily events, and performs numerous other duties. Next come the sergeants, one hundred and fifty-eight in number, who are in authority at the station-houses, command squads of men sent out under orders, keep a sharp eye on the habits and appearance of policemen under them, and report any unfaithfulness on their part.



MAIN ENTRANCE TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS BUILDING.

Then come the roundsmen, of whom there are one hundred and sixty-five, who are, in fact, patrolmen detailed to supervise the latter while on duty. They are expected to always appear neatly attired, and must set a good example of faithfulness and sobriety to the patrolmen under them. It is the duty of a roundsman to constantly patrol his precinct at frequent and unexpected times, in order to see that the men are faithfully discharging their duty. Then come the patrolmen, who correspond to the rank and file of the army, and number about three thousand two hundred men. And last come the eighty doormen at the station-houses, who are general superintendents

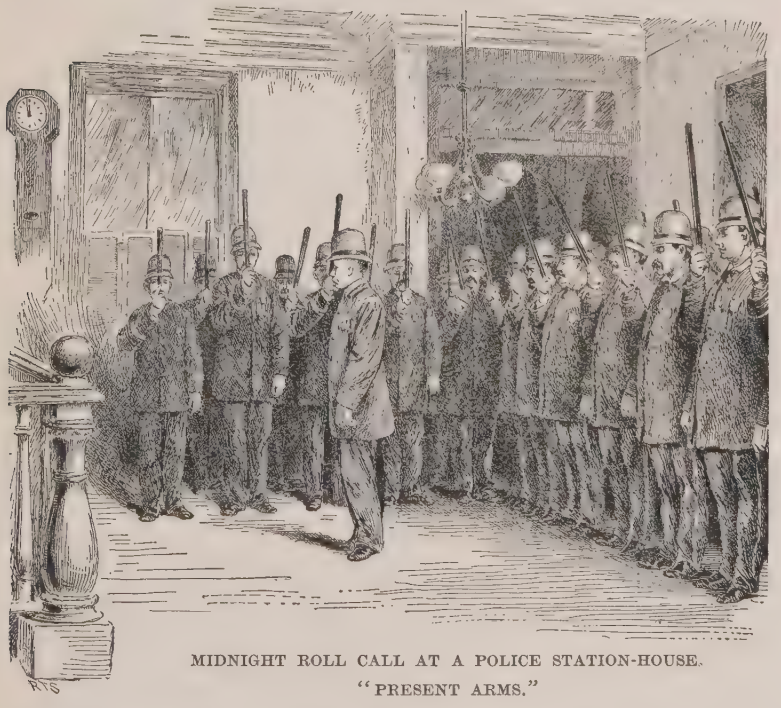
of the premises, and wear a uniform that, combined with their muscle and authority, secures for them the immediate and profound respect of all belligerent lodgers and prisoners. Over one hundred and fifty thousand lodgings are annually furnished to applicants at the various station-houses, including men and women, boys and girls, of all classes and occupations.

There are eighteen surgeons in the police department. They are members of the police force, but are not required to be uniformed. Their office tenure is in all respects the same as other members of the force, and they are subject to the same general rules. They are required to attend upon sick or wounded policemen, give medical advice to pensioners when called upon, attend wounded or sick prisoners at the station-houses, etc. They are permitted to practice outside the Department, provided such practice does not interfere with their police duties. In former years almost every person injured in the streets was taken to a station-house, police surgeons were sent for, and the patient was treated there. But now cases of accident and sudden sickness in the streets are generally picked up by ambulances and taken directly to hospitals.

PATROLMAN'S SHIELD.

After a patrolman has served for twenty years he can, if he desires, be retired upon a pension of $600 a year for the rest of his life. When he arrives at sixty years of age he must be retired on the same pension. If killed in the line of his duty a pension is paid to his family, and they are compensated if under the same circumstances he is permanently disabled. Officers are retired upon a pension based upon their rank.

Twice a week the four commissioners meet to consider matters affecting the service, issue orders which are to be executed through the superintendent, and attend to other business that may come before them. Once a week one of them presides at the trial of officers against whom charges have been preferred; the charges and testimony are written out by the stenographers of the Board, and if the case is an important one



MIDNIGHT ROLL CALL AT A POLICE STATION-HOUSE.
"PRESENT ARMS."

the testimony must be examined by at least three of the commissioners before final action is taken. That this work is not light can be understood when it is known that every year there are upwards of 3,000 complaints against officers, most of them for neglect of duty and violation of the rules. Nearly all of the complaints are made by their superiors, and some upon affidavits by citizens; and in all cases the trial is as thorough as possible. Even were the commissioners inclined to be careless in their trials, they would be prevented from being so

by the fact that their action may be reviewed by the civil courts.

The punishments may be dismissal, fine, reprimand, or suspension from duty with loss of pay. The dismissals are mostly for intoxication; fines, suspensions, and reprimands are imposed for infractions of duty of a minor degree; and it is the effort of the commissioners to "make the punishment fit the crime." Fully one-fifth of the complaints are dismissed. Any punishment that is imposed is made known to all the officers in the precinct to which the offender belongs, and the example is believed to be very salutary.

There was a dramatic scene at police headquarters a few months ago. No man who has been convicted of a crime can be admitted to the police force, and every applicant must make oath that he has never been so convicted. It was charged that a certain patrolman had served a term in prison for robbery; the charge was specific, and on trial before the commissioners it was clearly proven and finally admitted by the defendant.

Here was a man entrusted with the prevention and punishment of crime who was himself a criminal and as such had served a term in prison! When the facts were laid before them the commissioners were highly indignant, and at the close of the trial the man was summarily dismissed from the force.

But his dismissal did not follow the ordinary form. The commissioners were all present, and so were the superintendent, the inspectors, and the captains. Then all the sergeants, roundsmen, and patrolmen connected with headquarters were drawn up in a line, and many other persons were present. The president of the Board read the charge and sentence, on which he made severe comments, and then with a knife he cut button after button from the uniform of the culprit until not one remained. As each button struck the floor the sound that it made was audible to everybody, so complete was the silence of the assemblage. When the last button fell the man was ordered from the presence of the commissioners and handed

over to be tried for perjury on account of the oath he had taken to secure his appointment on the force. In another case an officer who proved to be an ex-convict and who had secured his appointment by perjury was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

It is safe to say that such occurrences are rare. Every applicant for a place on the police must have the names of five citizens upon his petition, all of whom certify to his sobriety, industry, and good moral character. He must be truthful and respectful, of perfect physical health and development, and have no tendency to constitutional disease. He must be not less than five feet, seven and a half inches in height, must weigh not less than one hundred and thirty-eight pounds, and measure at least thirty-three and a half inches around the chest without clothing. He must be able to read and write the English language, and have a knowledge of local and general law enough to comprehend the duties of a policeman.

About sixty per cent. of the police are of American birth, and thirty-three per cent. Irish; all other nationalities contribute about seven per cent., the Germans being in the lead. Many of those born in the United States are of Irish parentage, so that the Hibernian element is pretty large. But whatever the nationality, the discipline of the force is such that a bad man cannot long remain, nor can he easily find a place in the service to begin with.

There are two schools of instruction, or rather two departments of one school. The schoolroom is in the headquarters building, and very much resembles a study room of a large academy. The new appointees — or "tenderfeet," as the old veterans call them — occupy rows of benches facing their teacher, who sits at a table on a raised platform, and scolds, praises, and rules like a country schoolmaster. No whispering is allowed; offenders, instead of being soundly birched, are fined. They are afterwards thoroughly drilled in soldier fashion, singly and in squads, companies, and platoons, and receive a course of training by a surgeon so that they may know what to do to aid the injured. There are more than two

hundred rules to govern their conduct as patrolmen, and covering all possible situations in which they may find themselves. One of the most important rules is that they must not allow their temper to control them instead of their judgment when dealing with individuals who may be "spoiling for a fight."

The duties of a policeman are of the most exacting kind, and upon their faithful performance depends the security,

POLICEMEN'S SCHOOL OF INSTRUCTION. NEW MEMBERS STUDYING AND RECITING THEIR LESSONS.

peace, and prosperity of the city. He is required to pay careful attention to his personal appearance, and in the discharge of his duty he is always expected to be brushed, blacked, clean-shirted, and trim. He is forbidden to discuss politics and religion with his comrades or any one else; and even the use of slang is forbidden to him, although he generally has a pretty extensive acquaintance with it. Nor is he allowed to drink, borrow money from fellow officers, or accept rewards, free passes or tickets, although the last rule is more honored in the breach than in the observance.

FOUND STRAYED. — ELEVEN O'CLOCK AT NIGHT IN THE LOST CHILDREN'S ROOM AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS. — LOST CHILDREN WAITING TO BE CLAIMED.

More than three thousand lost children are annually found in the streets of New York. When a policeman finds a lost child he must take it to Police Headquarters and deliver it to the matron in charge of the lost children's room. The little ones are kept awake until midnight waiting for friends. If not claimed by that time they are put to bed in little cots and efforts are made next day to restore them to their homes.

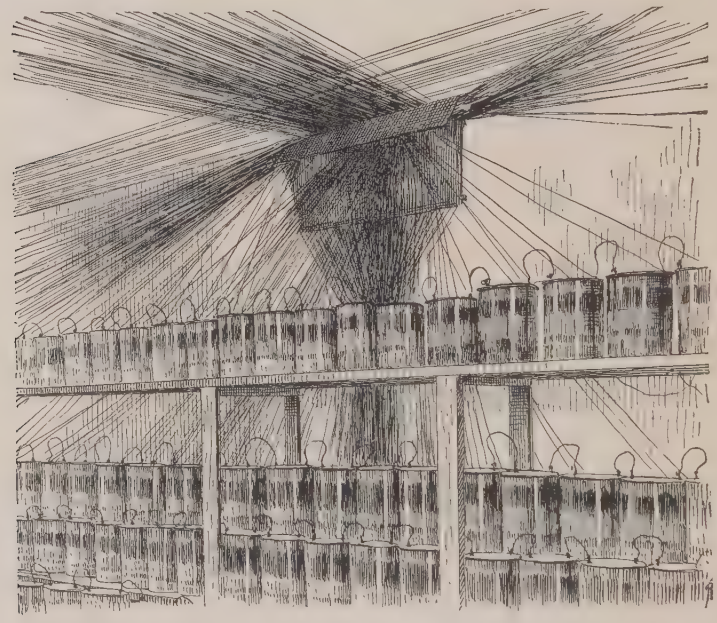
Night and day, rain or shine, when his tour of duty begins he must go on his post and be prepared to meet all kinds of danger. He may encounter stealthy sneak thieves, red-handed murderers, and lurking and desperate foes of all kinds; and he must be ever ready to subdue gangs of noisy and refractory brawlers in tough resorts. When patrolling his beat at night he must see that no aperture through which a thief could enter is left open or insecure. He must have an eye to windows, doors, gratings, and coal-chutes. On an average about twenty-six hundred buildings annually are carelessly left open at the close of business by clerks or owners, and on the list are prominent banks, churches, and hundreds of stores. While at his post he may be called upon to answer all sorts of questions, give advice, make arrests, aid the sick and injured, quell drunken and riotous brawls, and he should be constantly on the alert to discover fires, burglars, and property in peril in any way. He must take lost children to the Matron's room at police headquarters, often buying them dainties on the way to keep them in good humor. There is no part of the duties of a policeman which calls forth so much sympathy as does the discovery and care of a lost child, and yet he would rather tackle a man twice his size than carry a little, dirty, tearful, rebellious, or frightened youngster to headquarters.

More than 3,000 lost children are annually found in the streets of New York. If the child's name can be ascertained, it is entered, along with other particulars, in a book kept for this purpose. If the name and address cannot be ascertained, an accurate description of person and clothing is recorded, and the same is telegraphed to all stations. By this means lost children are restored to their homes in a very short time, leaving but a small number unclaimed.

Communications are constantly being received from all parts of the world, requesting information of friends and relatives who have not been seen or heard of for periods extending from one month to thirty years. The greatest attention is given to all these cases. Officers are sent to the localities where such missing persons have resided, and old residents are interviewed,

thus often obtaining correct and accurate information. Oftentimes it transpires that the persons inquired for are dead, in which cases death certificates are procured and forwarded to the inquirer.

Very mysterious circumstances often surround these cases. When an inquiry for a missing person is received, the records of



MEETING PLACE OF TELEGRAPH WIRES AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS COMMUNICATING WITH ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

the Department relating to persons arrested or sent to hospitals, sick or injured, are carefully consulted; and if the desired information cannot be obtained from this source, an accurate description of the missing person is recorded in a book kept for this purpose, and the members of the department are notified of the same by telegraph. An officer is detailed for duty at the Morgue, and it is his place to make a daily report to headquarters, giving an accurate description of all unclaimed dead bodies, which report is kept in a book. In all cases the record of missing persons is consulted to ascertain if any resemblance exists between the description of such dead body and any miss-

ing person. About two hundred dead bodies are annually received at the Morgue, of which number only about one-third are identified and cared for by friends; the rest are buried in the Potter's Field at the city's expense. Many of these are undoubtedly homeless persons without family or friends.

The fact that so large a number of persons are found dead in one year in New York and not identified by relations or friends is a striking illustration of the truth that it is comparatively easy to become utterly lost in a great city.

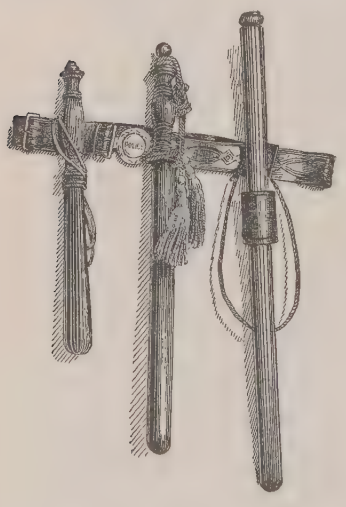
A policeman may be called at any time to the courts to testify against criminals, or he may be ordered to don citizen's garb and play detective here or there, or be called away at any instant to help to form fire lines in his own or any other precinct. Parades, weddings, political gatherings, elections, and scores of other exigencies are liable to arise at any time, and these make still farther demands upon him. Even when a short period of needed rest comes, he must still be ever ready for a sudden call to duty again.

They are instructed not to use unnecessary violence in the discharge of their duty. Notwithstanding this, they have frequently been charged with a free use of the club on occasions when it was not needed. With some officers there is doubtless a temptation to wield the club when milder measures might answer just as well. Much depends upon the surroundings and the character of the offender; in the dangerous parts of the city he is justified in employing severity under circumstances that would be reprehensible in other portions.

"As to clubbing," said an old officer, "there is no doubt that some of the men lose their temper sooner than others do, and then use the club unjustifiably. The club is put into the hands of a policeman for use, so that he thinks logically he has a right to use it when necessary. Now, it is absolutely necessary to use it sometimes, unless the officer is willing to sacrifice his life. In some parts of the city, especially in the Fourth Ward, we have perfect devils to deal with. Within the last week no less than half a dozen of my men have come into the station with their clothes actually torn off them."

Every citizen has a right of complaint when he thinks an officer has gone beyond his duty, and he can be sure that the case will receive a searching investigation at the hands of the Commissioners.

Patrolmen carry the long regulation club at night and the short billy in the daytime. They are allowed to carry either of these weapons in their hands if they choose to, instead of carrying them in the "frog" attached to their belts. Clubs are made of sound locust wood, which is not so apt to split as hickory and oak. The night club is twenty-two inches long and one and three-eighths inches thick. The billy is of various sizes.



POLICEMEN'S BILLY, DAY CLUB, AND NIGHT STICK.

The discipline and training of the police are especially noticeable in times of disturbance, and the services they have rendered are worthy of all praise. Instances of cowardice are extremely rare. Cases can be multiplied in which policemen have shown extraordinary courage in the pursuit and capture of criminals, and generally they are ready to perform their duty, however dangerous, without ever thinking of consequences to themselves. In the great draft riots, and in strikes during more recent years, they have held the mob in check and saved millions of property from destruction.

During the strike of the employees of the Third Avenue Surface Railway Company a mob assembled at the corner of Third Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, where there was a large quantity of building-material. The police formed in a solid phalanx extending across the avenue, and when the order to advance was given they moved with a solid front in perfect alignment. The mob greeted them with a shower of bricks, and several policemen fell stunned to the ground. But the

lines closed, the men, armed with their heavy night clubs, were ordered to charge, and they obeyed the order with the promptness of a military detachment. With their powerful weapons, which never miss fire and require no reloading, they fell upon the mob, and in less time than it takes to tell the story there were a dozen rioters stretched on the pavement, and the rest of the mob was in full flight in all directions where flight was possible. The police carried out the orders of their superiors with the efficiency of soldiers of the regular army.

The police have a great antipathy to labor strikes and the disorder that accompanies them, and when they come in contact with a striking mob they are not tender in their ways of handling it. Strikes mean long hours of duty and hard work for the police; in the Third Avenue strike most of the men were on duty day and night for a week or more, unable to remove their clothing, and only getting what sleep they could manage to secure at half-hour intervals in the station-houses.

The prevention of crime is the first great duty of the policeman. To this end the patrolman is expected to know by sight pretty nearly every person residing in the district in his charge, and also to know his name and occupation. He keeps a watchful eye on strangers, and if any suspicious movements come under his observation it is his duty to investigate them. Strangers with bundles, late at night, especially in suspicious localities or in the neighborhood of shops or stores, are liable to be questioned by the patrolman, and their parcels examined. Unless they can give a good account of themselves and show that their actions are honest and their possessions honestly obtained, they are liable to be "run in." Should a patrolman want assistance, he raps with his club on the sidewalk, and any other patrolman hearing the signal will come at once to his aid. By a system of raps he can indicate to other officers the route he has taken if in pursuit of any person in the night-time.

Patrolmen on duty are forbidden to enter a saloon except to make an arrest or quell a disturbance. They may sometimes be seen slyly taking a drink at a bar, but they run the risk of being reported, with a resulting fine or dismissal.

One cold, sleety, and very disagreeable winter night a friend of mine saw a shivering policeman whom he knew standing near the door of a fashionable saloon on Broadway. Inside the saloon all was brightness and warmth, making the night without seem all the more dreary. With a heartfelt compassion for the faithful guardian of the peace, who was compelled by duty to face the sleety storm, my friend invited him to take a "Tom and Jerry," a beverage which is popularly supposed to be particularly cheering on a bitterly cold night.

"I'd like it, sir," was the reply, "but it's agin the rules for me to go inside."

"I'll send it out to you," said the good Samaritan.

"Thank you very much, sir," he softly said. "And if you don't mind I'll go 'round to the side entrance and take it there. Please send it out in a soup-plate with a spoon in it."

A waiter soon emerged at the side entrance with the hot "Tom and Jerry" in a soup-plate, and the benumbed policeman set vigorously to work at once with the spoon. He had finished about a quarter of the contents of the dish when the roundsman suddenly appeared.

"What are you eating, officer?" queried the roundsman in a tone of surprise.

"A plate of soup, sir," was the meek reply.

"Let me see it."

The plate was handed over, and the roundsman tasted the "soup" silently and with evident relish until not a drop remained. Then he returned the empty plate, and said with stern emphasis, as he started on his way, "Officer, don't you take any more soup of that sort, or you'll get into trouble."

"I won't, sir," said the policeman humbly, "if you'll excuse me this time. I've never done so before."

Evidently no complaint was made, as the patrolman was never "summoned."

Arrests are to be made when required to prevent a disturbance of the peace, or in case of a crime being committed, or of persons acting in a suspicious manner, and for all offenses

AN ABANDONED INFANT.—A POLICEMAN REPORTING A LITTLE FOUNDLING PICKED UP IN AN ALLEY.—A WINTER NIGHT SCENE AT A POLICE STATION-HOUSE.

More than two hundred foundlings are taken charge of by the police every year. When a policeman finds an abandoned infant he reports with it at once to the station-house of his precinct. The foundlings are of all ages, from the little mite a few hours old to the baby of one or two years. Most of them are discovered after dark, on the streets, or in dark alleys and hallways. They are generally found in baskets or boxes, partially filled with old clothes or cotton; some are wrapped in nothing but newspapers.

coming within the view and hearing of the officer. Intoxicated persons are not disturbed as long as they conduct themselves quietly; they are ordered "to move on" and "keep moving" and as long as they do this and are not noisy they are safe from arrest.

Although two hundred or more foundlings and upwards of one hundred dead infants are taken charge of by the police every year, it is well-known that these are but a few of the actual number annually abandoned by poverty-stricken and unnatural mothers. The foundlings are of all ages from the little mite a few hours old to the baby of one or two years. Most of them are discovered after dark, on the streets, in dark alleys or hallways, and not infrequently on somebody's doorstep. They are generally found laid away in baskets or boxes partially filled with old clothes or cotton; some are wrapped in nothing but newspapers, while others are entirely naked. Occasionally one is found whose fine garments indicate that its parents do not belong to the poor classes.

When a policeman finds an abandoned infant he at once takes it to the station-house of his precinct, where an accurate description of the babe and its clothing is carefully recorded in a book kept for that purpose, with the name of the officer finding the same, where found, under what circumstances, and any other facts which may be of interest or which may lead to the discovery of the parents of the child. The infant is then sent to the Matron of the lost children's room at Police Headquarters for temporary care, and by her is sent, with a statement of all the facts in the case, to the Infant's Hospital on Randall's Island, or to some protectory. Many of these unfortunate little ones are taken into asylums and institutions founded for the special purpose of caring for them; some are adopted into families, and a few are sent into the country.

It is very difficult to discover the perpetrators of this crime, and still more so to secure the arrest and conviction of the offenders. There is usually an organized conspiracy in each case to keep secret every detail and circumstance that would lead to the discovery of the unfortunate mother.

The Harbor Police is a special branch of the service under the command of a captain, with headquarters on a steamer named the "Patrol." The force is provided with six row-boats, three of which, manned by one roundsman and two patrolmen each, constantly patrol the harbor, the others being held in reserve. The police boat is called into requisition whenever

HARBOR POLICE SEARCHING FOR RIVER THIEVES.

fire breaks out on the wharves or amongst the shipping, or in any of the streets lying adjacent to the water front. The crew are expected to quell mutinies, to arrest quarrelsome or insubordinate sailors, prevent smuggling, check depredations upon marine property, and preserve general order in the harbor. During the excursion season the "Patrol" attends at the wharves from which the steamers and barges start, the officers

going on board to ascertain whether disreputable characters are likely to make the excursion disorderly, often finding it necessary to make arrests. If there be good reason to believe that the excursionists will be disorderly, the "Patrol" meets them on their return to the city and attends them until they disperse at the dock. The "Patrol" is manned by an efficient crew and is the dread of wharf and harbor thieves.

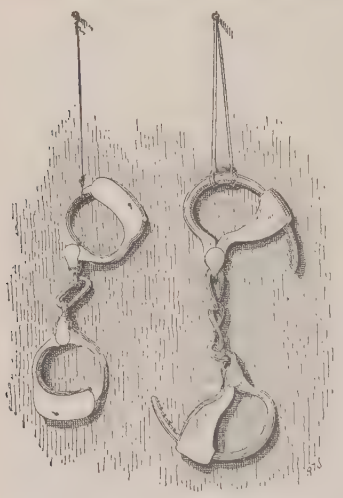
The Detective Bureau occupies separate apartments at police Headquarters. The force numbers two regular sergeants, forty detective-sergeants, and fourteen patrolmen detailed for detective duty.

The head and guiding spirit of this department is Inspector Thomas Byrnes, who has been constantly and prominently before the public in this capacity for many years. He is a native of Ireland, but is of American training. He entered the force in 1863 and steadily rose through its several grades to his present office. Under his efficient administration the Detective Bureau has attained to world-wide importance. He knows the methods and characteristics of "crooks" and possesses a thorough knowledge of their haunts. When in pursuit of criminals he exhibits unerring sagacity and unwearying persistence that sooner or later brings the fugitives to justice.

No one man in this country or in Europe is a more successful chief of detectives. His acceptance of the trust marked the first successful attempt to give New York city a detective department worthy of the name. Bank-robberies, forgeries, embezzlements, burglaries, pocket-picking, and all sorts and conditions of crime, are referred to this bureau, and the Inspector is in close relations with the police of all parts of the country and the world. The Headquarters detectives know every "crook" in the city, and are constantly advised of their movements. They know the style of work of every professional thief in the country, and when a robbery and the circumstances attending it are reported they can generally name the operator to whom it should be credited. Whenever experts in crime are released from prison their movements are watched; if they are from New York they almost invariably return there

and proceed to hatch new crimes. The detectives are usually able to head them off, and many of them have found the atmosphere of the metropolis so warm that they have sought other fields of enterprise.

Before Inspector Byrnes took charge of the detective department, Wall Street and its vicinity had been infested by gangs of bank-thieves, forgers, and pickpockets, who had for years carried on their nefarious operations and found it a fertile field. Bank-messengers were knocked down and plundered, tin boxes filled with securities were snatched from the hands of elderly gentlemen, and piles of greenbacks were grasped at bank counters, where those who had just received the money were ascertaining if the count of the cashier was correct. The mysterious disappearance of fat pocketbooks, and the theft of bonds and valuable papers from counting-room, banks, and vaults, was a frequent occurrence, and complaints were numerous. Determined to rid the street of these criminals, whose operations were constantly growing bolder, Inspector Byrnes quietly hired an office at his own expense in Wall Street and installed therein nine of his best men. He established a "dead line" at Fulton Street, and each detective had positive instructions to arrest any professional thief found south of that line, who was obliged to give a good account of himself or be sent to Blackwell's Island as an habitual criminal. Suspicious persons were obliged to give a satisfactory reason for being in the vicinity. A professional thief who had legitimate business down town at any time was obliged to obtain a pass from one of the detectives, who always granted it as soon as convinced that the thief was acting in good faith. But woe betide him



HANDCUFFS.

if the pass was made to cover the least iniquity! So complete was the system of espionage established that small chance was left for even the most wily criminals to ply their vocation, and they soon deserted the locality. A special room in the Stock Exchange is now set apart for the detectives, ten or twelve of whom are constantly on duty there. The result is that of late years there has been very little heard of robbery in Wall Street, and the many millions of money in and around it are as safe as though constantly under lock and key.

PRISONERS' CELLS IN THE BASEMENT OF A POLICE STATION-HOUSE.

The members of the Stock Exchange were so pleased with the success of Inspector Byrnes in ridding Wall Street of thieves and thieving, that they subscribed five hundred dollars for the presentation of a handsome gold watch to that energetic and capable officer.

Alas for human depravity and human impudence! While the stockbrokers were assembled to make the presentation, and the president of the Exchange was delivering a well-worded speech to the gallant Inspector, in which the thanks of the brokers were duly set forth, an unregenerate thief stole the president's splendid new fur-lined overcoat, and got away with it

successfully. And no man to this day knows just how the theft was committed nor who was the thief.

Inspector Byrnes is earnestly devoted to his work. Only recently he said: "My business is never spoken of at home. Men say they leave the shop when the door is closed and think no more about work till next morning. That is not the truth. The man whose heart and soul is in his work never lets it wholly escape. I do not dream of my work, but I go to bed and lie there for hours studying a case. When I get a clue I go to sleep and follow it up the next day. If it is one on which I have failed for the tenth time, I review each mistake and out of the corrections evolve the eleventh.

"During the day I am generally here, and every night is filled with engagements. Sunday I am here at salvation work. In other words, I clean house. Six days of every week bring me personal letters from people in every walk of life. Some of them are curious, all are interesting, and each is a clue to a mystery. Here and there is a sheet of notepaper from which a crest has been scraped or cut, and quite as often a letter-head, carefully decapitated. If anything happened to me and these letters should fall into strangers' hands, there might be trouble. It is only fair to the people who trust me that I protect them, and so every Sunday morning I unlock this desk, carefully look over the week's mail and destroy letters, the publication of which would blight innocent lives, break up families, do violence to individual welfare, and shock society."

As he spoke the Inspector unlocked the little desk, the table and pigeon-holes of which were piled and packed with the reputations of men and women, families and firms.

"Do you like your life?" was asked.

"Immensely. There is a fascination about a mystery that human nature cannot resist. My business is shrouded in mystery, and the more difficult it is to unravel the harder I work. There is no satisfaction, no glory, no growth in doing the thing that is easy enough for anybody to do."

"Do you see many tears?"

"Oceans of them. Some break my heart, some annoy me,

and some amuse me. As a rule women's tears get the better of me. I am willing to give them the advantage because they are women. But all the crying is not done by the fair sex."

In recognition of his kindness to members of the Italian colony in New York, and for his efforts in promoting extradition between Italy and this country, Inspector Byrnes was recently knighted by King Humbert of Italy. But the Inspector is a modest and unassuming man and he welcomed this evidence of respect less as a compliment to him personally than as honor to the force of which he is the head and representative. "For myself," he said, "I do not value pomp, or circumstance, or title, preferring to live and die the very plain man I am; but for the office which I represent and the police force to which I have given twenty-eight years of my life without incurring censure or inviting disgrace once, I am very grateful indeed."

In the Department at Police Headquarters is the Rogues' Gallery, where the portraits of several thousand professional criminals are preserved, together with their records. When a professional dies his portrait is retired from the Rogues' Gallery, and the same is the case when one reforms. In the former instances the retirement is based upon absolute proof of demise; in the latter, it is done at the request of the reformed after a certain period of upright living which is vouched for by several reputable citizens. But the photograph is not destroyed; it is kept where it can be easily found in case the man or woman should again relapse into crime.

Detectives were formerly called "shadows." By the term "shadowing" is meant that vigilant watch is kept upon the culprit by some one who follows him like his own shadow, and to do this successfully indicates no small degree of skill on the part of the detective. There is no manual to guide detectives in their work. To be successful in their profession they must be good judges of human nature, possess astuteness, alertness, sagacity, persistence, patience, physical activity, and great endurance. The most skillful detectives are those who have been trained by long and varied experience, and

who, although veterans, still retain the ardor and enthusiasm of novices. Oftentimes from insignificant signs that occasionally surround the most mysterious crimes they are able to construct a complete and correct theory of the motive and operations of the criminal. They acquire a wonderful memory and seldom fail to recognize a face they have once seen, however altered or disguised it may be. It becomes second nature to them to unravel plots, unmask falsehoods, and extort the truth.

THE LOST PROPERTY ROOM AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

The skilled detective is skeptical in regard to the reformation of criminals, and the reports of the office show that the number of reformations is not more than four in one hundred. They are also dubious in believing that want drives great criminals into their careers; it may make petty thieves, but never great ones. They attribute half the criminality in the land to laziness, and the other half to immoral reading and the temptations and instruction of successful criminals.

In the lost property room in the cellar of the police Headquarters building are thousands of articles found on the streets

by policemen. Here is a miscellaneous collection of odds and ends, including bundles and packages of all sizes and kinds, men's and women's clothing, silverware, revolvers, pistols, knives, umbrellas, musical instruments, baskets, hat-boxes, trunks, and so forth. All property found by the police is kept for one year, and if not claimed by the owners within that time it is sold at auction.

In the Museum of Crime on the first floor of the Headquarters building may be found photographs of notorious shoplifters, pickpockets, burglars, murderers, and eminent "crooks." Here are sledge-hammers whose heads are filled with lead, drags, drills, jimmies, blow-pipes, jackscrews, sandbags, dark-lanterns, masks, powder-flasks, etc. An interesting exhibit is all the paraphernalia and implements used in the famous Manhattan Bank robbery, when the adroit rascals made away with nearly three million dollars in bonds and securities. Here are samples of the mechanical skill of makers of burglars' tools, showing workmanship of the highest order. Here also is the celebrated bogus gold brick, and the lock curiosities of a man whose ear was so delicately trained that he was enabled to open combination locks of safes through studying their emitted sounds. There are no end of dirks, knives, and pistols, and a good assortment of black caps and ropes of murderers that make one shudder to look upon. Here may also be found all the paraphernalia used for smoking in opium-joints.

During the past few years crime has perceptibly decreased among professional thieves. But notwithstanding this there is no cessation of police warfare on the criminal classes. In 1890 the total number of arrests for all causes was 84,556, of which number nearly 20,000 were women. The old thieves have been driven from pillar to post and have almost disappeared. Most of the crimes of to-day are committed by the rising generation of young criminals, who are the most reckless of their class because the most inexperienced.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FIRE! FIRE!—THE LIFE OF A NEW YORK FIREMAN—THE SCHOOL OF INSTRUCTION AND THE LIFE-SAVING CORPS.

The Volunteer Fire Department of ye Olden Time — How Barnum's Show Was Interrupted — A Comical Incident — Indians and Red-Coats at a Fire — The Bowery B'hoys — Soap-Locks — The School of Instruction and the Life-Saving Corps — Daily Drill in the Use of Life-Saving Appliances — Wonderful Feats on the Scaling-Ladder — The Jumping-Net — Thrilling Scenes and Incidents — The Life-Line Gun — Fire-Department Horses — Their Training — A Hospital for Sick and Injured Horses — A Night Visit to an Engine-House — Keeping up Steam — Automatic Apparatus — How Firemen Sleep — Sliding Down the Pole — The Alarm — Fire! Fire! — A Quick Turn-Out — Intelligent Horses — The Fire-Alarm System — Answering an Alarm in Seven Seconds — A Thrilling Sight — Fire-Boats and their Work — Signal-Boxes and How they are Used — The Perils of a Fireman's Life.

IT is nearly a century since the authorities of New York organized a department whose special duty it was to extinguish fires. Before that time the fire service, such as it was, was in the hands of the police, who had a distinct branch for the "viewing and searching of chimneys" and also for the use of hooks, ladders, and buckets. Every house having two chimneys was compelled to have one bucket at the expense of the owner, and every house with more than two chimneys was required to have two buckets, while all brewers and bakers were to have six buckets each, under penalty of a fine of six shillings for every bucket wanting.

From this crude beginning grew the old fire department of New York, which was a most excellent institution for the greater part of its existence. In its early days all the best young men of the city belonged to it, and the engines were kept in or near the City Hall, which was a very convenient location. That the rules were more rigid than in later times

is shown by the circumstance that on the 1st of December, 1829, a member of the fire department was reported for chewing tobacco in the engine-house, and two days later another member was reported for smoking a pipe. Spirituous liquors were excluded from the engine-houses, but allowed at fires.

In those days the city furnished the engines and kept them in order, and it also paid the rent of the engine-houses and certain other expenses connected with the service. But the work of the men was voluntary, and hence the organization was known as the Volunteer Fire Department of New York; it continued in existence until abolished by law to make way for the Paid Fire Department, about twenty-five years ago. The volunteer fire department had become in great measure a political machine; bad men had found their way into it, and respectable men had gradually withdrawn, though many of them still clung to it out of the affection born of long years of faithful service. I am acquainted with many members of the old fire department and appreciate the earnestness with which they talk of the days long gone by and deprecate the evils they were powerless to control and which gradually brought the old organization to grief.

The volunteer firemen were recruited from all kinds of trades and occupations. It was an invariable rule with them to answer every fire alarm at whatever hour it was sounded, no matter what they were doing at the time.

"One time," said an old fire-laddie, "Barnum, the showman, was giving a play called 'Moll Pitcher, or the Battle of Monmouth,' at his old museum at the corner of Broadway and Ann Street. There were Red-coats and Continentals in uniform, and no end of Indians with feathers and war paint and tomahawks in the battle scene, and a lot of us that ran with an engine a little way down Ann Street had hired out for 'supes' to make up the 'armies' that went on the stage.

"Well, one day, just as we were all dressed in our stage costumes and it was almost time for us to march on the stage for the great battle, the fire-bell rang out a signal for a fire in our district. We didn't stop for anything, but went yelling down

the stairs and out into the street just as we were — the most motley crowd of firemen that ever turned out at a fire. We met the engine coming up Ann Street, grabbed the rope, and went on to the fire with the rest of the boys. How the small boys did scamper out of the way, and how folks did stare at us, especially at the Indians in war paint and feathers, and the Red-coats in their gay uniforms; but we kept at our work and put out the fire and then went back to the Museum, though by that time the play was over. Barnum was awful mad at first, as his battle scene was all broken up, but next morning the story was in the papers and he got such a good advertisement out of the affair for nothing, that he was all serene again by the time of the afternoon performance."

The old firemen were extremely fond of their life. They received no compensation whatever beyond exemption from militia and jury duty, and they often paid out of their own pockets for decorating their engines and also for painting and repairing them, and these items were frequently very heavy. One company had its engine silver-plated at a cost of two thousand dollars, and other companies soon followed its example. Pictures of various kinds, generally fire scenes or allegorical subjects, were painted on the panels of the engines or wherever there was sufficient surface on which to make a picture, and some of these paintings were really valuable works of art. The colors of the engines were usually gaudy, red having preference; and there is a story extant about a fireman who declared that he didn't care what color the committee painted the engine as long as they "painted her red." The firemen always spoke of the engine as feminine, and "she" was beloved almost as much as were their sweethearts and wives.

The principal element that tended to the demoralization and ruin of the old volunteer fire department was the Bowery "rough" or "tough," also known as the "Bowery b'hoy." He was a curious product of the times in which he lived, and he disappeared when the old fire department went out of existence. He invariably had his trousers tucked into his boots. He wore a red shirt, no vest or waistcoat, and carried his coat on

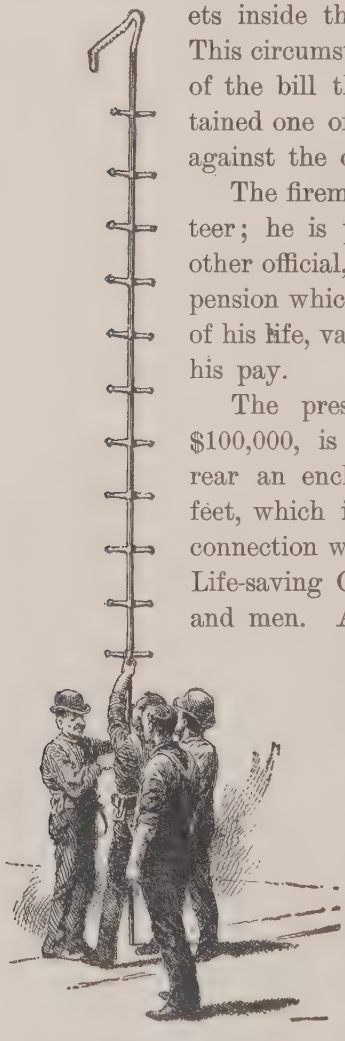
his arm, rarely on his back, and then only when forced by the weather. His "stove-pipe" hat was cocked over one ear as far as it could possibly go and remain on his head, and he generally held in his mouth a cigar at an angle of about forty degrees toward the sky. His hair was liberally oiled and brought well in front of his ears; his peculiar style of hair-dressing gave him the name of "soap-locks," though it would have been injudicious to apply this term to him in his hearing.

He had no occupation and no visible means of support except to "run wid der masheen," though he sometimes consented to work in a ship-yard, boiler-factory, or other establishment along the East River or in the vicinity of the Bowery. He had a way of walking into a restaurant, bar-room, cigar-shop, or other establishment that dealt in supplies which he desired, and after receiving what he wanted he would deliberately walk out without paying. If the proprietor ventured to hint that he desired pay for his goods, the b'hoy dropped his coat, struck a pugilistic attitude, and with a drawl and intonation impossible to render in print announced in no choice language that the man would be paid by a thrashing. The threat usually brought silence, but if it did not, the b'hoy was as good as his word; about the only thing he was ever good for was to redeem a promise to thrash whoever demanded from him his just dues. He would have his boots polished by a bootblack, and when the job was finished, the boy's box would be kicked half way across the street, and while the urchin ran to pick it up, the scoundrel would walk leisurely away without deigning to pay the bootblack's fee.

What wonder is it that with such men in the fire department there was a great deal of rioting and thieving at fires? Stores in the neighborhood were stripped of their contents if they were such as the thieves could use, and the special delight of the Bowery b'hoy was a fire in or near a clothing-store. Thereby hangs a bit of history:

While a bill for the abolition of the volunteer fire department was before the State Assembly, with some doubt about its passage, a fire broke out in a large clothing-store. During

the conflagration several firemen were killed by falling walls; when their corpses were taken from the ruins some of them were found to have on overcoats from which the dealer's tickets inside the collars had not been removed. This circumstance at once secured the passage of the bill through the Legislature, as it sustained one of the charges that had been made against the old organization.



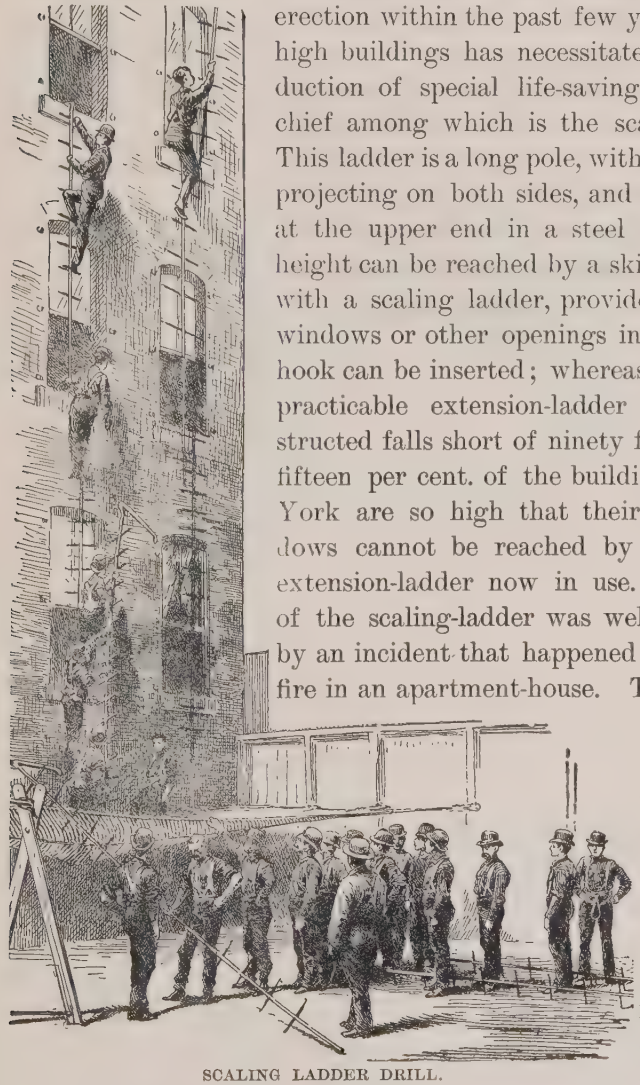
A SCALING LADDER.

The fireman of to-day is no longer a volunteer; he is paid just like a policeman or any other official, and if disabled he is retired on a pension which is guaranteed to him for the rest of his life, varying from one-third to one-half of his pay.

The present headquarters building cost $100,000, is six stories high, and has in its rear an enclosed yard fifty by one hundred feet, which is used as a practicing ground in connection with the School of Instruction and Life-saving Corps for the training of officers and men. Altogether there are nearly fourteen hundred men and four hundred horses employed in the entire Department, and the total expenses are nearly two and a half million dollars annually.

The valuable experience acquired by the men in the drill yard of the School of Instruction cannot be overestimated. Here members of the force are thoroughly instructed in the handling and use of life-saving appliances, implements, etc. The practice ground connected with the School, where daily drills take place, enables the entire force to obtain a familiarity and knowledge of recent improvements in apparatus, implements,

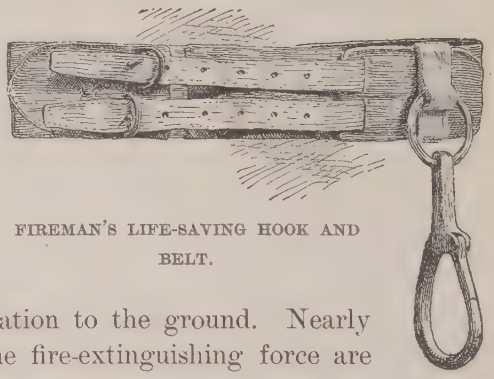
tools, ladders, and life-saving appliances, which are continually being added to the equipment of the Department. The erection within the past few years of very high buildings has necessitated the introduction of special life-saving appliances, chief among which is the scaling-ladder. This ladder is a long pole, with short rungs projecting on both sides, and terminating at the upper end in a steel hook. Any height can be reached by a skilled fireman with a scaling ladder, provided there are windows or other openings into which its hook can be inserted; whereas the longest practicable extension-ladder so far constructed falls short of ninety feet. About fifteen per cent. of the buildings in New York are so high that their upper windows cannot be reached by the longest extension-ladder now in use. The value of the scaling-ladder was well illustrated by an incident that happened at a recent fire in an apartment-house. The elevator-boy was discovered at one of the seventh-story windows calling loudly for help, the fire having extended so rapidly as to make it impossible for him to come down the stairways. The commander of a hook-and-ladder company ordered his men to rescue the imperilled boy, and three of the men at once proceeded to do so. While they were ascending from story to story by



SCALING LADDER DRILL.

means of scaling-ladders, the long extension-ladder of the company was raised to its full height, but it only reached to the sill of the sixth-story windows. In the mean time one of the firemen had reached the fifth-story by means of the scaling-ladder, and from thence he stepped to the extension-ladder, carrying his scaling-ladder with him, which he then hooked into a window of the seventh-story, and, ascending, found the boy in an exhausted and excited condition. He reassured and quieted him, and although the task of passing him down to his comrades below was one requiring great strength, it was safely accomplished and the boy at last reached the ground.

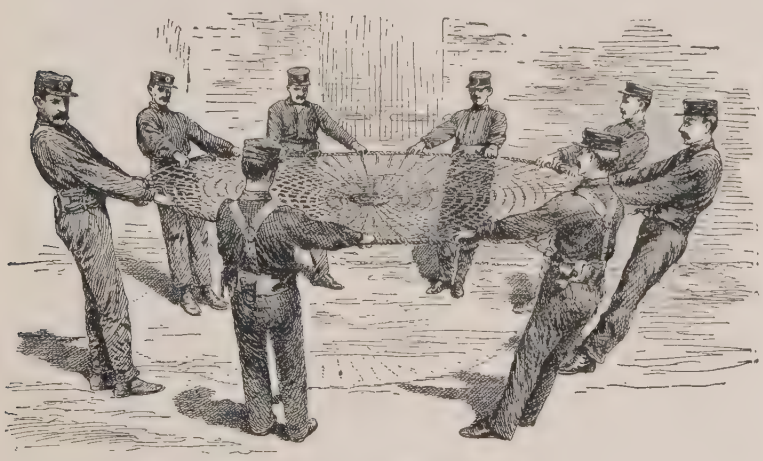
Indispensable parts of the equipment of every "life-saver" are the broad waist-belt with snap-hook attached, by means of which, standing upon the rungs of the scaling-ladder, he can securely fasten himself to it and freely use both hands, — and the life-line with which he can safely lower persons (or himself) from any elevation to the ground. Nearly all the members of the fire-extinguishing force are now skilled in the use of these appliances, the only exceptions being those who were too old for that class of service at the time of its introduction.



FIREMAN'S LIFE-SAVING HOOK AND BELT.

The jumping-net and the life-line gun — both of which are for use only as a last resort — are often the means of saving life. The net is circular in form, made of rope, and is intended to be held by firemen to catch persons jumping from buildings. Quite recently during a fire in a five-story building the lives of two brothers and a sister were saved by its use. A fireman took a scaling-ladder, with which he was enabled to reach the fourth floor, and then, placing it in a window of the fifth floor, he succeeded in getting the brothers down to the fourth floor. At this time flames burst out from all the windows of the third

floor and prevented further descent by the ladder. In the mean time the hook-and-ladder company had arrived, but as it was impossible to make use of its extension-ladder in time, the life-saving net was resorted to, being held by the few available



THE JUMPING OR LIFE-SAVING NET.

firemen aided by a number of citizens. After the sister, who had been compelled to remain on the fifth floor, and her brothers on the fourth floor, had, under the fireman's direction, successfully jumped and been safely caught in the net, the fireman also jumped, and, although caught in the net, he unfortunately bounded out of it and fell upon the pavement, sustaining severe injuries. There can be no doubt that the lives of all four would have been lost but for the prompt use of the life-saving net.

The life-line gun or carbine throws a projectile to which a cord is attached, with which the endangered person can haul up the stout life-line tied to it.

The general effect upon the firemen of a system of training at the School of Instruction has unquestionably been to better fit them for the performance of their ordinary duties and to qualify them to meet almost any emergency. One of the prerequisites to admission in the force is a probationary service of one month, largely devoted to drill in the school of the

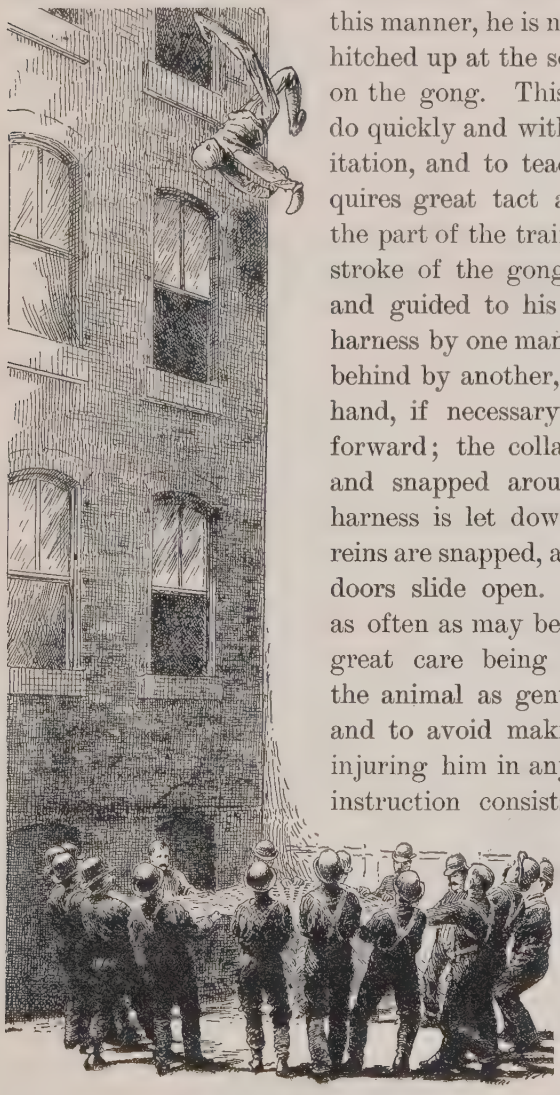
Life-saving Corps. A few of the recruits take to it quickly and naturally; the majority, however, acquire proficiency gradually, while only a very small proportion are found disqualified. By degrees the recruits are made to scale story after story, to use the life-line, to man the jumping-net while a dummy is thrown from a fifth or sixth-story window, to take the part of the rescued and of the rescuer, until the end of the probationary period finds him either a qualified life-saver or he is dropped from the rolls. If the first, he is thereupon permanently appointed, provided the service he has also been required to perform in a company has been found acceptable.

THE LIFE-LINE GUN.

The horses used in the department are large, handsome creatures, selected with great care, and their training is as carefully looked after as that of the men who have them in charge. The Hospital and Training School is in an appropriate building erected for the purpose, in the upper part of the city. Here is a large room on the ground floor, fitted up like the apparatus-floor of an engine-house, with engine, stalls, hanging harness, telegraph signal-gong, sliding poles, etc., and new horses are thoroughly educated in their duties before they are distributed to the engine-houses. These horses are all fresh from the country, from four and a half to six years old, and of course entirely untutored. The first step in the instruction, and generally the most difficult one, is to accustom the horse to getting under and into the harness and hinged collar. To accomplish this it is often necessary to have

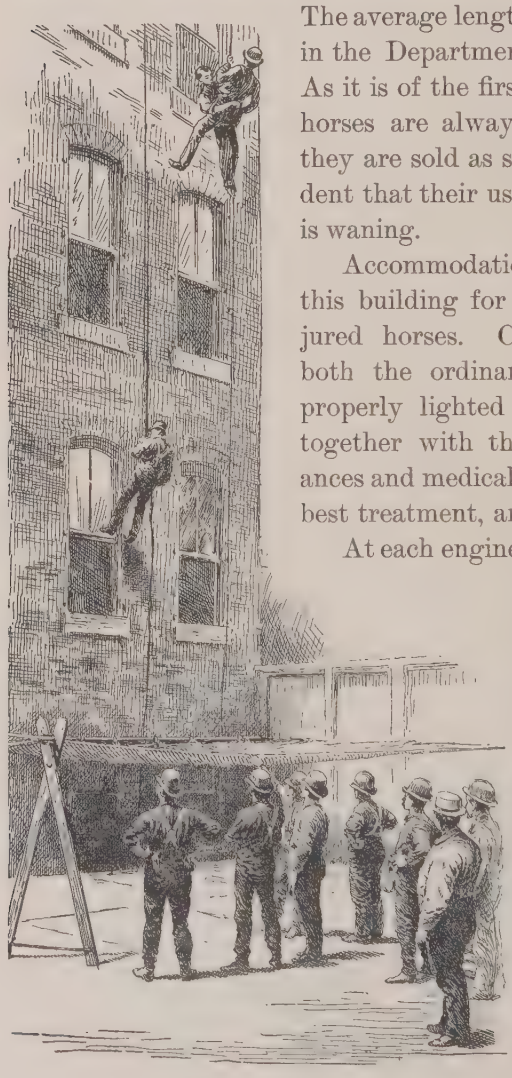
THE DUMMY.

one of the men precede the animal and place his own head in the collar. When the horse's natural dread has been allayed in this manner, he is next harnessed and hitched up at the sound of the signal on the gong. This he must learn to do quickly and without the least hesitation, and to teach it properly requires great tact and experience on the part of the trainers. At the first stroke of the gong the horse is led and guided to his place under the harness by one man, and driven from behind by another, whose voice, and hand, if necessary, both urge him forward; the collar is pulled down and snapped around his neck, the harness is let down upon him, the reins are snapped, and the wide street doors slide open. This is repeated as often as may be found necessary, great care being taken to handle the animal as gently as practicable, and to avoid making him timid or injuring him in any way. The final instruction consists in driving the horse out of the stable as if responding to an actual alarm. Occasionally a horse is found deficient in intelligence or too nervous, but more frequently they develop physical faults. In either case the horse is at once returned to the dealer, who supplied it on trial. There is, however, another test to which a horse who proves satisfactory at



LIFE-SAVING NET DRILL.

the training-stable is subjected before his final acceptance into the service. This is the test of actual service in the company for which he was selected, and, failing in this, he is also rejected. The average length of service for horses in the Department is about six years. As it is of the first importance that the horses are always in prime condition, they are sold as soon as it becomes evident that their usefulness in the service is waning.



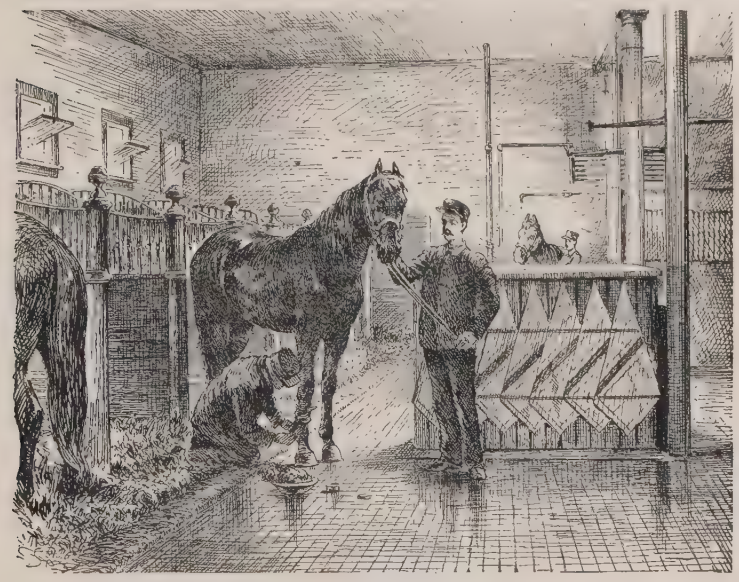
LIFE-LINE DRILL.

Accommodations are provided in this building for both the sick and injured horses. Commodious stalls of both the ordinary and box pattern, properly lighted and well ventilated, together with the best modern appliances and medical supplies to ensure the best treatment, are furnished.

At each engine-house there is a comfortable sitting-room for the men, usually adjoining the dormitory, and frequently the furniture includes a billiard-table, chess-boards, dominoes, and other materials for amusement; some of the houses have good-sized libraries which have been presented by friends. Political and religious discussions are forbidden, and profane language is not allowed under any circumstances. Disputes among the men are rare; when they approach the nature of a quarrel they

are referred to the foreman; and if he is unable to arbitrate successfully, the dispute is referred to a higher official. Drunkenness is forbidden, the first offense being punished with a reprimand and fine, while a second one is pretty sure to secure the discharge of the offender.

The life of a fireman is not an ideal one, especially for a married man. He must be on duty night and day, excepting



IN THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK AND DISABLED HORSES.

necessary time for his meals. He is allowed one day in every ten for a holiday, and he has a short annual vacation. The family of a fireman has very little opportunity to become acquainted with him; but his wife can console herself with the reflection that she knows where her husband is when he is not in her sight.

The engine-room, on the ground floor, is always the nearest room to the street. On either side of the engine are stalls for the horses that draw the engine and hose-cart; two for the former and generally two for the latter.

Let us drop around to-night and make a visit to one of the

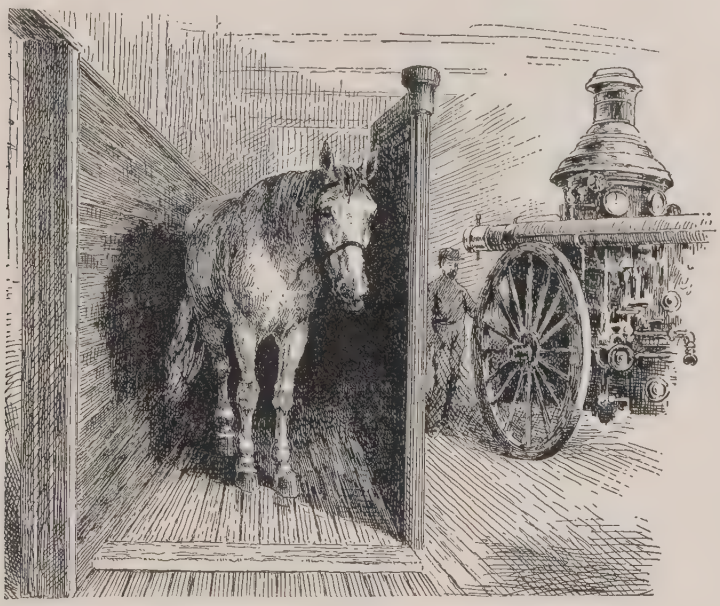
engine-houses. As we enter the building the first object to catch our eyes is the engine, a shining mass of steel, iron, and nickel plating, the perfection of mechanical skill and ingenuity, and requiring the utmost care and labor to keep it in such superb condition. When it comes back from a fire, smoke and dirt-begrimed and covered with mud, it is immediately put in perfect order again, no matter at what hour of the day or night it returns or how tired the men may be. Who knows how soon it may have to go out again?

The furnace of the engine is filled with fuel ready for lighting, and a kerosene torch is at hand for flashing it into a blaze in a moment. We hear the water gently bubbling within the boiler, and a glance at the steam gauge shows that a low head of steam is on, although there is no fire in the engine's furnace nor any visible means for heating the water. Closer investigation reveals a pipe coming up through the floor. It is so hot you cannot bear your hand on it. It brings steam from a boiler in the basement and keeps the water in the engine boiling hot and steam up at a low pressure. The couplings connecting this pipe with the engine are so arranged that they detach automatically when the engine is drawn away from them, and as the pipes are separated each of them closes securely by a very simple contrivance. The engine makes steam very rapidly, and in five minutes or less from the time the fire is lighted the pressure is sufficient for throwing a powerful stream of water.

Everything is automatic that can be made so. The halters of the horses are so arranged that they become free by means of an electrical apparatus; the harness is suspended directly over each horse's place in front of the engine and is automatically dropped on their backs; each horse knows his place perfectly well at the engine and rushes to it the moment an alarm is given, before a hand can be laid upon him, and the same is the case with the horses that draw the hose-cart.

The hats and coats of the men are on the seats they occupy when the engine starts on its run; the men often don their coats and hats while riding at full speed through the streets, or as they spring into their places just as the engine starts.

The firemen sleep on the floor above the engine-room. It is long past midnight. Silently we enter the dormitory and look around. The beds are occupied by the men, and no sound but their heavy breathing, telling of deep slumber, falls upon the ear. Occasionally the sound of footsteps of some belated pedestrian on the pavement below, or the distant rumble of an



WAITING FOR THE SIGNAL.

elevated train, floats through the half-open window and breaks the stillness of the night. Near each bed is a pair of trousers with the ends of the legs carefully tucked into a pair of boots, and evidently very precisely arranged, and each pair of trousers and boots is placed relatively in exactly the same spot at the foot of each bed. This careful arrangement saves to the fireman a small fraction of a second of time, in traveling from the head to the foot of the bed, which he must pass on his way to the hole in the floor where he slides down a polished brass pole to the engine-room below. The hole is closed by trap-doors opening from the ceiling downward, which fly open automatically the instant an alarm is given.

Stairs are altogether too slow when it is a matter of getting to a fire in the shortest possible time. The fireman jumps at the hole in the floor, throws his arms and legs around the pole, and slides with lightning rapidity to the floor below in a tenth of the time it would take him to descend the stairs. He uses the stairs on ordinary occasions, but never when responding to an alarm.

THE JUMPING HOLE.

A glance around the room in the dim light of the single gas-jet shows that all is scrupulously neat and in perfect order; pictures of fire scenes adorn the walls, and trophies of days gone by are placed in conspicuous places.

Suddenly, without an instant's warning, and with startling distinctness, the gong rings out an alarm of fire with quick and imperative strokes. The bed-clothes fly off as though lifted automatically by hidden apparatus, and the men spring from their beds and into their boots and trousers. About two pulls at the garments and the thing is done; they fit closely around the waist, and there is no need of suspenders.

Springing to the hole in the floor, they slide down the pole one after the other, swift as a flash, sometimes two men clasping it and sliding down together. We won't venture to follow that way, so we hurriedly take to the stairs and jump down two or three steps at a time. Fast as we go, the men are there ahead of us, the horses have rushed out from their stalls, the harness has dropped on their backs from its fastenings above, the last snap that completes the hitching up has been made, and the animals stand in their places trembling with excitement, but perfectly obedient and waiting the word of command. The driver is in his seat, engineer and stoker and every other man is in his place, and silence reigns for an instant, but the doors are not opened. Why is this?

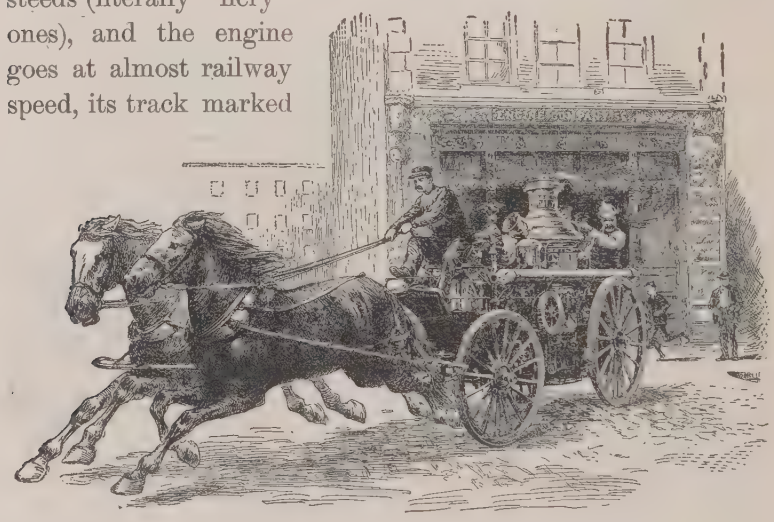
The several strokes that we heard on the gong were to hitch up, but another signal number indicating whether the company is to respond or not has not been given. If the signal is given, the doors open and the engine and hose-cart gallop out at lightning speed to the point indicated by it. Whenever a notice is

THE NIGHT ALARM.

given that a fire has broken out, the alarm is sounded from the Headquarters building to every engine-house in the city, and every company is ready for work in a few seconds; but unless the alarm code require it, they do not go out. If a fire is trifling, one engine may be sufficient to extinguish it; if the companies first summoned are not enough, others are summoned, and the signals may be increased until they reach "three sixes," which calls, according to its character, from five to sixteen companies to the scene of the conflagration. Only a fire that has attained alarming proportions will justify sending out this call, as it leaves a considerable portion of the city without protection.

While we are lost in wonder and admiration at the sudden transformation that has just taken place before our eyes, another signal is given on the gong, and the big street doors,

almost as wide as the building, swing swiftly apart. The horses dash out at full gallop, and the engine sways to and fro and rocks from side to side like a baby carriage rather than like a mass of metal weighing approximately four tons. Cobble-stones, Belgian pavement, asphalt, — all is the same to the steeds (literally "fiery" ones), and the engine goes at almost railway speed, its track marked



OFF TO A FIRE.

by a line of glowing cinders from its furnace. Smoke and sparks pour from the chimney, the steam hisses at the safety valve, and everything is in readiness for work before the scene of the fire is reached. The hose is rapidly reeled off from the hose-cart that follows close behind, and is coupled to a hydrant, the engine begins its quick throbbing, and immediately a well-directed stream of water is pouring on the fire.

From the time the first alarm sounded, when every man was asleep in bed, until the engine was ready with men and horses in place, just twenty-four seconds have passed. Four seconds later the second alarm came, the doors swung open, and the engine dashed into the street. It took four minutes and nine seconds more to get to the fire, which was a considerable distance from the engine-house, run a line of hose and attach it to the hydrant, and start the stream on the fire

Instances are on record of an engine getting a stream of water on a fire four blocks from the engine-house in less than two minutes after the alarm was given. A day hitch has been made and the engine started on its run to a fire in seven seconds after the alarm was given. A foreman would feel himself disgraced if his engine was more than half a minute in getting outside the doors of the engine-house at any hour of the day or night, with all hands sound asleep in their beds when the gong called them to duty.

In addition to the steam fire-engine companies there are separate organizations known as hook-and-ladder companies,

A LADDER TRUCK.

water-towers, etc., all of them acting in conjunction with the rest of the force. Some of these ladder-trucks are about fifty feet long and very narrow, carrying an assortment of a dozen or fifteen ladders varying from thirty to ninety feet in length. They are used in saving life and for carrying hose to upper stories of burning buildings. Each truck is amply provided with scaling-ladders, life-lines, jumping-nets, ropes, etc., and plenty of hooks, axes, and rams for tearing down walls and partitions, and to meet almost any contingency that may arise. It is a thrilling sight to watch one of these hook-and-ladder companies on its way to a fire. The horses, three abreast, are driven at full speed, and the huge truck with its crew of men on top of the pile of ladders seems certain to topple over, especially as it rounds a corner without for a moment slackening

its speed. But it is skillfully guided by a helmsman at the rear, who by means of a brake and steering-apparatus keeps perfect control of the truck.

The water front and shipping are protected by swift fire-boats stationed in the East and North Rivers, manned by highly trained crews who live on board. Their furnace fires are always banked, and sufficient steam is kept up to enable them to respond instantly to a call. Their engines and pumping machinery are of the most powerful kind, enabling them to throw twelve ordinary streams of water at once. A new fire-boat recently launched is about 125 feet long, built of steel throughout, with bulkheads and frames so arranged as to give the hull great stiffness, to enable it to withstand the vibrations caused by its powerful machinery. The pilot-house is protected by iron shutters with peep-holes in them, and movable screens made of two sheets of metal, with an air space between, are arranged to travel along the rail of the vessel, thus affording adequate protection to the pilot and firemen from the heat of a great conflagration, and enabling them to fight fire at very close quarters. The vessel is steered by steam, and the rudder can be thrown hard over in eight seconds, thus enabling the pilot to thread his way through the most crooked channels and dodge lubberly pilots of other vessels and the numerous craft that constantly ply the harbor. Her pumping capacity is enormous. A stream five inches in diameter can be thrown from one nozzle, besides streams four inches in diameter from three others at the same time. If the power of all the pumps is concentrated on the five-inch nozzle alone, a stream of solid water five inches in diameter can be thrown to a distance of five hundred feet on a level.

The efficiency of the fire department depends quite as much upon the effectiveness of the electric service by which the men and engines are called as upon the alacrity with which they respond. The central office of the fire-alarm telegraph is on the sixth floor of the Headquarters building, and the electric signal wires, making a total circuit of nearly twelve hundred miles, run to and from it in every direction and from all over

the city. At many of the street corners are electric fire-alarm boxes, painted red, on red lamp-posts surmounted with a red lantern that is lighted at night. There are nearly twelve hundred of these electric fire-alarm boxes distributed throughout the city; most of them are accessible to the public at any hour of the day or night, while others are special boxes in hospitals, theatres, manufactories, etc. Anybody can ring a fire signal and summon the engines.

It was believed at first that this system would be very unsafe and cause no end of trouble by inciting mischievous men and boys to sound false alarms. To overcome this the inventor of the system arranged the box so that in order to open the door a handle must be turned several times; the instant the hand is moved a gong begins ringing at the box, and keeps ringing very loudly for twenty seconds. Then the door opens and reveals a hook which must be pulled down to give the alarm.

Now, no matter how much a man or boy may be bent upon mischief, he is not willing to stand for twenty seconds in front of a box while the loud gong is ringing and a light reveals his features to every one whose attention would certainly be attracted by the noise. The scheme works perfectly. Nobody tampers with the fire alarm, nor is likely to when he remembers that he is liable to spend several months in prison in return for his fun. The signal box is placed so high on the post that the ordinary small boy cannot reach it to turn the handle.

LAMP POST SURMOUNTING A FIRE SIGNAL BOX.

The instant the hook is pulled, the number of the alarm box is announced at the central office at headquarters, where several operators are on duty night and day, and is by them

transmitted to the various engine-houses. Everything is done in the operating-room in a quiet way without the least confusion, and before the person who sent the alarm has closed the door of the signal box his call has been received at headquarters and from thence transmitted to every engine-house in the city.

FIRE SIGNAL BOX ON A STREET LAMP POST.

The fireman's life is attended by constant peril. Most of the fires that occur are taken in hand so promptly that they do not get much headway, but occasionally there is a conflagration which causes widespread destruction and more or less danger to the firemen engaged in subduing it. There is danger from falling walls and roofs, danger of suffocation by smoke and by fumes from chemicals, danger of being surrounded by flames so that escape is impossible, danger of falling into scuttle-holes on floors and in roofs, and other dangers which can not be enumerated at the moment. The men perform their work cheerfully, and pay so little heed to their surroundings that it is a wonder that so few of them suffer injury or death.

The greatest zeal of the fireman is shown in his efforts to save life, and the records of the department are full of thrilling incidents. On one occasion a woman was seen hanging out of a third-story window. A fireman climbed up a post to the top of the awning, and, standing on the sash of a second-

story window, held on to the window-blinds. At his direction the woman dropped into his arms and was taken in safety to the street.

During a fire in a tenement-house on Baxter Street a mother and her three children were rescued from the burning building by the intrepidity of a fireman, who climbed up a post to the top of a wooden roof built over the sidewalk, entered the second story therefrom, and groped his way, guided by faint cries, through the dense smoke. He found the frightened woman and two of her children crouched in a corner of a back room and carried them one by one over the blazing roof to the ladder which had in the meantime been raised. The youngest child still remained in the building. The brave fireman, undeterred by fire and smoke, again entered it, and, finding the little one carried it safely to the street.

The experienced fireman bravely and without the slightest hesitation penetrates burning buildings, where tongues of flame hiss around him, where fragments of falling timber are dropping about him and threatening death in a dreadful form, and where at any moment the whole structure may go down in a crash, from which he cannot escape by any human aid. On the records of the Department are many stories of the heroism of firemen under such circumstances; some of them record the death of firemen who bravely sought to save the lives of others and so lost their own.

A record is kept at Headquarters of all deeds of heroism performed by the men, and they would fill a volume. In 1869 James Gordon Bennett, the founder of the New York Herald, sent a check for fifteen hundred dollars for a medal of honor to be awarded to the most meritorious member of the department every year. The commissioners spent five hundred dollars for a design and die for the medal, and the remainder was put at interest, yielding a sufficient amount annually to pay for the medal. At the end of each year the commissioners select the recipient of the medal from the roll of merit, and the presentation is made a public ceremony at which the mayor and other officials are present. It is needless to say that every fireman in

the service of the city hopes to win the medal before his term of service is ended, and whoever obtains it regards it with as much pride as the soldier of the British army regards the Victoria Cross that he has won by personal bravery on the battlefield.

In 1867 John Stephenson presented the department with two hundred and fifty dollars, to be used "in the discretion of the Board for the benefit of the department." By careful investment this sum has been steadily increased until now it amounts to $600. For the purpose of inciting the company commanders to the attainment of the highest standard of discipline and efficiency, the commissioners determined to annually present to the captain who shall be judged the most deserving, a handsome gold medal to be known as the Stephenson Medal. The presentation is also public, and is made immediately after the presentation of the Bennett Medal.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CHINESE QUARTER OF NEW YORK — BEHIND THE SCENES IN CHINATOWN — "JOHN" AND HIS CURIOUS WAYS — A NIGHT VISIT TO AN OPIUM JOINT.

The Chinese Junk "Key-Ying" — The Heart of the Chinese Community in New York — A Race of Gamblers — A Trip through Chinatown with a Detective — A Raid on a Gambling-House — Spotting the Players — The Opium Habit — A Chinese Drugstore — Marvelous Remedies — A Wonderful Bill of Fare — A Visit to a Joss-House — An Opium Smoker's "Lay-Out" — The Value of an Opium Pipe — A Night Visit to an Opium-Joint — Carefully-Guarded Doors — How Admission is Gained — The Peep-Hole — Cunning Celestials — Scenes in the Smoking-Room — Victims of the Opium Habit — First Experiences at Hitting the Pipe — A Terrible Longing — A Woman's Experience — White Opium Fiends — Sickening Scenes — Aristocratic Smokers — Cost of Opium — Spread of the Opium Habit — Solitary Indulgence in the Vice — Swift and Certain Death the Result.

ABOUT half a century ago a curious craft arrived one day at New York, having sailed all the way from China. It was the Chinese junk "Key-Ying," and she had been a long time on the way, having visited London *en route*.

The "Key-Ying" was a speculation on the part of some foreigners in Far Cathay. They had decided that there was money in building a junk and sending her to distant parts of the world as a show; she was fitted up as a Chinese museum, and had stalls all around her decks, where Chinese artisans were working at their various trades. She was a profitable enterprise, as crowds came daily to see her, and the money made from the exhibition was the foundation of a commercial house that still exists at Hong Kong, with branches in several ports of the far East.

But one unhappy day she took fire in the harbor of New York and was burned to the water's edge. As a show she was no longer of any use, neither could she serve as a place of resi-

dence for the men who formerly inhabited her. Some of them found their way back to China, but the majority remained in New York and formed the nucleus of the present Chinese colony in Mott Street.

The Chinese residents of New York are chiefly engaged in the laundry business. There are about seven hundred laundries in the city, and as each one employs from two to half a dozen people the number of Chinese residents is by no means small. The location of the laundries is determined by a committee of Chinese, which takes care that these establishments are not near enough to each other to make competition between them. They are intended to compete with laundries run by people of other nationalities, but not with those of their own.

The centre of the Chinese community is on Mott Street, and so dense is the Mongolian population there that this street and its immediate vicinity have received the appellation of Chinatown. Between Chatham and Pell streets Mott is entirely given up to the Chinese, or so nearly so that the exceptions are not worth mentioning.

According to an old captain of the Sixth Police Precinct (which includes Chinatown), whose views from a police point are interesting, there are many popular errors about John Chinaman and his ways.

"In the first place," said the captain, when we had settled down to the subject of our conversation, "John is more cleanly in his ways than is generally supposed, at least in this country, whatever he may be in his native land. It is true that the Chinese in New York herd very closely together, and live in quarters that would be repugnant to an American; it is no unusual thing to find half a dozen of them living in a room that would be insufficient for more than two laboring Americans; and they are not over particular on the subject of ventilation. But they wash themselves oftener than do the Italians, and they shave their heads and braid their queues with a care that everybody must commend."

"They live much better than the Italians do, too," the captain went on. "An Italian comes here and earns one dollar

and a quarter a day. He saves a dollar to take or send home to Italy, and lives on the remaining twenty-five cents, which he spends for stale beer, macaroni, and rice. And the Italians in Mulberry Street crowd together quite as closely as ever the Chinese do, and sometimes even more so. On the other hand John Chinaman lives well; he eats pork, chicken, and vegetables, and very often he has delicacies in the shape of eggs fifty years old that have been imported from China at considerable expense, together with sharks' fins, dried sea-slugs, and the like. The rich Chinamen live luxuriously, or at all events in a style that would astonish a good many Americans, who think Mott Street is the resort of only the vilest and poorest of the Celestials.

"John minds his own business," continued the captain, "and gives us very little trouble. We make fewer arrests among the Chinese than among any other foreign nationality in proportion to their numbers. They settle most of their disputes among themselves; quarrels are referred to the President of their Society, who may be called the mayor of Chinatown, and he stands high among them. His name is Tom Lee, and he is a prosperous merchant, who has made the most of his money since he came to New York.

"Perhaps John would be in no wise different from the rest of mankind if he took advantage of his neighbor in a trade when the opportunity offered itself. As to stealing, he might do his share of it; but he is by no means the only man in the world who will take what isn't his own. But I have observed that they are honest among themselves, and so far as I know they rarely steal from each other. For example, a Chinaman will live in a hall bedroom in a house where there are dozens of other Chinese. He will go to his work and be gone all day, leaving his room unlocked, so that a thief might come in and help himself if he wanted to. Of course a white man couldn't enter the building without being seen and observed, but a Chinaman could go there with very little chance of detection. They seem to respect each other's property; sometimes there may be quite a lot of silk and other garments which cost con-

siderable money, and also rings and bracelets, such as they wear, lying about their rooms; but it is rare indeed that you hear of a robbery among them. Under similar circumstances a white man in a white men's lodging-house would expect his goods to be missing in short order if he left them exposed in this way.

"Perhaps it is because a white man would steal under such circumstances that John does not," the captain added, with a smile upon his face. "You see John does nearly everything just the reverse of ourselves, and perhaps his morals are reversed too. You know we write across the page, and he writes down; we join our letters together to make words, and he keeps them separate, or he makes a single character stand for a word. The first page of our book is the last of his, and the first of his is the last of ours. We stand up to plane a board and he sits down to do the same thing. We eat with knives and forks, and he eats with chop-sticks; we *say* our prayers (or at any rate we ought to), and he *burns* his; we put on black when in mourning, and he puts on white; we cut our hair short, and he wears his in a long pigtail; we drink ice-water, and he abhors it as he would abhor deadly poison. And just out of a spirit of doing things the other way it may be that John refrains from stealing under the circumstances I have mentioned.

"Americans and Europeans can hardly be called a race of gamblers," said the captain after a moment's pause, "but you may set down the Chinese as a gambling people. John has a contrariness in his character that is something of a puzzle; he is acquisitive and economical, industrious and temperate from our point of view, and at the same time he is a born gambler and a confirmed opium-smoker. Nearly every Chinaman in Mott Street — and in the whole of New York for that matter — is fond of fan-tan and other gambling games, and nearly every Chinaman smokes opium. The whole race seems to be devoted to gambling, and the most of the work of the police with them is to break up their gambling-houses and their opium-dens. It's very difficult to break up their gambling-places,

though, for the reason that they will rarely betray their comrades, and they never allow a white man to play at their games. Once in a great while we can induce a Chinaman to turn evi-

A NOTED CORNER RESORT FOR CHINESE GAMBLERS.

dence against his countrymen, but such cases are very rare. A peculiarity of John is the fact that he will not as a general thing admit that he knows anything about another man's business; he may tell you about his own, but never about that of his neighbor. When you ask one about the other he shakes his head and doesn't know anything more than his name, and not always that.

"We get evidence against them sometimes through the converted Chinese who come here to do missionary work and manage to get into the gambling-rooms. And by the way," he added with emphasis, "I don't think much of these converted Chinese, taken as a class together. They impose upon the people who employ them and send them here to convert their countrymen; they are Christians just because it pays for them to join the church and pretend to have renounced paganism. There may be honest men among them, but they are not in the majority. Some of these fellows, while professing to be Christians, have josses of their own and frequently take a hand at fan-tan."

"Here, sergeant," said the captain, as one of the precinct detectives passed the door, "I want you to show this gentleman through Mott Street and Chinatown."

The sergeant came in, and I was introduced to a man of medium height, blonde as to complexion, and with blue eyes that seemed able to pierce an uncut millstone if such piercing were possible to the human organ of sight. He knew every inch of Chinatown and probably every one of its inhabitants, as he was greeted familiarly wherever we went, and led me a foot-wearying promenade in and out of many buildings and up and down numerous stairways in Chinatown.

Mott Street is narrow and dirty, but that is nothing unusual in New York; in fact there are a good many streets in the metropolis much dirtier than this. Two or three Chinese children were playing in the street, but did not venture far from their doors. The American or Irish small boy is apt to make it uncomfortable for the juvenile Mongolian whenever opportunity offers. One of his favorite amusements is to gather up a handful of mud and throw it in the face of the unsuspecting Celestial. A dozen boys will act simultaneously in attacking half their number of young Chinese, and they will be aided and abetted by white men who stand on the street corners and laugh at the outrage as something very funny. In consequence of this tendency the few children of the Chinese residents do not often venture out of doors.

Along the sidewalks there was a fair number of Chinese, but on the whole the scene was quiet. The best day to see these people is on Sunday, when the laundries are closed and those who are engaged in them come to Mott Street to enjoy themselves. Then the street is crowded, and sometimes it is not easy to make one's way through the dense throng.

The sergeant told me of a capture of Chinese gamblers that he recently accomplished after considerable hard work. He

ENTRANCE TO A CHINESE GAMBLING-HOUSE OVER AN OPIUM-DEN.

was convinced that the Celestials were running a fan-tan game in some rear rooms overlooked by another building, but how to get into that building and be able to identify the players was a conundrum. By the aid of a man who was not known to have any connection with the police he hired a room whose windows looked directly upon the fan-tan players, and managed to get in there without being identified. Then with a fellow detective and a pair of field-glasses he "spotted" his men, and when he was sure of their features he arranged to have the place "pulled" by night. When the police arrived on

the scene the alert Chinese lookout on the street gave the signal, and instantly the lights went out and the paraphernalia of fan-tan was concealed. Some of the players fled and those who remained were quietly smoking their pipes when the officers reached the gambling-room. But the sergeant had taken the measure of the gamblers and knew their faces thoroughly, so that there was no escape. They were tried, convicted, and sent to Blackwell's Island.

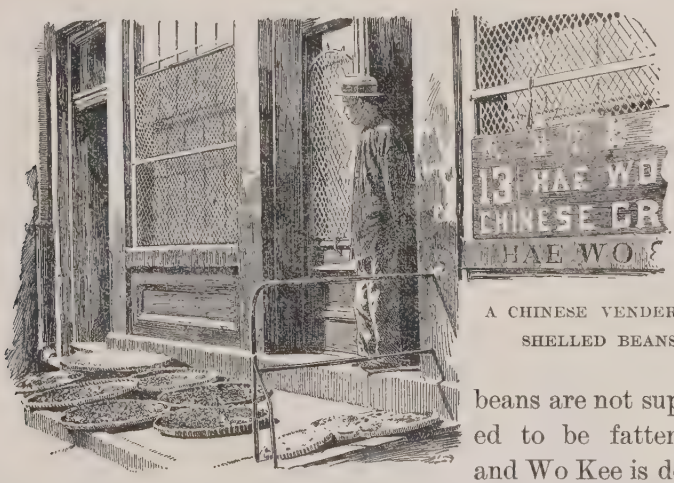
Fan-tan is the special gambling-game on which the police wage relentless warfare. It is played nightly by private parties, and the utmost pains are taken to elude the vigilance of the minions of the law. A dozen or more players group themselves around a table in the center of which is a pewter slab. This slab is crossed with diagonal lines dividing it into sections numbered respectively, one, two, three, and four. The players are at liberty to bet on any number they choose or on more than one number. The dealer, or keeper of the game, sits at one side of the table, and a little in front of him is a pile of a quart or more of Chinese cash,—small copper or brass coins with square holes in the center. While the bets are being made he takes a handful of cash from the pile, places it on a clear space on the table, and covers it with an inverted bowl.

To prevent fraud he has short sleeves that just project from his shoulders and no farther, and he is provided with a rod of brass or ivory as large around as a lead-pencil and twice its length, and sharpened at one end to a fine point.

When the stakes are all made he raises the bowl from the small pile of coins and with the pointed end of his wand picks out the cash in fours; the remainder after all possible fours but one are removed is the winning number. Before the pile is half removed the skilled players can tell almost to a certainty what will be the winning number, and it is interesting to watch their faces and observe the expressions of hope, greedy expectation, or sullen disappointment. A regularly constructed fan-tan room has a hole in the low ceiling above the table; this hole is the size of the table, or a little larger,

and is surrounded by a railing. Another and more aristocratic group of players looks eagerly over the railing, and their bets are lowered and winnings raised by means of a small basket attached to a cord.

We first visited Wo Kee, one of the richest merchants of Chinatown. He is perhaps worth a hundred thousand dollars and is a man of reputation and dignity. We found him seated with one of his employees at the side of a tub where the twain were engaged in shelling beans; whether they were intended for his consumption or for customers I did not ask, but as



A CHINESE VENDER OF SHELLED BEANS.

beans are not supposed to be fattening, and Wo Kee is decidedly a fat man, it is probable that they were for commercial rather than personal use. Our conversation was brief, though he spoke very good English, Wo Kee adhering to his tub with the assiduity of a Socrates, and not once suspending the work of bean-shelling. He is a general merchant in Chinese goods, and his shop contains everything from a firecracker to a dried duck or an embroidered jacket.

The Chinese in New York follow the custom of their native land in settling accounts at the end of the year, paying when they can, and being forgiven all debts that they are unable to pay. The 11th of February is the Chinese New Year, and on that day there is a grand festivity in which everybody feasts and offers prayers in the joss-house or temple. It is a sort

of Fourth of July, New Year's Day, and Thanksgiving Day combined, and it is an important day indeed for everybody concerned. Delinquents who cannot pay their debts are crossed off the books, and it is proper to add that they are never trusted again.

There is not now a single opium joint in Mott Street or its vicinity. But every Chinaman, almost without exception, smokes the drug and has his own private "lay-out" for that purpose. This cannot be called a "joint," which is a place kept by a man who admits patrons to smoke at a fixed price per head. The joints that formerly existed in Mott Street were patronized largely by Chinese, but not wholly so; white men and women, particularly the latter, used to go there, and the places were the scenes of all sorts of iniquity. Such resorts still exist up-town, where opium and a pipe can be obtained by the initiated.

There are only two or three Chinese women living in Mott street, and probably not more than six in the whole city. They are the wives of prominent Chinese; Wo Kee has his wife and family living here, and the other Chinese women are of equally reputable standing. The class of Chinese women that have given the police of San Francisco a great deal of trouble is unknown in New York, their places being taken by white women. These last are not easy to discover in evil ways, for the reason that they have no relations with white men, but associate exclusively with the Mongolians. When arrested and brought into the police courts they claim to be the wives of Chinese, and either produce marriage certificates or bring their alleged husbands to swear to the matrimonial relation. John is fond of pretty faces, although he is not usually remarkable for his own beauty, and not a few white girls find a ready market for their charms in Mott and Pell Streets.

Chinamen were coming and going along the sidewalk and in and out of the houses, alleys, and cellars as I accompanied the detective, for whom many of them had a friendly nod and a word of welcome. I wondered whether the nods and words were inspired by fear or esteem, but did not propound the question to

the sergeant. John is shrewd enough to know that it is to his advantage to keep on the right side of detectives, who can be very troublesome when they choose to be, in case the ways of John should happen to be such as would not well bear the light.

A Chinese drug-store was next visited, where the medicaments were such as are generally unknown to the American

WAITING FOR TRADE. CHINESE CURBSTONE MERCHANTS ON MOTT STREET.

pharmacopœia. A deer's horn taken "in the velvet," or rather a section weighing perhaps two pounds, hung above the counter. I asked the price and was told "ten dollar." Deer's horn in this condition, when the new horn is just forming, is a sovereign remedy for many ills and is prescribed with the greatest solemnity. It is grated fine and given as a dry powder, or it may be mixed with other medicines in order that the combined effect may be to "tangle" the disease if not to cure it. At the sergeant's suggestion the almond-eyed druggist

showed me a handful of dried locusts which he took from a drawer. These locusts are caught in China, where they are carefully dried; when wanted for use they are stewed until reduced to a thin soup, and in this form are taken by the man who wants to get well.

The Chinese are great believers in charms and incantations, and the soothsayer's art is closely allied to that of the doctor, in fact the two are often exercised by one and the same individual.

From the drug-store we went to see the big joss or idol in the temple which is on the third floor of a house on Mott Street, the second floor being occupied as a restaurant.

The restaurant occupies the whole of the front part of the floor, the rear being used as a kitchen. There were twelve or fifteen tables in the room; they were round and about four feet in diameter, and at one of them was a group of five men busily engaged in satisfying their appetites in true Chinese style. One was holding a bowl of rice close against his chin, and by means of a pair of chopsticks the food was forced rapidly into his mouth. Another was lifting pieces of stewed pork from a steaming bowl, and two of the diners were regaling themselves on what appeared to be boiled cabbage cut very fine, though it may have been something else. Most of the men at table were squatting with their heels on low stools and the others were sitting in occidental fashion.

The detective fell into conversation with a man in American dress who was alone at one of the tables. He was one of the three interpreters who serve their countrymen in the courts and elsewhere where interpretation is necessary.

The room was hung with strips of red paper on which the bill of fare was printed in Chinese characters, together with the prices. As in other restaurants the world over there were certain standard dishes, such as rice, stewed pork, beans, and the like, and then there were dishes which are only served on stated occasions. The general appearance of the place was not attractive, the floor being covered with sawdust, and the patrons anything but neat in their dress. In addition to the bills

of fare there were blessings and invitations on the strips of paper. There were also some banners which had been presented to the proprietor by his friends, and were evidently regarded by him with affection and esteem.

Fong, a pig-tailed attendant, then led the way to the kitchen, where three or four cooks were hard at work; and every few moments an order was shouted from the restaurant just as it is shouted in a down-town café. One of the cooks was preparing a toothsome dish; it consisted of pork, onions, bamboo shoots, and celery, and a single portion cost fifteen cents. *Fon* is rice, and the price was five cents for a bowlful. *Chai* is tea, and there were several varieties; the poorest kind was served free, like water in an American restaurant; but if you wanted the fine varieties you had to pay for them, and the price varied according to the quality.

IN THE REAR OF A CHINESE RESTAURANT ON PELL STREET. SKINS STUFFED WITH MEAT HUNG UP TO DRY.

Another cook was preparing some pigs' feet for the stew kettle, and still another was washing and cutting up some ducks and chickens, and very particular he was about his work. There was no cooking-range such as one finds in the kitchen of an American restaurant; the kettles were set in brickwork, and the frying pans stood over a sort of furnace, which, though

primitive in construction, was doubtless capable of frying to perfection.

The principal meats of the Chinese are pork, chicken, and duck. They eat very little beef, and probably for every pound of it consumed in this restaurant there are twenty pounds of pork and as many of chicken used.

It is amazing what the Chinaman will do with pork. It is safe to say that, after rice, it is the chief staple of Chinese diet. Here were whole carcasses laid out upon a table, being painted with various dressings, and cut into assorted sizes and shapes. Different portions were chosen and laid aside for different dishes, and altogether, when a Chinaman has done with a pig, there is "nothing of the dead but bones."

The pigeon and the goose play a prominent part in the Chinese bill of fare, and the squawking of live birds in the kitchen is a frequent sound.

The way that a Chinaman cuts a fowl is strangely unlike the European method. The American or the European unjoints the bird and strips the skeleton of its meat. Not so John Chinaman. He slices a duck or chicken straight across, bones and all. It must be done with an exceedingly sharp knife, for the bones are as cleanly cut as the flesh. In the Chinese cookery everything is prepared with a view to the use of chop-sticks, and all the viands are in bits which can be taken up easily with those two dainty, straw-like instruments. Etiquette must be observed in Chinese restaurants. For example, when one drinks tea he must pour a little into the cup, rinse it around and empty it upon the floor. Whether this libation is a precaution in behalf of cleanliness or whether some god must be propitiated, I know not, and it is needless to ask questions, for upon all points pertaining to his own customs John Chinaman is strictly non-committal.

The first thing that the Chinese waiter does is to set the table. This does not imply the presence of table-cloth or napkins, for those luxuries are conspicuous by their absence. First, is brought a tin teapot which holds a pint, and flaring cups, very small at the bottom. To an American a fork is gen

erally given, but Chinamen are provided with chopsticks. The tea having been deposited on the table the diner gives his order for dinner. This is a difficult task for an American.

Sometimes two or three Americans will drop in out of curiosity, but they rarely stay long. The best way to dine here is to make up a party and order the dinner beforehand; then, if you are willing to pay enough, you can have the big room to yourselves, and the floor will be swept and everything made presentable. You can make a dinner that will cost three or four dollars a head, by ordering expensive dishes.

Dinner parties in the big room, about twenty-five feet by fifty, are not at all infrequent, and sometimes ladies are taken there for the sake of the novelty. A gentleman of my acquaintance once gave a dinner to a party of friends at this very restaurant. The *ménu* was in Chinese, and the dinner was ordered three days in advance; an interpreter translated the *ménu*, of which the following is a translation: —

FIRST "SET."

Sharks' Fins,
Boned Chicken Stuffed with Birds' Nests,
Boned Duck Stuffed with Lily Seed,
Roast Duck Stuffed with Chinese Herbs,
Fish Bladder,
Rock Lichen with Noodles,
Pear Wine, Tea, and Preserves.

SECOND SET.

Yellow-Fish Head-Gristle,
Sea-Worms,
Roast Pigeon,
Chinese Water-Potatoes and Fried Chicken,
Chicken Stewed with Mushrooms,
Chicken Muscles Piqué with Perfumed Ham,
Rice Wine, Fruits, and Almonds.

THIRD SET.

Fruits, including Oranges, Apples, Dried Lychee Nuts, etc.,
Sweet Pickles,
Steamed Cake,
Lily-Seed Soup,
Birds'-Nest Soup,
Boiled Rice and Salted Eggs.

In addition to these things there were various sweets on the table. Each guest had at his side a saucer of a condiment called "soy" and resembling Worcester sauce. Bits of meat are dipped into the soy after being raised from the plate by the chopsticks and before going to the diner's mouth.

Ascending to the joss-house on the floor above, we were welcomed by the proprietor, whose English was as thin as his countenance, which was so withered that nearly all the facial muscles were distinctly defined. He smiled grimly upon the detective and myself, and stood idly by while my guide showed the attractions of the place.

The center of attraction, and of the room, is an idol that would be small in a temple in China, but is a huge one for the quarters in which he finds himself. In front of the idol is an elaborately-carved and gilded screen which was brought from China quite recently; it is all carved by hand and is as gaudy as it is mysterious to the occidental spectator. It was detained for some time in the custom house, and the duties amounted to about four hundred dollars. The proprietor was evidently proud of it, and his eyes glistened as I praised it in all the pidgin-English superlatives at my command.

The walls of the room are profusely ornamented with banners, some of them very elaborately embroidered. They are used on grand occasions, such as funerals and New Year festivities; and in a rack near them were some standards that had a close resemblance to the torches which are borne by political patriots in night processions just before a Presidential election.

In front of the idol is an altar on which the devout worshipers place their offerings of food for the deity that presides over the place. Exactly what becomes of this food I was unable to ascertain, but I noted the circumstance that the temple is just above the restaurant. Possibly the keepers of the two places find the arrangement excellent for returning articles that the god cannot devour, so that they may be sold again and perhaps several times over. The devotees who patronize the temple go to considerable expense, and some of the offerings are the choicest delicacies known to the Chinese *mènu*. Many

of them are ordered from the restaurant, and therefore it is convenient to be close to the source of food supply.

TOBACCO SMOKERS IN A JOSS-HOUSE.

The custodian of the temple placidly smoked his pipe, and the detective and I continued to smoke our cigars while in the joss-house. This was not intended as irreverence, but is the customary way to do. A small room at the rear of the temple contained an opium "lay-out" for two persons. At one side of this little snuggery there was a raised platform about eighteen inches above the floor and five feet square. It was covered with Chinese matting, and at each end was a curtain which partially shielded it from the gaze of persons outside the door. In the center of the platform was a tray which contained the smoker's "lay-out," and each piece was placed with the utmost precision. There were two pipes, and it was evident that two persons could find room here for a friendly smoke.

The little lamp on the tray is called "the fairy"; it was shielded with glass to prevent its being easily extinguished, and was supplied with peanut oil; and its flame was used for cooking and burning the opium. Near the lamp was a little box of bone, called the *hop toy*, that held the opium; a needle four or five inches long and flattened at one end was the *yen hoc*, for holding the opium in the flame; and a little box of tin held the *yen she*

or bits of refuse opium. The pipe was a piece of bamboo about sixteen inches long and with a saucer-shaped bowl inserted about one-third of the distance from the end.

The value of a pipe increases with its age and saturation. This one was black with long use, and probably it could not be bought for less than thirty dollars; perhaps it would bring as high as fifty, and I have seen one for which one hundred dollars was refused.

It often happens that two smokers make use of one pipe, which is passed alternately from hand to hand. This is particularly the case in opium joints, where a single pipe will serve for a party of two, three, or four. There is economy in this, as there is a fixed charge for a "lay-out," which includes the tray and contents together with a full charge of opium in the *hop toy*.

I recall a visit I once made by night to an opium-joint when they flourished in this locality. It was in a cellar or basement, and the outer door was carefully guarded by a keen-eyed Chinaman who refused admission to strangers unless they were properly escorted. The door-keeper surveyed us through a peep-hole in the door, and when he was satisfied with the inspection he unlocked and unbolted the entrance and let down a chain whose links were as large as my little finger. A dozen men would have been powerless to break it.

We proceeded along the narrow hallway, which was lighted by a lantern hung from the ceiling, then stopped at another door, in which a little wicket opened and a yellow face appeared, scrutinizing us inquiringly. "How many?" he asked.

"Two," my friend replied, and another bolt was withdrawn and we entered.

Our nostrils were greeted with the pungent, aromatic odor of burning opium; the drug has an odor that is very penetrating, and when once it is known it can be readily recognized. This odor coming through doorways and permeating through a building in spite of every precaution has frequently led to the detection of opium joints and caused their suppression by the police.

On one side of the room was a little alcove like a ticket-office; it was occupied by the proprietor, and just as we entered the place he was weighing out a charge of opium with some tiny scales like the smallest of those used by druggists. Several trays were piled at one side of the counter, and there were a dozen or more fairy lamps on a shelf together with the other implements that make up a lay-out.

Farther along was a curtain which hung over the entrance

"HITTING THE PIPE." SCENE IN AN OPIUM DEN ON MOTT STREET.

of the smoking-room. We waited till the proprietor had made the tray ready for a customer and then followed him into the inner room. The pungent odor increased as we passed the thick curtain, which was drawn aside for us, and we found ourselves in a room about thirty feet long by twelve in width. It was dimly lighted, and there were several strata of smoke that did not exactly resemble any smoke ordinarily seen in rooms. All around the sides and ends of the room were platforms or bunks, about two feet high and covered with Chinese matting. A few have mattresses instead of matting, out of deference to American tastes. The Chinese smoker considers a board

covered with matting quite soft enough for a bed, and he regards hair, feathers, and French springs as fit for anything else in the world but to sleep on.

On the first of these platforms were two Chinese smoking opium. The "boss" handed one of them the tray he had just brought in. The smoker was lying on the matting with his head resting on a bit of wood just large enough to support it. As the tray was brought he rose up on his side, and with the *yen hoc* took a mass of opium out of the *hop toy*. He twisted the pasty mass until it assumed the shape of a pill on the end of the needle; holding this in one hand he took the pipe in the other and placed his lips against the end.

Next he brought the bowl directly over the flame of the lamp and then held the pill so that it was burned in the flame; at the same time he drew several long inhalations with all the force of his lungs and expelled the smoke through his nostrils.

Three or four whiffs, or may be half a dozen, exhausted the pill of opium and finished the performance. The man had taken one pipe of opium. He placed the pipe by the side of the tray and fell back upon his head-rest in a condition of drowsiness. His comrade picked up the pipe, formed a pill of opium from the mass in the box, and smoked it in the way we had just seen. Evidently the men were adepts at the business, as they were skillful in the manipulation of the pill, which is quite an awkward matter for the beginner.

Having witnessed the operation of "hitting the pipe" I moved on past the line of bunks that were filled with occupants. A few hid their faces, but the majority were so far under the influence of the drug as to be indifferent to surrounding circumstances. Nearly all the bunks were occupied, some having but a single smoker, and others two, three, or four occupants. Less than half the number of smokers were Chinese, the others being Americans.

Few white men can run an opium joint successfully. A Chinaman is meek, pretends not to understand when anything insulting is said to him, and so long as he gets paid for the opium does not care what the patrons do. On the contrary, a

white man will not stand insult, and wants to boss the place to suit himself.

Nearly all the white women who frequent Chinatown are addicted to opium-smoking, and many of them are so confirmed in the habit that they would find great difficulty in shaking it off. "I've got the *yen-yen* (opium habit) the worst way," said one woman, "and must have my pipe every night. I want two or three pipes before I can get to sleep, and sometimes I want half a dozen."

"How long have you been hitting the pipe?" I asked.

A CHINAMAN AND HIS WHITE WIFE SMOKING OPIUM.

"How long? Let me see; it's about four years. When I tried the first time I thought it would strangle me, but I soon found that it was pleasanter than cigarette smoke and didn't make me cough. But I smoked so much the first night that it made me deathly sick, and I felt awful the next morning. I smoked a night or two after that and got along much better, and that's the way I started. Now I must have a smoke every night or I can't live."

"I can cook a pill just as well as a Chink (Chinaman)," she continued; "just see me do it."

With that she dipped the point of the needle into the sticky mass of opium in the little box of bone, and after twirling it dexterously a few times brought it out with a lump the size of a pea at the end. Then she held the pea in the flame

of the fairy lamp till it was cooked, its color changing from black to the tint of old gold. Then she rolled it on the smooth surface of the pipe bowl to expel the poisonous juices, and when it was in proper condition she placed it in the bowl of the pipe, held it in the flame of the lamp, and with her lips against the ivory mouth-piece inhaled the smoke slowly, just as we had seen the Chinese do in the first bunk where we stopped.

Near the farther end of the room was a bunk occupied by four white women, three of them being apparently adepts in the vice, and the fourth a novice. Four persons crowd a bunk very closely; two recline their heads upon the pillows or head-rests, and the other two make use of their companions for the same purpose. A party may consist of either men or women, or it may be made up of both sexes; opium-smokers do not stand on ceremony with each other, and strangers will recline on the same bunk and draw intoxication from the same pipe without the least hesitation. The old adage says "Misery loves company;" this is certainly the case with debauchery, and especially of debauchery through opium.

The occupants of the joint were in various stages of the opium intoxication. Some had taken their second, third, fourth, or other pipes, and were in a state of partial or complete insensibility; the victims would often lie there for hours and sleep away as much as they could of the effects of the drug and rise in the morning with a feeling of hunger and thirst, but a hunger that could not be allayed by food. Their nerves would be more or less shaken, according to the length of time they had been addicted to the opium habit; and they would long for the arrival of the night, when they could again smoke and fall into a state of forgetfulness.

The opium used for smoking — called by the smokers "dope" — is an aqueous extract of the ordinary commercial gum. The Chinese have a secret mode of preparing this extract, making it more palatable to the taste and easier to get ready for smoking. It is imported from China usually in oblong brass boxes about five inches long and two and a half

wide. The can is only half filled, as in warm weather it puffs up and would overflow if allowance was not made for this swelling. It is about the consistency of tar melted in the sun, and nearly the same color. The mode of measuring it, when selling, is by a Chinese weight called *fune*. There are about eighty-three *fune* in an ounce, and a can contains four hundred and fifteen *fune*, or about five ounces. The best quality of

A SLY OPIUM SMOKER.

(This photograph was made by flash-light in a Chinese opium den on Pell street when the smoker was supposed to be fast asleep. Subsequently the photograph disclosed the fact that he had at least one eye open when the picture was made.)

this sells for eight dollars and twenty-five cents a can, and inferior grades run as low as six dollars. In smaller quantities eight to ten *fune* are sold for twenty-five cents.

Whenever a joint is discovered and raided in the upper part of the city, but few if any Chinese are found in them. The up-town joints are patronized almost exclusively by white people, and I believe that the vice cannot be wholly stamped out of existence. When once acquired the habit is not easily shaken off, as it clings to its victims with great tenacity.

One up-town joint which was raided only a few months ago was located in a respectable apartment-house, and suspicion was

drawn to it by the large number of well-dressed and well-behaved people of both sexes who went there, and also by the peculiar odor that came from the door and permeated the halls of the building. Ten men and five women were captured, and passed the rest of the night in the Jefferson Market police station. All gave fictitious names, and some of the women cried

CAUGHT IN THE ACT. AN OPIUM SMOKER SURPRISED WHILE SMOKING.

and begged to be let off, as this, so they alleged, was the first time they had ever been in the place. The smoking implements that were captured in the raid were of the highest class of workmanship and are an important addition to the museum at police Headquarters. One of the prisoners was a doctor who lived at a first-class hotel and had a goodly list of fashionable patients. He claimed to have gone there for scientific observation and not for the purpose of smoking the pernicious drug,

but he followed the example of the others in giving a fictitious name when arrested.

The raid upon this opium-joint and the revelations that followed are most unpleasantly suggestive of the growth of a vice which, until within a few years, was almost exclusively confined to Chinatown. It is not necessary to refer to official records for proof that the opium habit is spreading steadily and, comparatively speaking, fast. The statements of physicians and druggists, and even common observation, supply convincing evidence of the fact.

It is not probable that New York now contains many large and luxuriously appointed resorts for opium-smokers; but if private houses could be turned inside out they would almost certainly reveal a startling number of individual victims who are accustomed to practice the vice in solitude. There is every reason to suppose that, without reference to the Chinese quarter, there are not a few establishments, cautiously conducted amid decent surroundings, which are regularly supported by coteries of habitual patrons and more or less accessible to occasional visitors. The increasing sale of the drug, the admissions of the medical profession, and the experience of the hospitals, unmistakably point to this conclusion.

For reasons which are obscure, though the fact is notorious, indulgence in the use of opium destroys the Chinaman far less surely, quickly, and completely than the Caucasian. To Americans in particular it means swift and certain degradation.

Property has greatly advanced in Mott Street, and rents have been more than doubled since the Chinese located themselves there. Some of the buildings have been reconstructed by them, and wherever they have taken property in hand for the purpose of improvement they have spent money liberally. With the exception of the white women already mentioned they do not allow any people not of their own race to live among them, and will doubtless continue their exclusiveness as long as they remain here.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY — MOCK AUCTIONS, BOGUS HORSE SALES AND OTHER TRAPS FOR THE UNWARY — PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

Ingenious Lawyers — Swindling Advertisements — Mock Auctions — My Own Experience — Mr. Barmore's Purchases — Socks "By the Dozen" — A Stool-Pigeon — The Merchant from Trenton — I am Trapped — A Sudden Cessation of Business — Putting it down to Experience — Perennial Buyers — What "By the Dozen" Means — A Mean Swindle — Easily Taken in — Base Counterfeits — Bogus Horse-Dealers — The Gentleman "Just Going to Europe" — A "Private Stable" — A Considerate Horse-Owner — Business-Like Methods — A Breathless Stranger Arrives on the Scene — "Anderson of New Haven" — A Chance to Make Fifty Dollars in Five Minutes — A Warm Discussion — A "Doctored" Horse — A Trusty Groom — A Critical Inspection — Arrival of Mr. Wakeman — "Dr. Bryan's" Office — "Just Around the Corner" — Looking for the Doctor — Where He Was Found — A Muddy Plight — Tears and Smiles.

LEGISLATORS have for a long time sought to put an end to a form of swindling carried on under the pretence of selling goods at auction. Lawyers have exhausted their ingenuity in framing measures for the suppression of the mock-auction fraud, but every time they secure the passage of a bill with that object in view, somebody equally shrewd will discover a loop-hole in it. The snake has been scotched but not killed; some of the mock auctions have been broken up, while others continue to flourish.

The heaviest blow was struck when the law required that auctions should be advertised in the daily papers with the list of the articles to be sold. This put an end to the establishments along Park Row and Chatham Street, where the swindling was very thinly disguised, but it did not strike some of the "dry-goods auctions" on Broadway. All that was necessary to do to evade the law was to keep a standing advertisement in an

obscure paper announcing sales every day of "assorted lots of gentlemen's furnishing goods, calicoes, ginghams, muslins, and other fabrics, the property of concerns that desired to make clearances of old stock," etc.

I used to stroll occasionally into one of these establishments and watch the operations of those who ran the place. The first time I went there I was evidently looked upon as a promising customer, as the auctioneer began knocking down things at an alarmingly rapid rate to half a dozen men who stood around a table and were evidently buying liberally.

"What name?" said the auctioneer, as he knocked down a dozen pairs of socks to a thin, smooth-faced man of about sixty years.

"Barmore," was the reply, and the auctioneer called out, "Mr. Barmore" to the clerk who stood just behind him.

The package was charged to the gentleman, and then another lot — this time of five dozen pairs — was put up.

This lot was quickly sold. The auctioneer demanded repeatedly, "How much am I offered for these socks by the dozen? How much? How much, gentlemen?"

Lot after lot was sold, and there were numerous glances in my direction. I showed no indication of making an offer, and one of the buyers, who had remained constantly by my side and was disposed to be communicative, asked me if I didn't want some of these goods, which were going very cheap.

"I don't care for them," I answered. "They're cheap, it's true, but just now I don't want any."

He told me he was a merchant at Trenton, New Jersey, and had dropped in by accident. "Things are going so low," said he, "that I've laid in enough of some kinds of goods to last me a whole year."

Business began to lag, when another man dropped in, evidently a stranger like myself.

Then the activity and eager buying and selling were renewed, and the buyers took everything that was offered. The stock of gentlemen's foot-gear seemed inexhaustible.

The stranger bought one of the five-dozen lots, and as soon

as the goods had been knocked down to him he and the other purchasers were asked to step to the rear of the store, where the bookkeeper would make out their bills. At this point the auctioneer suddenly announced that the sale was over for the forenoon and would be resumed at two o'clock. It was his time to go to lunch, he said, as he had breakfasted very early that morning, and he hoped to see all of us at the hour named for the resumption. As I could frame no good excuse for remaining I departed, leaving "Mr. Barmore" and the other purchasers to settle their accounts.

You ask what happened after I left. Well, the stranger, who was a bona-fide purchaser, received a bill for the goods at a rate which astonished him. He had bought five dozen pairs of socks at seventy cents, "by the dozen," and expected to pay $3.50 for the lot. But the bill was made out at seventy cents for each pair, or $42 for the quantity he had purchased.

He demurred. The auctioneer explained that "by the dozen" meant that they did not sell less than one dozen pairs to any one, — they never broke a package.

Mr. Barmore and the other fraudulent purchasers sustained this view of the case, and with great alacrity proceeded to settle their bills at that rate. Meantime the doors had been closed, the stranger realized that he was caught in a trap, and he concluded that the best way out of the difficulty was to pay the bill and put it down to experience. Had he refused to pay he would have been threatened with arrest, and as all the other buyers held precisely the same views as the auctioneer the victim would have had no witnesses in his behalf.

Half an hour later I again entered the place, and the auction which had been postponed until two o'clock was in full blast with the same "buyers" as before. For years the same crowd was there, and whenever I went inside something was knocked off to "Mr. Barmore." But I was always recognized, and no effort was made to induce me to invest in the goods offered for sale. I always observed that the articles to be disposed of were "by the dozen," and the dozen was evidently a combination very popular with the managers of this fraud.

After many arrests and escapes the chief promoter of the mock-auction business was sent to State prison. For a long time the law was powerless to suppress the fraud, and the mayor could only give protection to citizens by sending out a daily procession of men and boys to parade up and down the street, bearing banners on which was painted the legend, "Beware of Mock Auctioneers." A story was current at this time to the effect that Henry Ward Beecher, having come over to New York to study human nature, went into one of these auction-rooms, and in order to hide his purpose, bid, and successfully, for some small article. As the auctioneer knocked down the great preacher's purchase he horrified him by shouting out his name. Mr. Beecher hastened to make payment and said, in low voice, "How did you know my name? I did not want to be recognized." "O, Mr. Beecher," was the loud reply, "I've had a pew in your church these last two years." Doubtless the story is an invention of the enemy, and yet it might have pleased the large-hearted pastor of Plymouth Church had it been true.

Another fraudulent auction is that of cigars. They are sold "by the box," but the fraud does not consist in following the same plan as in the dry-goods swindle, but in selling goods that would be dear at nothing at all. Five, ten, or twenty boxes are offered in a lot, and one box is opened as a sample. The cigars present a good appearance and a customer may smoke one from the "sample" if he likes, and if he does he will find it fairly good. They are in boxes of fifty and go readily at from one to two dollars a box.

The economical smoker thinks he has found a good thing and buys liberally. If he wishes to look on the inside of each and every box no objection is made to his doing so; but naturally the inspection is a hurried one, — the cigars are all right to the eye and he is well satisfied with his speculation.

It is not until he undertakes to smoke one of his purchases that he learns how badly he has been deceived. They are, as before stated, all right to the eye, but there is where their goodness ends. As men do not smoke with their eyes they have

little use for this kind of cigars, which are made of straw, wrapped in paper colored so as to exactly resemble the tobacco leaf, and they are altogether the basest kind of counterfeit. Of course the "sample" that the purchaser smoked was from another lot.

I narrowly escaped buying five hundred of these cigars the first time I dropped into the place. My suspicions were aroused by the rapidity with which several flashy men were purchasing, and so I concluded to wait. Meeting a friend a block or two below, I told him of the cigar auction and how cheaply the goods were going.

"Yes," said he, "I bought two hundred there last week and took them home. I tried to smoke one, then tried another with the same result, and then I broke a dozen or so of them open. They were all alike, nothing but straw and brown paper, and I threw the lot into the ash-barrel. I wouldn't insult a tramp by offering him one of those cigars."

One of the most flourishing swindles in the metropolis is that of the bogus horse-dealer.

In some of the morning papers may be found every day in the year an advertisement of one, two, or more horses for sale, at a private stable, the property of a gentleman about going to Europe or to the South or to California for his health; or some other reason is given why the animals should be disposed of immediately. Here is a copy of one of these advertisements, clipped from a paper now lying before me:—

> A GENTLEMAN'S CONTINUED ILL HEALTH COMpels him to sacrifice immediately his very handsome, stylish, fast trotting road and family Horse, 15½ hands, a free, easy, pleasant driver, kind and true in all harness, afraid of nothing, and perfectly gentle; also pet Horse for lady's driving; both warranted young and sound. Great bargains to quick purchasers. Apply to groom at private stable 137 West —th st.

You and I know a good horse when we see it, and as we are not averse to a purchase at fair rates we will answer this advertisement in person.

We go around to the stable and find it in charge of a man who says that he is the groom referred to in the advertisement, and that he represents the owner of the horses. He states that

the owner, Mr. Blank, lives at Yonkers, and has sent the stock here for sale and taken the private stable in order to avoid the tricks of the precious rascals who are always to be found at public establishments. At length he shows the horses and dilates upon their superior qualities and wonderful pedigrees, and then asks if we are engaged in the horse-dealing business.

We tell him we are not, that we are buying, if we buy at all, for our own use, either here or in the country.

He is apparently relieved by this information, and then returns to the subject of the sale. The driving-horse looks very well, and is apparently in good condition, and is especially praised by the groom, who says it is well worth three hundred dollars, but Mr. Blank is willing to close it out at two hundred to a private gentleman who will appreciate and care for it.

While we are talking and discussing the merits of the animal, a stranger well-nigh out of breath enters, who states that he has read the advertisement and wants to see the horses. He is a pompous, bustling sort of man, and evidently accustomed to quick transactions.

After looking the stock over the new-comer finally settles on the horse that was just offered to us for two hundred dollars, examines it carefully, and pronounces it a remarkably fine beast. Then he meditates a moment and says off-hand:

"I like that horse pretty well and will come to business right off. I'll give two hundred and fifty dollars spot cash for him, and not another cent."

"Are you a dealer in horses?" queries the man in charge.

"Yes," is the reply, "I'm Anderson of New Haven, everybody up that way knows me. I buy hundreds of horses in New York every month and have ten carloads on the way from Kentucky now."

"Then you can't have this horse," says the other. "Mr. Blank gave me strict orders that the horses were not to be sold to any dealer, but to private parties only. You see he's much attached to these horses and wants to be sure that they go where they'll be appreciated and well treated, just as they always have been."

Mr. Anderson is greatly surprised at these remarks, and says a little impatiently that his money is as good as any other man's.

"It isn't a question of money at all," is the quick reply, "but a whim of Mr. Blank's. He's rich enough to give away the horses for nothing if he's a mind to, and he'd never feel it either; and if he can't sell 'em to the right parties,—private parties, mind you,—he'll send 'em to Squire Woods and pay their board and keep 'em doing nothing for the rest of their lives."

The discussion grows hot, each party becoming more and more excited, and during this war of words the horse is offered to us, as we are "private gentlemen," for two hundred dollars. We decline to purchase, and, as we leave, "Mr. Anderson of New Haven" follows us. When we are well around the corner he overtakes us and says in a low and confidential tone,

"Look here, gentlemen, I s'pose you don't mind making fifty dollars in about five minutes. Go back and get that horse for me for two hundred, bring him round the corner here or over to the stable there just around the corner on the next block and I'll give you two hundred and fifty for him cash down. You know what I offered; the horse is well worth three hundred easy, and I can make fifty on him besides expenses to New Haven."

We eagerly take the opportunity thus offered to make a neat profit of fifty dollars, and we return to buy the horse. There is some demur by the groom because we are unknown, but not much, only enough to convince us of the sincerity of Mr. Blank and his trusty agent. The latter takes our word for it that we are what we represent, accepts the money for the horse, carefully blankets him, strokes his nose, fondly pats him on the neck, and we proudly lead him out of the stable and around the corner, where we confidently suppose Mr. Anderson awaits us.

But he is not there; he is evidently at the stable he pointed out to us "just around the corner." He is not in sight. Anxious inquiry at the stable reveals the fact that the people there

know nothing about him. We tell our story. They bluntly inform us that we have been the victims of a fraud, as the horse is really worthless, having been "doctored" to make him look well. We have only the consolation of learning that hundreds of other victims have been trapped in precisely the same way. The game has been exposed in the papers over and over again, but it thrives just the same.

Some years ago I wanted to buy a saddle-horse, and one morning saw an advertisement of an animal that I thought might suit me.

The place, as usual, was a "private stable," and I went there not suspecting for a moment that there was anything "crooked" about it. A man and a boy were in the stable, and I thought nothing of the circumstance that the boy suddenly went out a moment after I entered. The horse was led out of his stall in response to my inquiry, and the man told me that the animal was six years old and belonged to a Wall Street operator whose doctor had told him he must give up horseback riding, which increased a nervous affection from which he suffered. The horse was a first-class "all-rounder," he said; that is, he was excellent under the saddle and equally good in harness, was of a gentle disposition, though spirited, and warranted perfectly sound and kind. He could carry my weight easily, as the Wall Street man was fully as heavy as myself and had ridden the horse for eighteen months. The price was two hundred and fifty dollars.

While I was examining the horse and learning his history, a large, beery-faced man entered the stable, and with an over-the-sea accent asked in a loud voice,

"Where's the saddle-horse Mr. Wakeman was looking at?"

"Here he is, sir," replied the man in charge, indicating the very animal that I was considering.

The beery-faced man brushed me aside, or rather took no notice of me, and for some minutes was entirely engrossed in examining the horse. He went over him critically, carefully inspecting his teeth, looking at his legs for ringbone, spavins, splints, curbs, puffs, and I don't know what else, walked him

around the stable, and made numerous other investigations supposed to pertain to the horse-expert. Meantime the boy returned, and when the examination was concluded, the stranger called him up and said in a loud and commanding voice,

"Boy, go around to Mr. Wakeman's, No. 192 on —— street, and say Dr. Bryan has looked at the horse he wrote about, and the horse is absolutely sound and just six years old, and worth three hundred dollars quick any day. Don't forget the name, now; Mr. Wakeman, and say Dr. Bryan sent you. Remember, Dr. Bryan."

The boy went to deliver the message, and the "doctor" went out almost immediately, never noticing my presence in any way whatever, or saying another word to the stableman. The comedy was well played, with the exception of being over acted and leaving on my mind the impression that it was rather odd that Dr. Bryan entrusted his message verbally to a boy he, presumably, had never seen before. Needless to say, I did not buy the horse.

It occurred to me that possibly I should find Dr. Bryan at the nearest barroom. There was one opposite the stable, and through the half open door leading into the back room, which could easily be seen from the street, I saw the doctor seated at a table indulging in a drink with some one who appeared to be an acquaintance. This was evidently the retreat where he could be found when needed for "business."

A petty swindle occasionally practiced upon residents of the city is the following:—

A merchant goes down town to business in the morning as usual. Along in the forenoon a man nearly out of breath calls at his residence, who says he is a clerk in the gentleman's employ and that just as he was crossing the street in front of his office Mr. ——— was run over by a dray in charge of a careless drunken driver. He was not injured at all, but was covered with mud, and his clothes were so badly torn that he is quite unpresentable. He is attending to business in his back office, but cannot see any one until he receives a decent suit of clothes

from home. He wants his spare suit, the one he wore before he got the last one.

In her excitement at the news of the accident and her pleasure to know that her husband was not injured, his good wife hurries to make a bundle of the clothing asked for, and delivers it into the hands of the clerk. The clerk hurries away at the top of his walking speed; she thinks it is in his anxiety to restore his employer to a presentable condition as soon as possible, but the fellow's speed comes from another motive. He turns the nearest corner and then hies to a pawn-shop, where second-hand clothing can be "spouted" or sold.

When the husband returns home to dinner his wife is waiting for him at the door.

"Oh! I am so glad you weren't hurt," she exclaims. "It gave me an awful shock."

"Shock, how?" queries the mystified husband.

"Oh! your clerk told me all about it — how you'd been run over and knocked down into the mud and had your clothes torn and —why! I declare you've the same suit on you had this morning."

Then follows an explanation. The woman cries, and the man says something more vigorous than polite about the swindler who so cleverly got his spare suit of clothing. As they sit down to dinner the husband and wife conclude to make the best of it and feel happy that the scoundrel didn't take them in for more.

CHAPTER XXX.

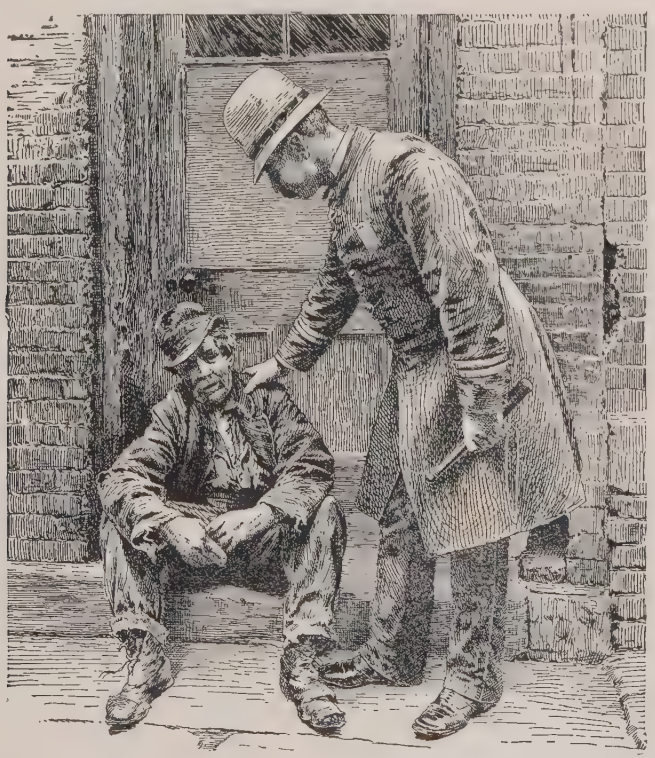
THE BEGGARS OF NEW YORK — TRAMPS, CHEATS, HUMBUGS AND FRAUDS — INTERESTING PERSONAL EXPERIENCES — VICTIMS FROM THE COUNTRY.

The Incomes of Professional Beggars — Resorts of Tramps — Plausible Tales — A Scotch Fraud — My Adventure with him — A Plaintive Appeal — A Transparent Yarn — A Disconcerted Swindler — Claiming Relationship — An Embarrassing Position — Starting to Walk to Boston — A Stricken Conscience — Helping my Poor Relation — Thanks an Inch Thick — Female Frauds — "Gentlemen Tramps" — A Famishing Man — Eating Crusts out of the Gutter — A Tale of Woe — A Fraud with a Crushed Leg and a Starving Family — A Distressing Case — The Biter Bitten — The Californian with a Wooden Leg — The Rattle-Snake Dodge — "Old Aunty" and her Methods — "God Bless You, Deary" — Blind Frauds and Humbugs — How Countrymen are Fleeced — Bunco-Steerers — Easily Taken in — My Experience with a Bunco-Steerer.

IT is estimated that nearly six thousand beggars live and thrive in New York city. It is not strange, therefore, that among this vast number of professional loafers there should be found some whose methods of extorting money are unique. Some of them make from twenty-five to sixty dollars a week, and not a few of them are so well known as to furnish a topic of conversation among those who talk over the strange life to be seen in city streets. The Charity Organization Society recently issued a circular warning the public against professional beggars, adventurers, and other undeserving persons who obtain money by imposing upon the credulity of the charitable. Even ordinary street begging is apparently more profitable than honest labor.

The great city is a home for a good (or bad) number of "tramps" and an occasional refuge for many more. With the advent of summer the tramp who has passed the winter in the city hies to the rural regions. He is in search of occupation

which he never finds; in summer he wants a job at ice-cutting, and in winter he desires work in a hay-field or a market-garden. Whatever employment he seeks is sure to be out of season, and as he is unable to live by honest labor he makes up for the deficiency by begging or stealing.



A TRAMP'S INTERRUPTED NAP.

The winter occupation of the circulating or tourist tramp is much like that of the permanent city tramp whose sustenance is obtained by begging or fraud. He haunts the sidewalk, especially at night, and pours a tale of woe into every ear that will listen. The ordinary tale will not be heard or heeded, and his ingenuity is severely taxed to invent something that will extract cash from the pocket of his listener. Some of the tramps' tricks are worthy of record, as they display a genius that would secure a comfortable existence in respectable

callings, and, not unlikely, would bring a fortune to its possessors.

About nine o'clock one night I was accosted by a man with a strong Scotch accent, who asked if I would kindly favor him with a direction, as he was a stranger in the city. As I paused to listen, he said,

"Can you give me the name of any Scotch benevolent society?"

I regretted my inability to do so, and referred him to the City Directory, which might be consulted at any hotel or drug-store.

"I've looked in the Directory, sir," he answered, "but can't find it. There's the St. George's Society, but that isn't open at this hour. Mr. Bedall is president of it, and the office is down town."

"I can't give you information as to any other Scottish society," said I; "these associations are things I don't know much about, and your best plan will be to ask at the nearest police station."

"I've been there," was the prompt answer, "but cannot find anything about them. I'm a glass-engraver and landed in New York a week ago to-day from Glasgow. I have been looking for work and am promised a place day after to-morrow. Excuse my saying anything about it, sir, but the fact is, I've spent all my money and want to find a Scottish benevolent society, so that I can get lodgings and something to eat till I find work."

He didn't ask me for any money or anything else, but the appeal was very direct. Though contrary to a rule I had long before made not to give money to applicants on the streets, I gave the fellow a quarter to pay for his lodging, and as he had eaten nothing — so he said — since morning, I accompanied him to a neighboring restaurant and gave another twenty-five cents to the proprietor to pay for the stranger's supper.

Six or eight months later I was accosted by the same man in exactly the same words, not more than three or four blocks from the scene of my first meeting with him. I led him on,

and he told precisely the same story as before, with the exception that instead of being a glass engraver he was now a printer. He had even come from Glasgow "a week ago to-day," just as in the first instance.

"How long did you stay in America when you first came?" I asked, when his story was ended.

"I never was in America before," he answered, in a tone of astonishment. I landed in New York a week ago to-day for the first time."

"Now, my friend," said I, "your yarn is altogether too transparent. Six months ago you were a glass-engraver, landed just a week, seeking for work, out of money, promised work day after to-morrow, and hunting a Scottish benevolent society to care for you in the meantime. You are the same man, story, voice, Scotch accent, size, height, dress, and everything. Here, officer," I said, as I beckoned over his shoulder to an imaginary policeman, "run this man in."

The fellow did not wait to be "run in" by the officer; he ran himself at a speed that would have done credit to a race-horse. And that was the last I ever saw of him. He probably made a mental photograph of me, so that he should not repeat his mistake.

That evening at the club I told the story of my adventure, and how I had been defrauded by this very plausible invention of a tramp. Six members of the club listened to me, and when I ended no fewer than three of them acknowledged having been defrauded by the same fellow within the past month, and two of them only the evening before and within ten minutes of each other.

The city man may think he is sharper than his cousin in the country, but he is just as likely to be taken in. The only difference is that the tale that will catch the city man must be more elaborately constructed than for the rural districts; that's all.

Some years ago I was called upon by a man who said his surname was the same as mine, and he wanted to know if I knew of one Darius P. Knox, a resident of New York.

I confessed that I did not know Darius and had never heard

of him. Then the stranger asked if I was a native of the city, and, if not, what State of the Union I came from.

When I told him he said he was from the same State, but from a part of it nearly a hundred miles from my birthplace. Our families must be related, he thought, though perhaps not very closely.

EARLY MORNING ON THE DOCKS. A GANG OF SLEEPING TRAMPS.

I admitted the possibility, and, suspecting that he might be after a loan on account of relationship, I suggested that a man in the city was not supposed to have any relatives anywhere, as his life depended pretty much on himself.

He parried this idea by explaining that he had just come from a Western State where he had been living for twenty years. He was on his way to the home of his boyhood, and the Darius P. Knox for whom he asked was a cousin with whom

he went to school, and who came to New York many years ago, about the time the speaker sought fortune in the West.

"He was a clerk in a dry-goods house, Darius was," said my visitor, "and has been a partner in it for ten or twelve years. The last I heard of him he was in Worth Street, Number —, but when I went there to-day I could not hear about him, and the store is occupied by a new firm that moved in last year. The man I saw said he did not know who the previous tenants were, and he didn't care. I suppose that's the way in a great city like this."

"Yes," I said, "that's very much the way of the city. We care very little who are our next-door neighbors as long as they do not disturb us, and we may live in adjoining houses for years and years and never become acquainted. Many a business firm doesn't know who were the previous occupants of their premises, and some don't wish to know."

When I paused he referred again to the Darius whose name was not in the Directory; he had thought the best plan would be to look up a few individuals of the same surname, and thus he might find some one who knew his missing relative.

"The fact is," he said with a considerable show of reluctance, "I stopped at Niagara Falls and two or three other places on my way East and did not count the cost carefully. When I started I had ample funds to take me to my old home, but on arriving in New York this morning I found I had only a dollar left, and I spent that for breakfast and dinner. I didn't feel uneasy, as I knew Cousin Darius would let me have all the money I needed; now that I can't find him I am placed in a most embarrassing position and hardly know what to do. I shall have to walk as far as Boston, where my brother John is in the hardware business. Good-bye!" he said with a perceptible tremor in his voice.

"Good-bye," I responded, and saw him to the door. "Sorry to have troubled you," he added, but I won't trouble you any longer. I can get to New Rochelle by night, sleep in a shed or barn, and make Boston in about ten days. Good-bye again."

He was off, and hadn't asked for a loan or even hinted at anything of the kind. My money burned in my pocket, and whatever conscience I had rose in my throat. I called back my kinsman, loaned him three dollars for a deck passage by steamer to Boston (he suggested that a deck passage was all that he needed), and I felt happier. He noted my address very carefully and said he would remit the three dollars as soon as he met his brother John. As for thanks, he covered me with them an inch thick, and said he would always remember me for my trusting kindness.

A SLEEPING TRAMP. A BRICK FOR A PILLOW.

Evidently he has remembered me: he kept the three dollars as a souvenir to enable him to do so. Years have elapsed, but I have never received the money, nor have I ever had a scrap of paper acknowledging it. But I have heard of the fellow a dozen — yes, twenty — times, and each time he has played the same game on some one else. His surname is always that of his victim, Jones, Smith, Barney, anything in fact that enables him to suggest a relationship and give an excuse for calling on somebody in the hope of learning the whereabouts of his long-lost cousin. The story is always the same, and the money requisite to get him to his destination is from three to five dollars. He was born in more places than the poet Homer, but unhappily he has not died in any of them.

The foregoing are samples of the tricks of the male tramp. But this kind of dishonesty is not confined to men; women are adepts in it, and some of their devices are ingenuous.

An old woman with a shabby genteel air used to stand on the corner of Broadway and Twenty-third Street at their intersection with Fifth Avenue. "Please tell me how I can get to the Forty-second Street ferry," she would say to a passer-by.

The route would be indicated, and the car which would carry her there pointed out. Then she would timidly ask:

"How much is the fare?"

"Five cents, madam," would be the reply.

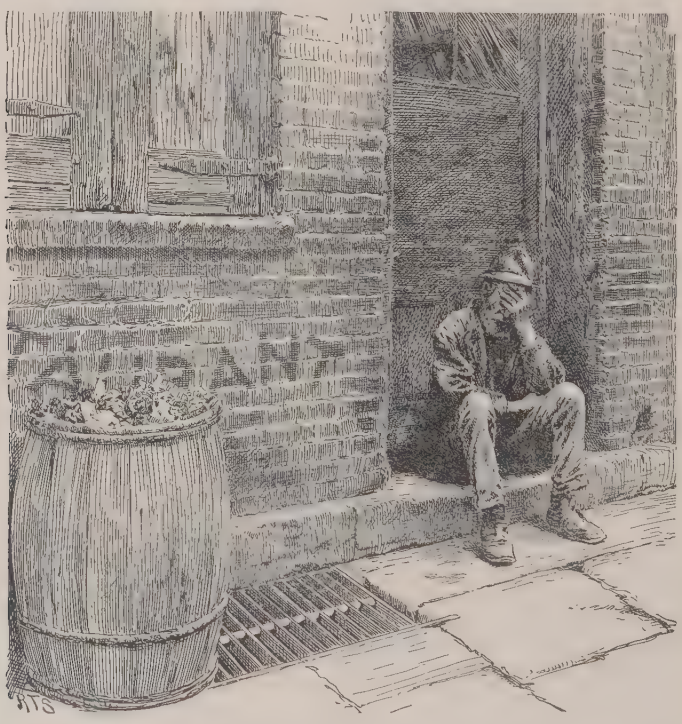
"O! I'll have to walk; I've lost my pocket-book; somebody must have stolen it."

The suggestion naturally resulted in awakening the sympathy of the listener, who contributed the necessary five cents and moved on. The nickel was dropped into a capacious pocket, and in two or three minutes, after the victim was safely out of sight, the query would be repeated and another five cents secured in the same way. For the sake of variety she changed her alleged destination at every third or fourth inquiry, and for some weeks she reaped quite a harvest. She made the mistake of accosting the same person two days in succession; the police were put on her track, and she spent a season on Blackwell's Island as the result of her money-making experiment. But as long as she was undisturbed she managed to earn three or four dollars a day.

A DANGEROUS PLACE FOR A SNOOZE. A TRAMP SLEEPING ON THE STRING-PIECE OF A PIER.

Another kind of feminine tramp is an Irish or German woman who pretends to be unable to read, and thrusts a slip of paper into your hand, with a request that you will read the address upon it and tell her how to reach it. The place is generally three or four miles away, and when the line of com-

munication is indicated she wishes to know how she can go there on foot, as she is out of money and must walk. The sequel is obvious. I once watched from behind a tree in Madison Square a woman who had an address for Harlem, five miles away, and saw her obtain her care-fare — five cents — four times in succession within twenty minutes.



A GENUINELY BUSTED TRAMP.

There is another class called "gentlemen tramps," men who were once respectable and in good circumstances, whose downfall has been gradual, and who grow more and more seedy in appearance every year. Some of them make a pretence of desiring work, and they are always going somewhere to answer an advertisement or to make an inquiry, but incidentally they are on the outlook for alms. One of these men — a tall and rather military-looking personage about fifty years of age, with a white mustache and a head of curly white hair

—has a regular route over which he has tramped and begged for years. He once filled a responsible position in a famous dry-goods house. There is a pretence of blacking on what remains of his boots, and there is an air of ostentatious but fictitious neatness in his attire. He does not approach people promiscuously, but singles out his victims with great sagacity and care, usually selecting elderly ladies, never under any circumstances attempting to beg from a man. He walks beside his victim for some distance, looks pitifully at her, and at last he takes off his hat, approaches humbly, and plaintively pours out his tale of woe. His story is listened to courteously, and is so effectively told that the listener generally opens her purse and contributes to the tramp's relief. His polite manifestation of gratitude is extreme, and he succeeds regularly in getting contributions from the same victims many times over.

AN UNCOMFORTABLE BED EVEN FOR A TRAMP.

At one time a fellow made a good revenue by a shrewd trick of putting a crust of bread, the core of an apple, or some similar dainty on the sidewalk or a doorstep — generally the latter — on some of the side streets leading out of Fifth Avenue. Then he would go a hundred feet or so along the street, and when he saw a well-dressed person of either sex he walked just a little in advance with his eyes eagerly scanning the sidewalk

and doorsteps. Suddenly espying the crust or apple-core, he rushed to secure it and crunched it between his teeth with the manner of a man nearly famished. His movements were sure to attract attention, and if the spectator was at all benevolent and unsuspecting the performance was sure to be rewarded. No man or woman of the least susceptibility could allow a human being to be so near starvation.

He kept the business up for years; of late I have not seen him and presume he has retired with a competence, the reward of his industry and genius combined. He always dressed in clothing too small for him, the trousers being fully two inches too short for his nether limbs, and the coat buttoned so closely that it threatened to burst. The garments were threadbare, but always clean, and altogether his make-up was well adapted to his scheme, and his acting was admirable.

Quite recently, when a Fulton Ferry boat from Brooklyn had reached midstream, a tall, stout man who sat near the door in the ladies' cabin suddenly arose and began an address in a deep bass voice. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I have a wife and children at 37 Marion Street, and there has not been a morsel of bread in the house for two days. I am weak and unable to work. For five weeks I was in Bellevue Hospital with a crushed leg. You can see for yourselves."

The man painfully pulled up his right trouser leg and exhibited a muscular calf bound with a new linen bandage from the ankle to the swelling muscle. Then he painfully straightened himself up and drew his hands across his moistened eyes several times, and said with great agitation: "Any lady or gentleman who wants to investigate I will give them my name and address."

His face was seemingly that of an honest man. He was unshaven, but he did not have a dissipated appearance. His clothing was old, worn, and faded, but not tattered. Several of the passengers gave him money as they passed out of the cabin. A gentleman asked him what his name was. "William H. Smith, sir," he promptly replied. "I live at 37 Marion Street."

The gentleman proceeded at once to 37 Marion Street. It

was a small, wooden house. A man who said his name was Lavery opened the door and said his was the only family living in the house, and he indignantly denied all knowledge of any destitute W. H. Smith in the neighborhood. Unquestionably William was an unmitigated fraud.

Another man goes about from office to office in the lower part of the city, and in a very hesitating and shamefaced manner — his eyes glued to the floor for the greater part of the time — he confesses to having been in prison for six months, or possibly a year, and has just been released. The crime for which he was sentenced was breaking a baker's window and stealing a loaf of bread for his children when they were nearly dying of hunger. He wants to lead a better life, and in order to do so he must leave the city; he will go to the country and find employment as a farm hand, and in that new life he will be able to become an honest man, as he will be free from temptation. He has no money to pay his fare, and meekly suggests that perhaps the listener knows some railway official who would give him a pass to his destination, generally mentioning some place easily reached from New York.

TAKING IT EASY. A TRAMP'S NOON HOUR.

The story is well told and very often succeeds in extracting a small sum, twenty-five to fifty cents, from the pocket of the

listener. The alleged prison-bird has never been under lock and key at all, however much he deserves to have been, and his narrative is altogether a pleasing fiction. He does not go to the country, nor does he intend to go there; he has found that the prison and reform story is a very good one for his purpose, and he lives by it. On one occasion, however, he came to grief, and this was the way of it:

He was one day "working" an office where there happened to be calling a gentleman who had heard his tale and contributed to his traveling expenses two or three days before. From behind a screen the visitor recognized the voice and the story and managed to hint to the tenant of the office to detain the fellow a few minutes. The visitor slipped out another way and soon returned with a brawny Irishman who was in his employ and was to go that very afternoon to New Haven by boat. On the way back he gave the Irishman his orders; on reaching the presence of the reforming convict, who had professed his willingness to go anywhere if he could only get a pass or money enough to buy a ticket, the gentleman said:

"Pat, take this gentleman along with you to New Haven, — he wants to go there."

"O! I won't trouble you," said the "gentleman"; "it will be too much bother for you, and I can go just as well by myself."

"No bother at all," was the reply, "on the contrary, it's a great pleasure. Take him along, Pat, or you'll be late for your boat. If he doesn't go quietly, let your boat go and hand him over to the police."

Pat obeyed orders, and the fellow was landed in New Haven much against his will, but he soon brought himself back again to New York. No doubt he was homesick for the great city and its resources, but forever afterwards he shunned the vicinity of the office where he fell into the trap just described.

One of the worst professional beats is the Californian with the wooden leg. His costume usually consists of a closely-buttoned coat and trousers very wide at the bottom. A little black silk necktie is knotted, sailor-fashion, in his shirt-collar;

a soft hat with about a three-inch brim is worn carelessly on his head; he leans heavily on a cane and walks with a decided limp.

He never speaks to anybody who is not looking into a store window. Approaching his victim he says in a soft, drawling voice:

"Excuse me, sir; but are you a stranger in the city?" and no matter what the answer may be he continues: "I am here from California and I have got a wooden leg," — then with his cane he somewhat vigorously taps the "wooden" leg to prove its genuineness, — "and I've been walking around all night and all day on it and haven't got any money, and if you could loan me a small amount to enable me to obtain a night's lodging and a supper I shall be greatly obliged to you. And if you will give me your address, when my sister sends me money I will return it to you."

A TRAMP'S SUNDAY MORNING CHANGE.

If questions are asked he will produce letters to prove his identity, and then will tell how he lost his leg by being bitten by a rattlesnake in Nebraska, on his way east, and show that he came further east to get better surgical assistance, and finally lost almost all of his limb and has had hard luck ever since he left the hospital. Although everything about him indicates that he is what he claims to be, he is a fraud. He has not lost his leg at all. A piece of board tied to his leg sounds very wooden when rapped with his cane. He usually selects persons who look like strangers, and that is the reason why he always

speaks to those who look into store windows. He has boasted of collecting five dollars a day.

The snake dodge seems to be quite popular. Not long ago a colored man was in the habit of hobbling along Sixth Avenue and Fourteenth Street with a small snake skin in one hand, a cigar-box to contain contributions in the other, and a card on his breast containing the following announcement:

"FRIENDS:
THIS IS A RATTLESNAKE WHICH HAD CAUSED ME TO LOSE MY LEG.
I WAS BIT BY HIM IN THE DISMAL SWAMPS OF VIRGINIA.
I HAVE HIM HERE ON EXHIBITION.
ASKING YOU ALL FOR A LITTLE HELP TO GET AN ARTIFICIAL LEG.
JOHN ROE.

When taken into custody he demanded a pistol, that he might not survive the disgrace of his arrest. He said that on losing his leg in the manner mentioned, his neighbors in Virginia raised money to send him to New York to get a cork leg by begging. He is believed to have raised enough to have bought many legs, for the cigar-box he carried was full of coin when he was arrested. As he had been repeatedly warned, he was sent to the Island for three months.

Many business men within a mile of the Post Office are familiar with "Old Aunty." Aunty believes that "it is better to laugh than be sighing," and so she does not descend to the common whining tricks of the ordinary street beggar. She walks into offices, and her queer little nutcracker face breaks into smiling wrinkles under the frill of her old-fashioned cap. She drops a little courtesy, holds out her skinny hand, and says, "God bless you, deary," and when the usual cent is forthcoming, she closes her withered fingers on it, wishes the giver many blessings, and walks out to visit the next man. Rain or shine, morning and night, Old Aunty walks around from one office to another and collects toll everywhere.

There are many men who are superstitious enough to believe that if they meet Aunty in her old calico gown, her little plaid

shawl, and white cap early in the day, give her a penny, and get in return one of those smiles which breaks her quaint face into many seams, success will go with them for the balance of the twenty-four hours.

Old Aunty's name is Connors, and she lives in two rooms at the top of a tenement-house in Rutgers Street, and all the money she gets over and above that needed for her simple wants finds its way across the sea to the "Ould Sod," and lightens the hardships of some of her numberless relatives there. How much she receives in a day is purely a matter of conjecture, but three or four dollars would not be an excessive guess.

A BLIND MAN'S TIN SIGN.

(For the other side see illustration below.)

A blind man is considered by nearly every one a proper object for charity, but many of them are frauds of the worst kind. The tin signs hanging across their breasts, narrating harrowing stories of misfortune, are often gotten up for the occasion and are sometimes painted on both sides, thus giving the beggar two tales to help him along. He displays the side that he thinks will prove the most effective in the locality he happens to be in.

WHAT WAS ON THE OTHER SIDE.

A sandy-mustached blind man who sings plaintive airs all over town has his father as a confederate. The father loiters in a convenient saloon in the neighborhood while the son sings. Superintendent Hebbard of the Charity Organization Society recently found father and son doing a thriving business one Saturday night, and followed

them, when, after stopping at several saloons on the way for refreshments, they took an elevated railway train for their home in Twenty-fifth Street. On the way the son counted the contents of his pocket, and handing them to his father, said:

"There's nine dollars and fifty-seven cents,—pretty good for one day's work, ain't it, popper?"

The pair got off at Twenty-third Street and visited two saloons, where they paid an old score as well as drank. The next time he caught the blind man he threatened him with arrest unless he stopped begging, and cut short his answering protestations that he was starving, by telling him what he had overheard when he counted his day's receipts in the elevated railway train. The impudent beggar was disconcerted at this, and, in a desire to be funny, gave himself quite away by the remark: "That nine dollars and fifty cents wasn't all I made. I knocked down a dollar on the old man."

The foregoing are only a few examples of numerous frauds that are often perpetrated upon old residents of the city; there are many more whose special object is the fleecing of countrymen, either while they are visiting the metropolis or by corresponding with them. The name of these frauds is legion, and the aggregate amount of their revenues is very great.

An old trick that has been exposed in the newspapers time and again, but which is nevertheless often and successfully played, is to accost the stranger as if mistaking him for somebody else, and during the conversation ascertain his name, residence, and business. These are quickly communicated to a confederate, who meets the stranger a block or two further on, having kept him steadily in sight, and promptly "recognizes" him. Perhaps I can best describe the methods of this class of swindlers who are known as "bunco men" or "bunco steerers," by giving my own experience:

I returned to New York one morning by one of the Boston boats, and was walking towards Broadway with satchel in hand, when my hand was suddenly grasped by a man who displayed all the fervor of an old friend. "How do you do, Mr. Johnson?" said he, "I am very glad to see you."

"You've made a mistake, sir," I answered; "my name isn't Johnson."

"What! Isn't this Mr. Johnson, of Syracuse, to whom I sold a bill of goods at our house, Blank, Blank & Company?" naming one of the leading dry-goods houses.

I assured him I was not Mr. Johnson at all, and the fellow humbly begged a thousand pardons, adding that I resembled his friend so closely that he had made a very natural mistake. Then, eyeing me curiously, as if he could hardly believe I was not Mr. Johnson, he asked my name, and I frankly told him I was Mr. Wallace from Concord, New Hampshire, and that I was in the hardware business.

He apologized again and went on, adding, before he left me, that Mr. Johnson was a leading citizen of Syracuse, and in fact one of the prominent men of the western half of the State of New York. I could be proud to have been mistaken for him, and proud I certainly was.

Before I reached Broadway another man rushed at me with the same friendly manner, and, warmly grasping my hand, greeted me as Mr. Wallace of Concord, New Hampshire. He was Mr. Blank of the hardware house of Blank & Blank (a leading one in the city), and remembered my last visit. Was I satisfied with the goods I then bought? Of course I was, and would again honor the firm with my patronage. He rattled on at a great rate, proposed that I should breakfast with him before going to the hotel, and I accepted.

Then he wanted me to step down a side street a few steps, wouldn't take five minutes, to look at a picture he had just bought as a present for his aunt. He knew I had excellent taste in art and wanted my opinion.

By this time we had reached Broadway, and as I was in a hurry to get home I brought the comedy to an end by asking if he had happened to meet my old friend Johnson of Syracuse lately. He did not stop long enough to make an answer.

Had I gone with the scoundrel to see the picture I should have found myself in a pretence of a shop far enough removed from the street to prevent my escaping easily. Then my

money would have been taken from me, by apparently fair means if possible, such as inducing me to buy something that was going very cheap, to lend to my new-found friend or one of his confederates, bet upon a lottery or other game, or do something that would relieve them from the charge of robbery by violence. But if all these methods had failed they would have risked the more serious matter rather than let me leave the house unplucked.

Bunco men do not confine their operations to New York city. They often make tours throughout the country, visiting other cities and plying their vocation at every opportunity. Many a farmer has been victimized by them, and learned by sad experience that a bunco man is a smooth and crafty villain.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"UP THE SPOUT"—PAWN-BROKERS AND THEIR WAYS—A VISIT TO THE SHOP OF "MY UNCLE"—PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

"My Uncle"—A Cold-Blooded Friendship—Royal Pawners—Buried Treasure—A Sharp Lot—Slang of the Trade—Putting a Watch "in Soak"—The Three Gold Balls of the Pawnbroker's Sign—An Anxious Customer—A Cautious Tradesman—How a Sharper Got the Better of his "Uncle"—The "Office"—A Heart-Hardening Trade—Making a Raise—How I Pawned my Watch—A Friend in Need—Simon's Indignation—A Sudden Fall in Values—Suspected of Knavery—Pawning Stolen Goods—Police Regulations—Selling Unredeemed Pledges—What the "Spout" is—"Hanging Up"—One Way of Selling Goods—Fraudulent Pawning—Tales that Pledges Might Unfold—From Affluence to the Potter's Field—Drink the Mainspring of the Pawnbroker's Success.

IF the history of every human life could be told, what surprising revelations would be made. If a list was published of the thousands of men and women who have at one time or other in their lives sought acquaintance with that interesting individual the pawnbroker, sometimes known as "My Uncle," names now high in the social, political, and business worlds would be found in it, and society would stand aghast. Few there are who are willing to admit the fact that "my uncle" once stood to them in the relation of a "friend" in time of sore distress, though it must be confessed that his friendship was purely cold-blooded and measured solely by "per shent" and "peezeness." It is a constant tendency of human nature to kick over the ladder that has helped us upward—to ignore the plank that has bridged a disagreeable stream.

Occasionally a person in the high tide of prosperity is willing to admit that the pawnbroker once upon a time rendered valuable assistance to him. A widely known and prosperous actor, now blessed with an ample fortune, in writing the remi-

niscences of his career, speaks of the first gold watch he ever owned. It was bought out of the profits of a remarkably successful tour, and it became a valued friend. "But," he says, "friends must occasionally be separated, and there were certain periods of adversity when my watch and I were compelled to stay apart. When good times came again we were reunited, and our intimacy continued for many years."

Many a watch or other valuable article of use or luxury has had a similar experience. Men whose lives are chequered sometimes provide themselves, in times of prosperity, with something easily portable and of considerable value, for the avowed purpose of "spouting" when adversity overtakes them. Gamblers are particularly addicted to this practice, and their proneness to diamonds, high-priced watches, and heavy chains is well known. Apart from the question of personal adornment these gentry have a practical reason for thus investing their "earnings" in articles that may be convenient "collaterals" whenever fickle Fortune frowns upon their owners.

History records that even monarchs have pawned in their day, and curious matters have come therefrom. Charles the Bold, when in the Netherlands, pawned a diamond noted as being the largest in Europe. Some time afterwards he found himself in funds, and sent a page with money to redeem the diamond. On his way home with it the page met with the misfortune of being murdered; upon hearing which Charles ordered the boy's body to be carefully preserved until he could see it. On his arrival at the scene of the assassination Charles ordered the body to be cut open, and the diamond was found securely hidden away in a snug corner of the viscera.

Pawnbrokers are not all Hebrews, though the pawnbroking business is generally supposed to be entirely in Hebrew hands. But whatever they may be, they are good judges of values of articles offered to them; and the man that cheats a pawnbroker must get up very early in the morning.

Some time ago, desiring personal experience with a pawnbroker, I concluded that a spare watch would be just the thing to put "in soak," so I proceeded "to make a raise" for the

largest possible sum on the aforesaid watch. On pawnbroking thoughts intent I wended my way to the Bowery, which can boast of far more "lenders upon personal collaterals" than any other part of the city. The familiar sign of three gilded balls hung over the door. Somebody has humorously said that these balls mean "it's two to one that you never come back to redeem your pledge." The fact is that the three balls were the armorial bearings of the celebrated family of the Medici in Italy, who became very rich through lending money on pledges several hundred years ago. Probably very few pawnbrokers know the real origin of the sign of their trade.

A TYPICAL PAWNSHOP

As I entered the establishment a woman was at the counter anxiously watching every expression that flitted across the countenance of a spectacled Hebrew who was closely examining some silver spoons which appeared to be very old and were no doubt an heirloom in the woman's family. Her nervous manner and the pinched look on her face showed plainly enough that sheer want had driven her to seek for a loan at the pawnbroker's, and she impatiently waited the estimate of the sharp-nosed man on the other side of the counter.

He examined the spoons with great care, and was apparently so absorbed that he seemed unaware of my entrance. He bent one of the spoons, touched it with acid, weighed it, and afterwards weighed the entire dozen, rang them on the counter, and did other things that satisfied him of the genuineness of the metal. One might think that the old-fashioned character of the spoons and the appearance of honest poverty of the woman who offered them would be a sufficient guarantee of their genuineness, but the pawnbroker takes nothing for granted.

Years ago, one of the best known and most successful pawnbrokers in New York was neatly swindled by a man who brought a magnificent diamond ring on which he wanted a loan. The usual tests were applied, the diamond proved to be genuine, and a loan was made upon it; the stone was a fine one, worth, perhaps, a thousand dollars. The loan was made about the twentieth of the month, and the man said he would redeem his pledge on the first of the following month, which he did.

On the twentieth he appeared again with the ring and wanted another loan till the first of the following month. The tests were applied again, everything was all right, and the loan was made.

Month after month the same thing was done, and the pawnbroker at last regarded the man as a regular customer and a very good one, too, as he proved a source of constant revenue. After a while the dealer took the ring without testing the stone; he had become so familiar with its appearance and that of the customer, that he considered the test unnecessary. Finally the usual day for redemption came around, but the customer did not appear.

On the third day afterwards the pawnbroker began to suspect that something was wrong. He took out the ring and carefully examined it. To his utter dismay he found that though the setting was precisely the same, the stone was a false one, resembling in size, shape, and cutting the original from which it had been faithfully copied. The man never came again, and the pawnbroker learned a lesson which has never been forgotten by him or his descendants.

While waiting my turn I glanced around the shop. One side of the room was occupied by a long counter. The other side was filled with rows of shelves and pigeon-holes that overflowed with mechanics' tools, musical instruments, clocks, guns, pistols, swords, drums, boots, shoes, work-boxes,—a complete museum. At the farther end of the room an iron door opened into a large vault built entirely of iron and lit with gas. Near it was a small space enclosed by an iron railing, and over the door the word "Office" was conspicuously displayed. Around the sides of the vault, which could easily be seen through the railing, were small shallow drawers, similar to those seen in a jeweler's safe. In these drawers were placed diamonds and other precious stones, set and unset; hundreds of watches, both gold and silver, on which sums varying from one dollar to one hundred dollars each had been lent. Other drawers contained finger-rings, bracelets, ear-rings, and almost every known article of jewelry and personal adornment, while the bundles on the floor consisted of silver cups, ladles, forks, and scores of dozens of silver spoons.

Above was another room in which was stored all kinds of furniture and clothing of every description. Here were relics of better days; odd mementoes of far-away lands beyond the sea; articles of domestic use of all sorts—sometimes unmentionable—for all is fish that comes to a pawnbroker's net if only it have a market value, or if there is in his opinion a reasonable prospect of ultimate redemption. Hardly an article is offered upon which the pawnbroker is not begged to advance more; but his trade hardens him, and he invariably decides in accordance with what he considers his own interests. He sees before him all day long and all the year round the improvident, the reckless, the vicious, and the victims of unutterable misfortune.

To return to the woman with the spoons. The pawnbroker stated the amount he was willing to loan upon the property, and though the woman pleaded hard for more he coldly answered that it was all that he could afford. With a sigh she accepted the offer, the pawn-ticket was filled out, the

money was carefully counted and handed over, and the sad-eyed woman drew a veil over her face and walked out of the place.

My turn had come, and I stepped forward to the counter as the dealer looked with inquiring eyes in my direction. Extending his hand he grasped mine and gave it a hearty shake, his wrinkled face wreathed in smiles. It was an old and cunning face, and his shiny bald head seemed to make his beady eyes unnaturally bright as they peered from under shaggy brows.

"My frent, vot can I do for you?" he said.

I humbly made known my request, at the same time producing my watch. He took it in his hand, picked up a strong magnifying-glass, which he directed upon the works, and carefully scanned the movement. Then he examined the case, touched it with acid by means of a bottle with a pointed stopper of glass, critically inspected the marks on the inside of the case, and said with a deep sigh,—

"How much you vant, eh?"

"Well, I would like fifty dollars."

"Feefty tollars," he exclaimed wildly, "Vot! on dis ole vatch? My frent, vot for you plackguard me. I loan you feefteen tollars und no more."

"But that is a fine watch and only three years ago it cost me two hundred and—"

"You tink I am a fool alretty, eh? You vant to sheat und rooin me, is it? I sells you a petter vatch as dot for feefty dollars. You see dose movements, eh? Look. Dot is an ole vatch gone to pieces alretty, und I could not so much as get more as forty tollars for dot same vatch, dot ish a fact," and he gave the watch a contemptuous toss to one side.

"Loan me thirty," I begged, with all the pathos I could muster in voice and manner, "and I will try and get along."

"My frent, I vant to help you, und I would neffer sheat you, don't you pelieve it, und vot I tell you shall be zacred. I tell you vot I do. I gif you twenty tollars, und so sure as my name is Simon Levy dot is shoost vot dot vatch is vorth."

"No, I'll go somewhere else," I slowly said, with a perceptible tremor in my voice as I picked up the watch and started for the door.

"Holt on, my frent," said Simon, "holt on a leetle; don't go avay. I vill do petter py you as anypody in de peezeness. I haf been transacting peezeness for dese forty years. Look," he said, as he waved his skinny hand toward the crowded shelves. "You see dose packages, from fine shentlemans und ladies shoost like you, do you tink dey would drade mit Simon Levy if he sheated? I tell you vot I do, und some day you shall say dot same Simon Levy vos indeet your frent. H-s-h-." He glanced around the room to see that no one was within hearing, and, putting both hands to his mouth, and his mouth close to my ear, he said in a confidential whisper:

"You shall haf twenty-five, but don't gif it avay," and with a patronizing slap on my back, he added, "und remember dot Simon Levy is alvays your frent."

I accepted his offer, but before closing the business he asked who I was and how long I had had the watch. He did not wish to run a chance of buying stolen property, and run the risk of losing it with the amount he had lent upon it. He had already studied me carefully and no doubt concluded that I was an honest man; by means of letters in my pocket I was able to prove my identity and my place of residence. He was satisfied, and the transaction was soon completed.

Among the one hundred and ten licensed pawnbrokers in New York city there is a fair proportion who take pains to prevent lending money upon stolen goods. The reputable men in the trade will not lend money to suspicious persons, and if anything is offered that they have reason to believe or suspect has been stolen, they notify the police at once. Important arrests have thus been made through pawnbrokers, stolen goods recovered, and the thieves sent to prison.

Police captains have the legal right to examine the books of all pawnbrokers when seeking to trace stolen property, and if it is found in their possession, they must give it up on the order of a police magistrate. Pending the trial of the persons

accused of stealing, the pawned articles are in the custody of the property-clerk at Police Headquarters; if the owner does not prosecute, or if there is no conviction, the property goes back to the pawnbroker, and the owner cannot recover it without paying the amount of the loan with interest. But if the thief is convicted, and the ownership of the property proven, the pawnbroker is "out" to the amount of his loan and all charges upon it. Hence comes much of the reluctance of pawnbrokers to deal with suspicious persons.

The pawnbroker is forbidden by law to ask or receive a greater rate of interest, on amounts less than one hundred dollars, than three per cent. a month for the first six months and two per cent. for succeeding months. Where the amount loaned exceeds one hundred dollars he may receive only two per cent. a month for the first six months and one per cent. monthly for succeeding months. He is required to keep every article not less than one year before selling it, and must sell everything by auction, which must be advertised in the daily papers and conducted by a licensed auctioneer. The law forbids him to buy on his own account articles that have been pawned to him, but this provision of the law can be — and is — evaded by his getting a friend to make the purchase for him.

A few days later I went back to the pawnshop and redeemed the watch I had pledged. I paid three per cent. for the loan, the law making no account of fractions of a month; whether one redeems in one day or one month the charge is the same, and if the time runs over a single day into the second month the charge is the same as for two months.

If I had not redeemed the watch, Simon would have kept it a year and then sold it at auction; and quite likely, as he is no doubt an honest man for a pawnbroker, he would have obtained seventy-five dollars for it at a fairly conducted sale. He would have had his loan back with interest, and much more besides.

By a recent law of the State of New York the surplus remaining after the payment of the loan and interest belongs to the owner of the goods, and not to the lender. In practice it

usually falls into the hands of the lender, and stays there, as the general public is ignorant of the law, and the broker does not take much trouble to hunt up his creditors. The law in regard to keeping the articles a full year before selling them is very strict, though it is sometimes violated.

Every person carrying on the business of a pawnbroker must pay five hundred dollars for a license, and give bonds for ten thousand dollars that he will conduct his operations in conformity with the law. But there are many men who conduct a pawnbroking business in defiance of the law, or rather by an evasion of it.

The "spout" exists in the offices of most pawnbrokers, and is simply a spout or dumb-waiter leading to an upper room where the pawned goods of bulk are stored. My watch did not literally go "up the spout," but into Simon's safe; but if I had pawned my overcoat or suit of clothes I would have seen the bundle disappear in the dumb-waiter after being duly marked and labeled.

Ladies' dresses are "hung up," as they would be injured by folding. Hence arises the slang term of "hung up" for an article that has been pledged at the pawnbroker's. In the case of articles that are really and literally hung up a small charge is made for the extra care required.

An exorbitant rate of interest is charged, probably because the great majority of loans are in small sums, most of them less than five dollars. Suppose one borrows two dollars on an article left with a pawnbroker, and has the use of the money for a month. The dealer must issue a ticket, label the article, and place it where it can be found at a moment's notice whenever the owner calls to redeem it, and all the dealer gets for his trouble and the use of his money is six cents! And if the loan has been one dollar instead of two, he has the same amount of trouble, all for three cents. If he ventures to charge more, except for a dress or other things that must be "hung up" as already described, or for tar-paper in which to protect woolen goods from moths, he is liable to lose the license for which he has paid five hundred dollars.

When it comes to the loan of large sums, the case is different, as the law fixes a lower rate of interest.

There is a practice quite common among small dealers in jewelry and precious stones, of pledging their goods with pawnbrokers and selling them while thus deposited. The transaction is made by selling the pawn ticket and with it an order for the delivery of the goods on payment of the loan. In some of the daily papers almost any morning one will see offers of pawn-tickets for watches, jewelry, and the like, for sale. The holder of the ticket will probably ask about the face value of the ticket in cash; as the amount of the loan is supposed to be less than half the value of the goods, there is a fair margin for profit at this rate.

In transactions of this sort there is danger of the pawnbroker being dishonest, and in a conspiracy which has cheating for its object. The fellow-conspirator with the pawnbroker pledges jewelry to the nominal value of two hundred dollars, and receives a pawn-ticket saying that the amount of the loan is seventy-five dollars. He sells it to me for an advance, say, of seventy-five dollars, and I go to the broker's and redeem the goods. They have cost me altogether one hundred and fifty dollars, besides the interest on the loan.

When it is too late to help myself I discover that the precious metal is brass instead of gold, and the jewels not genuine. If I go to the pawnbroker, he expresses great surprise and denounces the other man for having swindled him, and if I press the matter, he will quite likely accuse me of having changed the goods with an intention to defraud. I am practically helpless, as I cannot prove any intentional deceit on the broker's part.

If the articles in a pawn-shop could speak, what stories of suffering and sorrow they could tell. Hard times come upon men and women, and a visit to the pawnbroker often becomes a necessity to keep the wolf from the door, or pay the demands of an inexorable landlord. Some article that can best be spared is taken from the scanty store and pledged with the pawnbroker, nearly always with a hope of its speedy redemption. It

may be an heirloom in the family, or a souvenir of early love, or something around which many tender associations are clustered. Tears are shed as it disappears "up the spout," but the tears are lessened by the expectation that the cherished pledge will soon return to its place. Alas! too often redemption is impossible, and something else must be pawned to avert starvation.

And so the sad story goes on and on till at last there is nothing left which the pawnbroker will receive. The end is near; house, home, possessions are gone, and the street, the poorhouse, and finally the pauper's grave write "Finis" to the tale.

That the pawn-shop has its legitimate uses, and that it has been of material service to individuals in times of distress, cannot be questioned. The evil consists mainly in the abuses of the system, and our legislators have wisely sought to so regulate the business as to reduce these abuses to a minimum, rather than try to suppress the pawn-shop altogether. The abuses come partly from the pawnbroker and partly from his patrons; it has been shown how the dishonest pawnbroker may serve as a screen for thieves and facilitate crime, — a charge from which the honest and law-abiding lender is free.

With a great part of the public the pawn-shop encourages improvident habits by making borrowing easy, and in nine cases out of ten the way to the dram-house lies through the pawnbroker's. Take from the pawnbroker's business all the money that his patrons spend for drink, and the sign of the three gilded balls would disappear from more than half the shops that now display them, for the simple reason that my numerous "uncles" would be without patronage.

CHAPTER XXXII.

STREET VENDERS AND SIDEWALK MERCHANTS — HOW SKIN GAMES AND PETTY SWINDLES ARE PLAYED — "BEATIN' THE ANGELS FOR LYIN'."

Dirty Jake — A Silent Appeal — A Melancholy Face — Three Dollars a Day for Lungs and Tongue — Stickfast's Glue — A Windy Trade — A Couple of Rogues — Spreading Dismay and Consternation — Partners in Sin — Sly Confederates in the Crowd — How to Sell Kindling-Wood — A Mean Trick and How it is Played — A Skin Game in Soap — Frail Human Nature — Petty Swindles — Drawing a Crowd — "The Great Chain-Lightnin' Double-Refined, Centennial, Night-Bloomin' Serious Soap" — Spoiling Thirteen Thousand Coats — The Patent Grease-Eradicator — Inspiring Confidence — "Beatin' the Angels for Lyin'" — A Sleight of Hand Performance — "They Looks Well, an' They're Cheap — How City Jays are Swindled and Hayseeds from the Country Fleeced.

AN interesting feature of metropolitan life is the army of street venders of many names and kinds to be met on every hand. A stroll along Broadway or the Bowery or in the vicinity of City Hall brings to view many of these itinerant merchants, who literally swarm in some portions of the city and manage to make a living out of the public. And some of them make a very good living too.

I remember a peddler of pocket-cutlery who every evening used to haunt the corridors of hotels, and stroll through beer-saloons, barrooms, and other places open to the public. He was known as "Jake" and was of German origin; sometimes he was called "Dutch Jake" and sometimes "Dirty Jake," — the former appellation having reference to his nationality and the latter to his personal appearance. He was very melancholy of visage; he never asked you to purchase his wares; but the silent appeal of his beseeching look, his unwashed face and uncombed hair, his sad physiognomy, and his threadbare clothing, as he stood speechless in front of a possible patron, and

displayed a soiled roll of leather holding two or three dozen pocket-knives and scissors of all sizes and kinds, was enough to melt any heart not absolutely adamantine.

Many a time Jake has unrolled his leather case beneath my nose and held it there without saying a word; if I paid no attention to him he rolled it up in a minute or so and with a deep sigh walked slowly away. If I showed an interest in his misfortune and asked the price of the knives there was a gleam of sunshine across his face that seemed to say he was about to be saved from starvation. If I bought a knife or a pair of scissors he was somehow never able to make change, as he hadn't a cent about him; when he received his money he thanked me stolidly, and the fervor with which he grasped the coin convinced me that I had performed an act of real charity to a deserving man who was too proud to beg, and had only a slender stock in trade with which to support himself and possibly a suffering family of children. Often out of a feeling of commiseration for poor Jake, my friends and I have bought things we did not want, and consequently we have more than once had an overstock of knives and scissors.

One day a case came before the courts in which a supposed rich man, who lived with his wife at a fashionable hotel, had sought to defraud a money-lender out of several thousand dollars. The money-lender proved to be no other than "Dirty Jake" of the sorrowful countenance and threadbare clothes, and it transpired that he had made a great deal of money by peddling knives and scissors in the manner described. His days were devoted to negotiating loans at high rates of interest and his evenings to peddling his wares and securing customers by his abject manner and deceptive appearance of great poverty and utter despair.

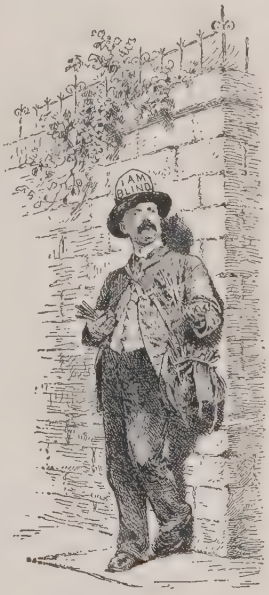
Jake is by no means a solitary example of the thriving peddlers who haunt the streets of New York and secure patronage through sympathy. There are beggars of all kinds who solicit alms under very thin disguises of commerce, and some of them live in a style often surpassing that of the persons who contribute to their support.

On Fourteenth Street there has been on pleasant afternoons for many years a gray-bearded man who exhibits a model of a ship tossing on model waves,—and very poor models of ship and waves they are. On the box that supports the glass case containing these nautical curiosities is a placard announcing that the ship is "the work of a poor sailor." The inference is plain enough that the "poor sailor" is the old, gray-bearded, weather-beaten, and nautically apparelled man in charge of the exhibit. A tin cup on the box receives contributions, and many are the pennies and nickels that find their way into it. It is said that the money thus received pays the rent of a comfortable apartment in a building in a respectable quarter, and also supports a family of three persons in comfort and even luxury. Not a stroke of work is done by any member of the family. The daily receipts of the tin cup of the "poor sailor" enable the family to keep two servants, and the wife and daughter of the exhibitor (who is neither sailor nor model-builder) are good patrons of fashionable stores.

THE OLD CANDY WOMAN.

Street merchants are more numerous in the lower part of the city than in the residence portion, though they are by no means unknown in any quarter. Many of them often stick to their trade from year to year. One old candy woman has for years taken up her quarters in close proximity to one of the public schools where she patiently sits day after day, beneath an old umbrella hung over the fence.

The lowest grade of street merchants deal in shoe-strings, which they carry in large bundles across their arms or hung by hundreds about their necks. Shoe-string peddlers are mostly of Hebrew origin and it is not unlikely that they make a large return for their industry. Of the same nationality are the peddlers of combs and collar-buttons, whose stock in trade is carried in a small basket or tray usually suspended by straps passing around the neck. The collar-button peddler is often a very convenient merchant for the ordinary citizen to encounter; for these little indispensable articles of personal use are constantly breaking or rolling out of sight, and when wanted are very much wanted indeed; and many a man can testify that the collar-button merchant has often relieved embarrassment of this sort for a very small pecuniary consideration.



"PENCILS?"

Side by side with a blind man who sells pencils and is almost literally covered with them, is the vender of a little instrument for threading needles, who has been over twenty years in this business, to my knowledge, and always in the region around the Post Office and City Hall. The best evidence that he has made it pay is the fact that he has spent nearly a lifetime in following his humble occupation.

Not far away is a song-vender, who sells sheets of songs of the most recent date. Iron fences in front of churches or elsewhere are often utilized by these sidewalk music-dealers, who stretch strings along them on which hundreds of printed songs are fastened by clothes-pins. In the upper part of the city numerous Italian girls decked in raiment of many colors carry small baskets full of notions and trinkets through the streets and look with beseeching eyes at every passer-by.

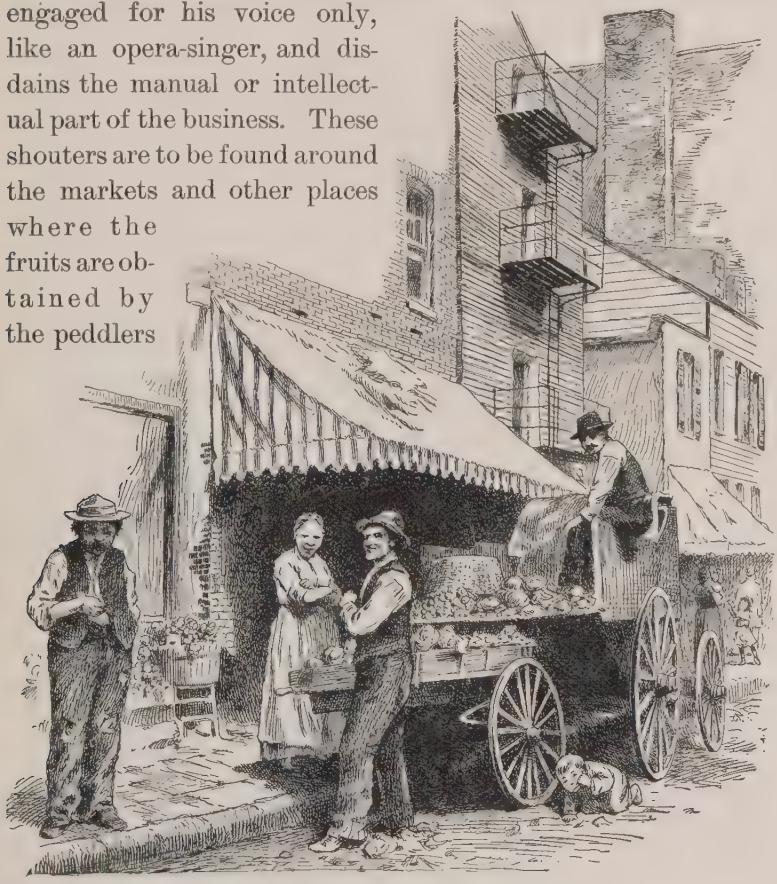
The tooth-powder man is a curiosity. Standing on a street corner he vociferously offers to polish free of charge the teeth of any boy who wishes to be made dentally presentable. There is generally no lack of candidates, and when one offers himself as a sacrifice his teeth are turned from black or yellow to pearly white in an astonishingly short time, by using a brush covered with a white powder. The tooth-powder artist scrubs the teeth of his candidates much as he would polish a boot, and without any regard to the comfort of the patient during the operation. He convinces his patrons that there is nothing injurious in his compound by taking a spoonful of it in his own mouth and allowing it to dissolve there. Exactly what the preparation is, no one can say positively; but that it is a powerful acid is very evident from its prompt action in removing discoloration from the teeth.

AN ITALIAN NOTION PEDDLER.

One of the most interesting class of peddlers are the venders of fruits and vegetables in their season, most of whom have a peculiar way of effecting sales. A makeshift of a wagon is loaded with oranges, apples, strawberries, melons, lemons, or any fruit or vegetable that happens to be abundant; and the driver, who must first procure a license from the proper city authorities, proceeds to patrol the cheap residence streets. Before doing so he engages a "shouter," as he is technically called, a fellow with stentorian lungs, who is capable of making himself audible for an incredibly long distance.

While the driver directs his animal — usually nothing but skin and bones — at a slow pace, the shouter proclaims the

wares that are for sale. Sometimes the shouter aids the driver in selling his goods and making change, while at others he is engaged for his voice only, like an opera-singer, and disdains the manual or intellectual part of the business. These shouters are to be found around the markets and other places where the fruits are obtained by the peddlers



A FRUIT VENDER AND HIS "SHOUTER."

before starting on their rounds, and their wages vary from one to two or even three dollars a day, according to length of service and power of lungs.

The shouter also exercises his abilities by selling "extra" editions of the newspapers in the evening. Half a dozen shouters, each with a quantity of extras under his arm, start up town from Union Square at seven or eight o'clock in the evening, and make noise enough to drown all other street sounds. All that can be distinguished is: "Ex-trah! Ex-trah! Yere's yer

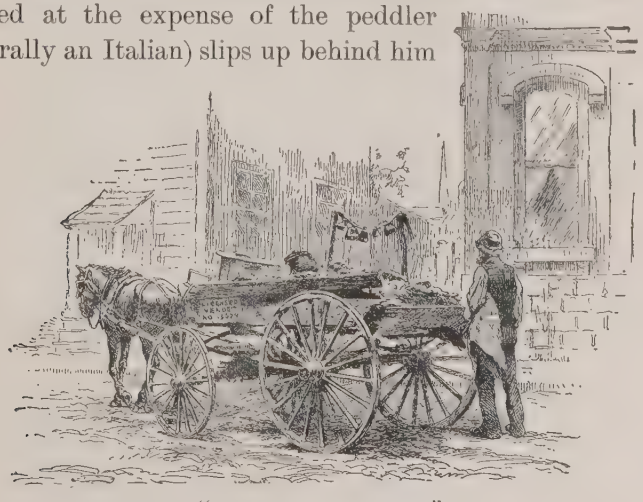
extree evening paper! Great wow-wow-wow-wow!" It is impossible to guess what has happened, and it is not the shouter's business to let you know until you have bought the paper. That something terrible has occurred is certain, and you rush to buy the extra containing the frightful intelligence. You open it nervously, and find that the Clamshells have beaten the Lobsters at baseball, or the racehorse Mudlark has outrun his rival, Foghorn, by half a neck. The retreating form of the shouter is already far away.

There are peddlers who dispense cologne water of a wretched quality; it is water with a little odorous extract in it to give a perfume, and possibly the stopper of the bottle has been dipped in genuine cologne to give a good smell. There are peddlers of court-plaster and of clothes-hooks; Italian boys with pretzels strung on long poles; and there are several corners where one may find men selling small bookcases made by stringing three or four shelves upon wires. The shoe-blacking man has a section of a freshly-polished boot that reflects every object near it, and the dealer in stove-polish has a piece of iron that shines with the lustre of a newly-cast piece of bronze. Near him is a man whose stock in trade is one of the numerous preparations for mending broken china, and he exhibits a broken and mended plate or saucer suspended in a frame, with a weight of five or ten pounds hung to the lower half, to show that the two sections cannot be pulled apart.

PRETZEL SELLERS.

The "cash paid for rags" man may be found throughout the tenement-house districts, though he is by no means unknown in more fashionable localities. He is a formidable rival of the shouter in strength of lungs.

The dealer in toy balloons is not far away; the balloons are from six to twelve inches in diameter and inflated with gas. Occasionally a reckless fellow who is apparently willing to be amused at the expense of the peddler (generally an Italian) slips up behind him



"CASH PAID FOR RAGS."

and slyly cuts the strings of the balloons. Away they soar heavenward, and the frantic sufferer fills the air with bitter laments and impious imprecations. A crowd quickly assembles, and the sympathetic spectators show their pity for the unfortunate Italian by contributing a sufficient amount of money to pay for his lost stock in trade, and very often they leave him something more. The excitement is soon over, and the grateful balloon-merchant leaves ostensibly to buy new stock. If we follow him closely for a few minutes we shall quite likely find him around the corner, chatting familiarly and dividing the proceeds with the man who cut the strings; and only then do we realize that the whole affair was a "put-up job." So, too, is the trick of the dealer in plaster images, whose stand is upset by a drunken ruffian who staggers away quite oblivious of the ruin he has wrought, to the great dismay and

consternation of the poor dealer in works of art. The ruffian and dealer are in partnership, and this method of disposing of the frail plaster is quicker and far more lucrative than the old way of selling it piece by piece to legitimate purchasers.

Another trick of street trade is often successfully carried out by street dealers in kindling-wood. The time chosen for its execution is usually early evening, and a side street up town is the place generally selected. Paterfamilias — who possibly has just finished dinner — hears a tremendous shouting in the street in front of his house, and rushes to the window to see what dreadful thing has happened.

Two men with a load of kindling-wood in a wagon are in the middle of the street. Their horse has fallen to the ground and is evidently unable to rise. The men hold a solemn consultation, and then one of them approaches the house slowly and timidly rings the bell. He explains that he and his friend had a load of kindling-wood to deliver in the next street, for which they were to collect two dollars. The horse is old and very weak and was suddenly taken sick; he cannot possibly draw the load, and if they succeed in getting him to his feet they will be fortunate if they can induce him to pull an empty wagon. As for the loaded one, it is quite beyond his strength. Under these circumstances Paterfamilias is asked to buy the kindling-wood as an act of charity for a suffering animal and a perplexed driver, so that the men can return to their employer with the money. To assure Paterfamilias of the correctness of this plausible story, a bill for the kindling-wood is shown, and his careful attention is called to the words "Collect $2.00."

So he buys the wood, though he did not really want it; he has storage-room in his cellar, and the wood is speedily dumped through the coal-hole in the sidewalk. When he looks at the wood next morning, he finds that it would have been dear at half the price paid for it. He soberly mentions the circumstance to a friend, who consoles him by laughing at the way he has been taken in by "the kindling-wood trick." Yes, it is a melancholy fact that he was the victim of the worst and meanest kind of a swindle, because it was perpetrated in the name of

kindness to men or animals, or both. It may be a slight consolation to Paterfamilias to know that many another old resident has suffered by the same fraud.

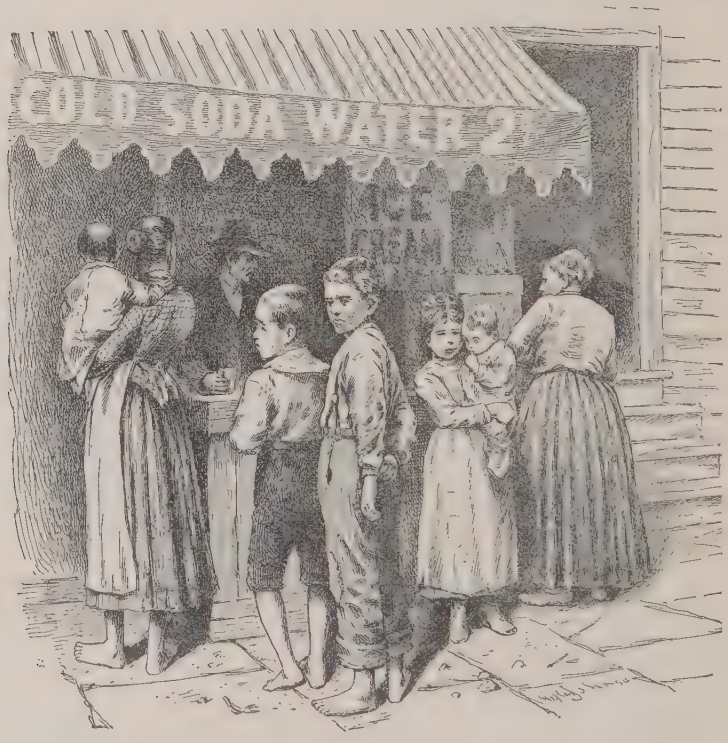
Another swindler who plays upon the cupidity of mankind, rather than upon their good nature, is the man who offers to

MAKING A CAREFUL SELECTION. SCENE AT A SIDEWALK MARKET.

sell four boxes of soap for a dollar each. To convince spectators that the purchase will be a profitable one, he actually puts a ten-dollar bill in one box, a five-dollar bill in the second, and a two-dollar bill in the third. In the fourth box there is nothing but the cake of soap, and very poor soap at that.

Now he tells his listeners that for one dollar they can draw any one of the boxes; whereupon, after some hesitation, a man who is apparently a stranger, but who is in reality a confederate, steps forward, pays his dollar, and of course he draws one of the boxes containing money, either two or five dollars. The

other money boxes remain, and also the blank one. Confidence is soon inspired in the crowd of onlookers; and an unsuspecting and bona fide purchaser, who has all the time closely watched the proceedings and is quite certain that he has a "sure thing," now tries his hand. But somehow he always finds a blank in



A FAVORITE PLACE FOR STREET CHILDREN. "COLD SODA WATER 2 CENTS—ICE CREAM 1 CENT."

his box, and should he draw a score of times in succession, his luck will always be the same. It is a "skin" game successfully executed by a skillful performance of sleight-of-hand, aided by confederates who do everything in their power to confuse the unlucky buyer.

The man who dispenses soda water at two cents a glass and ice cream at one cent a plate is sure of liberal patronage from gamins and newsboys, a crowd of whom may generally be found about the vender's stand.

The street peddler not far off, who deals in figs and dates, and who is equipped with a handcart and a large stock of tempting fruit, is evidently a facetious fellow, for he has labeled one of his packages with the words, "Latest Dates from Constantinople." He is waggish, but he nevertheless has a won

CURBSTONE DRY-GOODS MERCHANTS.

derfully sharp eye for business, and abundance of nerve, too. As one stands a dozen yards away he reads on a placard, "Only 15 Cents A Pound." The unsuspecting customer, tempted by the quality of the fruit and the low price, approaches nearer and buys a pound, for which he is charged thirty cents instead of fifteen. Indignantly he calls the dealer's attention to the mistake, and by way of emphasizing his remarks he points to the placard on which the price is stated. Alas! A close inspection reveals the figures "½" immediately following the capital A. The letters and figures forming the placard, as first read, are fully three inches in height, while the "½" is not over half an inch, and is never noticed by the hasty purchaser.

Sidewalk venders of cheap clothing and dry-goods abound in the lower part of the city. Some of them do a legitimate business, though as a rule the curbstone merchant will bear watching.

The street vender has a good knowledge of human nature, and very often he does not hold his fellow-men in high esteem. Some people think he relies upon the stranger for the most of his patronage, but if you talk with one of them, after getting into his confidence, he will very likely tell you such is not the case.

"The city's full of muffs," said one of these fellows recently when I "interviewed" him. "Talk about the hayseeds from the country!" he continued; "the city jay is the readiest of 'em all to be gulled. There's men standin' round on every corner, or passin' along by here every minute, just waitin' for somebody like me to come along and sell 'em anything. Nobody need starve in New York if he's got any grit about him, I can tell you that. Let me tell you what I did.

"One day last week I went in to play policy just for the fun of the thing, you know, and when I come out of the place, kind of dazed like, I had just twenty cents left; everything else was gone, and I wondered for a minute what on earth I'd do. It didn't take me more'n a minute, though, to make up my mind.

"I went into the fust grocery I come across and bought two cakes of common laundry soap and three cents worth of blue tissue paper. I borrowed a knife and cut up my soap into thin slices, and wrapped each slice up nice and tidy-like, as though it had been done in a big shop. Then I went down on the Bowery jest as men were comin' out for their hour at noon, and grabbed hold of the fust one I see with grease on his coat-collar, and I didn't have to wait long to find him, you bet. I told him I'd clean his coat up nice for nothin' if he'd only give me five minutes. Well, sir, before the five minutes was up I had a big crowd around me, and I did his coat up so's you couldn't see a bit of grease on it; 'twas jest as clean as though it had come spick and span new from the tailor's. Perhaps

you don't know, but you can wet a grease-spot and it won't show for two hours or so; only if you give it time to dry it'll be out again about as plain as ever.

"When I got the feller's coat fixed all right I turned to the crowd, and says, says I,—

"Here yer are, gents, yer see what the great chain-lightnin', double-refined, centennial, night-bloomin' serious soap will do. Invented by a Frenchman who spent twenty years findin' out what it ought to be made of, and spoiled thirteen thousand coats before he hit it exactly right. A British syndicate's been after the secret and offered him ten thousand pounds cash down and no back talk for the rights for New York city, but he refused it, and him and me's in partnership for two years, and nobody else hasn't any right to sell it.

"Here yer are, the great patent grease-eradicator, make a coat or carpet as good as new, and all in five minutes with a twist of your wrist that anybody as only to try to find out he can do it. Only twenty-five cents a cake, gents, and will save you five dollars in havin' your clothes cleaned and made good as new, no matter if they's a dozen years old.

"Well, sir, I kept right on talkin' in that style, sayin' anything that come into my head and jest beatin' the angels for lyin'. In less than half an hour I'd sold out my whole stock and made eight dollars and a half, and back I went to the grocery and got more soap, and was sellin' it like hot cakes when a cop took me up fur sellin' without a license. I let him start off with me, and a big crowd a follerin', and then I hauled my license on him and he let me go. I've worked the soap racket pretty well out jest now, and I am goin' into the cheap pocketbook and pencil line. The pocketbooks look fust-rate and they sells well, and d'yer know why?"

I acknowledged my ignorance and asked to be enlightened.

"They look well and they're cheap, and that's what catches the gulls," said the vender. "I tell you everybody likes to be humbugged, though there ain't many as'll acknowledge it."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

GAMBLERS AND GAMBLING — A MIDNIGHT VISIT TO GAMBLING-HOUSES OF HIGH AND LOW DEGREE — A GLIMPSE BEHIND THE SCENES.

A Flourishing Evil — A Night Visit to a Fashionable Gambling-House — How Entrance is Gained — "All Right, Charley" — Magnificent Midnight Suppers — Midnight Scenes — Who Pays the Bills? — A Secret Understanding — One Hundred and Eighteen Thousand Dollars Lost in Eight Hours — Dissipating a Fortune — Buried in a Pauper's Grave — "Square" Games and "Skin" Games — Fleecing a Victim at Faro — How it is Done — Ingenuity of Sharpers — Drugged and Robbed — "Dead Men Tell no Tales" — A Tale that the Rivers Might Unfold — A Club-House with Unknown Members — The Downfall of Hundreds of Young Men — Why Employers are Robbed — An Interesting Photograph — A "Full Night" — Gambling-Houses for Boys — Confidence Men — "Sleepers" — Low Gambling-Houses — "Lookouts" — "Every Man for Himself" — Enormous Sums Lost.

IN spite of all the laws that have been made against it, gambling in various forms continues to flourish in the great city.

Gambling-houses are of all grades, from the high class and costly establishments in the neighborhood of Madison Square down to the low-class houses of the Bowery and Water Street. Most of them are only open during the evening, but there are some which are known as "day houses," where Fortune can be tempted at almost any hour.

Closely connected with and well known to the profession is a "roper-in," "capper," or "steerer," whose vocation is to bring business to the gambling-houses. He is always well dressed and constantly on the watch for non-residents who wish to "see the sights" in the metropolis, and the gambols of the "tiger" are one phase of life in which many strangers manifest uncommon interest. The "capper" expects, and will receive, a liberal commission on all money dropped by visitors under his guidance in whatever place is entered.

Before starting out, the capper generally suggests a round of drinks, and leads the way to a fashionable barroom; he always insists upon paying the bill, for while he is ostensibly doing his companion a great service in spending his time in showing him the sights, it is a part of his business to appear liberal. Besides, he intends to be paid in the end out of his visitor's pocket.

The gambling-house does not pay all these incidental expenses. If the visitor fails to lose any money at the gaming-tables, the capper has spent his time and money to no purpose. But the principle of general average comes in here very well; what he loses on a bad customer he makes up on a good one, as his commission is usually large. He may spend five dollars in showing a visitor about to-night and get nothing in return, but perhaps to-morrow he will find a victim who drops several hundreds or thousands of dollars at roulette or faro, of which the capper will receive from twenty to forty per cent.

Arrived at the door of a fashionable gambling-house with a visitor under his care, the capper rings the bell. A little wicket is opened, and the party is inspected by a man inside, generally a negro in faultless evening dress, who has been a long time in the service of the place and knows the faces of all its frequenters. The capper says, "All right, Charley," and is at once recognized. The wicket closes, the heavy door silently swings open, and the party is admitted.

Generally the play-room is up one flight of stairs, though it is sometimes on the parlor floor. Wherever it is, the capper leads the way, nods familiarly to several of the *habitués* of the place, and introduces the visitor, who is thus ensured a cordial reception. The proprietor invites him to "take something" at a sideboard which is equipped with the choicest liquors in the market and the choicest cigars as well. It is a matter of common notoriety that the very best liquors that money can buy are those which are served free of charge to the patrons of these high-class gambling-houses.

A visitor can drink, smoke, look on, stroll about the handsomely furnished rooms, do whatever he likes, and is never

urged to play. But if he shows a desire to do so he is readily accommodated, and his friend the capper will often set the example by taking a hand in the game "just for fun." Whether the capper wins or loses it makes no difference to his pockets, as his own winnings are secretly returned to the proprietor, and his losses, if any, are as secretly made up to him.

About midnight there is a pause for supper, which is always an elegant and sometimes an elaborate repast served hot and comprised of all the delicacies in the market. The supper is free to everybody in the house, and so are the fine wines that are served with it. The visitor enjoys the supper and wonders how the managers can afford to give away so much every night, especially as everything is of the best.

If the visitor did not leave his conscience at his hotel, it begins to prick him a little as he rises from the supper-table, and he is very apt to say to himself, "I must certainly play a little, for I don't like to sneak out without showing my appreciation of this elegant hospitality. If I drop five or ten dollars, no matter; it will no more than pay for my supper."

The visitor sits down at the roulette or faro table with that object in view. He feels kindly towards all the world, and especially to the gentlemanly gamblers who have entertained him so handsomely with never a hint that he should patronize the game. He is warmed with the wine, at peace with the whole human race, and in exactly the mood that the gambler desires him to be.

He begins to play. To his pleasure, and somewhat to his surprise, instead of losing he wins steadily and soon has made a handsome sum. Of course he doesn't want to carry away the money of his host,—that would be an abuse of good treatment not to be thought of for a moment. So he risks it again and again, and at last becomes wholly absorbed in the game. After a time his luck changes, and he loses as rapidly and steadily as he won before. If he rises from the table a loser only of the five or ten dollars he was willing to give for his supper, he is far more fortunate than the great majority of players. The chances are even that he will lose fifty, a hundred,

perhaps two or three hundred dollars if he happens to have that amount in his possession, and then he will probably be able to understand why the proprietors can spread such a magnificent free supper with its choice wines and liquors, and still make money.

Should a visitor partake too freely of wine and become troublesome, he is quietly ejected, and the doorkeeper has orders to refuse him admittance in future. There is nothing so much abhorred by the high-class gambler as a "row," and a gambling-house such as I have described could give lessons in good behavior to many a man who considers himself altogether too respectable to be seen in its neighborhood. Decorous politeness prevails throughout the whole establishment; there may be free conversation, which is generally carried on in subdued tones among those not in the games, but it is an unwritten law that the players shall not be in the least disturbed.

Enormous stakes have been played for in some of these gambling-houses, and sometimes the winnings of an establishment have been fifty or a hundred thousand dollars in a single night. But this is only a very rare occurrence and only happens when a young millionaire — or perhaps an old one — is enjoying the lavish hospitality of the house and loses his balance through taking too much wine. Some years ago a man lost one hundred and eighteen thousand dollars in two sittings of about four hours each. He had recently come into possession of a large fortune, which he managed to lose in less than a year after receiving it. Ultimately he became a capper for the very house where the bulk of his money was lost, but his dissipated habits prevented his success even at this kind of business, and he died in a garret on the east side of the city and was buried at public expense in a pauper's grave.

All the high-class establishments conduct what they call a "square" game; that is, no advantage is taken of the player by means of apparatus, marked cards, unfair dealing, and the like. The player has against him the ordinary percentages of the game, which all may know about, and the still greater per-

centage of the tendency of human nature to be fascinated by the turns of the wheel of Fortune, and continue to play after losing heavily, in the hope of retrieving losses.

Dishonest modes of playing are known as "skin" games. The "square" gamblers look down upon these players with undisguised contempt and hold no relation with them, at least ostensibly.

An intoxicated man is more satisfactory prey for the "skinners" than a sober one, and the rules that govern the fashionable houses do not prevail in those of lower grade. Even a sober man who enters one of these low concerns is generally unable to detect the fraud practiced upon him; and sometimes so skillfully is he swindled that he will defend with the greatest vehemence any assertion that he was unfairly deprived of his money.

The fleecing or "skinning" is done in various ways. If the game is faro, the cards are dealt from a metal box with their faces uppermost, while the bets are placed upon the "lay-out," a painted cloth on which all the faces of the cards are represented.

The dishonest dealer at faro has a box so arranged that he can remove two cards at once, and the cards are sufficiently transparent to enable him to know the character of the second card from the top. The "case-keeper," who keeps the tally of the cards as they come from the box, sits near the dealer and is in league with him, so that when all the cards have been dealt, the record will be correct. The fraud consists in removing two cards instead of one whenever it is to the advantage of the house to do so.

Roulette is played with a wheel — whence its name — which whirls in a wooden basin in the center of the table where the game is played. When the wheel is started in one direction, a small marble or ivory ball is sent flying around the interior of the basin in the opposite course, and it is kept at the outer edge for three or four minutes by centrifugal force. Gradually its speed diminishes and so does that of the wheel, and finally the ball drops into one of thirty-eight compartments at the edge of the wheel. A painted lay-out on the table receives the bets of

the players, which are made while wheel and ball are in motion. A man may bet on a single number, and if he wins, he receives his stake back and thirty-five times as much; if on two numbers and one of them wins, he receives eighteen times his stake, and so on. There are thirty-six numbers and two zero compartments, and the advantages of the bank are when the ball falls into either the single or the double zero. Half the compartments are odd and half even, and they are also divided between red and black. A player may bet on an odd or an even number, and also on the winning color.

Honestly played, roulette is purely a game of chance, with the advantages of bank and player exactly the same with the exception of the zeros already mentioned. But the dealer of the "skin" game at roulette has a very delicate apparatus worked by fine wires under the table by which he can direct the course of the ball into any compartment desired. If the majority of the bets are on black, he can drop the ball into the red or *vice versa*, and it is needless to say that he always manipulates the apparatus in favor of the bank. At various times the police have captured gambling apparatus that was skillfully constructed for the deception of the wary as well as of the unsuspecting.

In one instance it was found that the manipulation of the wheel for purposes of dishonesty was controlled by a man who was on the floor above and could survey the table below him through a stucco ornament in the ceiling. The dealer started the ball and wheel, and then innocently held his hands upon the table as a guarantee to any suspecting person that he was not working the wires. But they were worked all the same, and very successfully, too.

Electricity has been made to play an important part in managing the roulette wheel in the interest of the proprietors of the game. To convince patrons that everything is honestly conducted, the wheel and the bowl containing it are supported on legs resting in the center of the table, and before the game begins the wheel is lifted in order that the most skeptical may be convinced that there are no wires to be operated from below

or above. When every spectator is satisfied, the wheel is replaced exactly where it stood before, and business goes on. The places where the legs are to rest are indicated by spots on the green cloth with which the table is usually covered, or what appear to be nothing more than depressions in the cloth, caused by the weight of the apparatus.

The fact is that there is a metallic connection through these spots by means of fine points of copper or steel, invisible to the naked eye, and when the wheel is restored to its former position the points come in contact with the feet, which are also metallic. By the skillful manipulation of electric keys, performed on the floor above, or by a spectator at the end or side of the table, the little ball can be directed into the black or red compartments at will, or made to avoid numbers on which the heaviest bets have been placed.

In all gambling places of the lower grades it is a rule of the establishment not to allow a man to leave until he has parted with his money, with the possible exception of a few dollars to enable him to leave the city and so get out of the way of complaining. If he is too wary to risk all at the table, he is plied with liquor, and the liquor is generally drugged so that it will speedily accomplish its work. If this does not induce him to be reckless in his play the drugging is continued until he is in a state of insensibility, and then his pockets are rifled of everything valuable.

The next step is to be rid of his company. A carriage is called, and he is led or carried to it by two men who represent to the driver that their friend has taken a drop too much and they are taking him home. The carriage is not called to the door of the house, but waits on the corner or perhaps a full block away, in order that, in case of unpleasant results, the driver cannot testify that he took the man in at any particular house.

The carriage is driven to a secluded street and halted on a corner. The driver is paid off and dismissed, and after he goes away the victim is deposited on a doorstep and left there. Sometimes he comes to himself after a time, but more often he

is arrested by the police. In either case he is unable to tell how he happened to be in that street and on that particular doorstep; the last that he remembers is that he was in a gambling-house, but as he was taken there by a "friend" he cannot say where it was. If he is brought before a police justice in the morning it is quite likely that he will get ten days or a longer period on Blackwell's Island in default of being able to pay his fine.

But every victim of the gambler does not escape with a short imprisonment. The motto that "dead men tell no tales" is not unknown to the gambling fraternity, and if the water that surrounds Manhattan Island could speak it could make revelations that would fill every reader with horror. Every year there are dozens of "mysterious disappearances," and every year there are scores of unrecognized and unclaimed bodies found floating in the harbor. If all these could be traced to their origin it is pretty certain that the majority of the mysterious disappearances and drownings would prove to have been the work of the gambling-houses. It is a little more difficult and a little more risky to throw a man into the harbor than to leave him on a doorstep in a drunken debauch, but when a victim has been robbed of so much money that he is liable to make trouble about it the risk is sometimes considered worth taking by these desperate men.

A form of gambling that depended upon publicity for its profit was formerly very prominent in New York; in fact, it became so prominent as to attract general attention to its nefarious character under the guise of fairness, and was suppressed by law in consequence. This is what is known as "pool-selling," a system of mutual betting on the result of any forthcoming event, a horse-race, a yacht-race, base-ball match, a municipal, state, or national election, — in fact, any kind of event to occur in the near future.

The seller of the pools occupies the position of a banker; he receives the money of any or all comers who wish to purchase tickets, and as soon as the result of the contest has been declared he pays over the money to the winners after deducting

his commission, which is always a liberal one. Nobody objects to the liberality of the commission: the loser doesn't care, as he will get nothing back in any event; and the winner is satisfied with the returns upon his investment and looks upon the dealer as a liberal gentleman.

Before the pool-rooms were suppressed they were always thronged on the evenings previous to important races or elections, and thousands of dollars were paid for tickets. Men and boys joined in the excitement of the occasion, and the ranges of the pools were such that sums as low as a dollar or even less could be staked upon a race or an election. It was found that many boys were tempted to rob their employers in order to buy tickets in the pools or to make up their losses after finding that they were unsuccessful. But the law finally laid its heavy hand on this nefarious business, and though still carried on in some localities it is only to a small extent.

A recent investigation shows that there are more than fifty regular gambling-houses in the city, not counting the policy-shops and kindred establishments. One of the oldest and most aristocratic is the one that was run by the late John Morrissey; it is close to a church on Broadway and has good surroundings, and though the occupants of the neighboring buildings have tried hard to cause it to be closed they have been unable to do so. It is open only at night, and is run in connection with a day gambling-house within pistol-shot of the corner of Broadway and Ann Street. One of the difficulties in prosecuting the managers of the place is to ascertain their names; the place is called a club-house, and to all inquiries as to who its members are the parties addressed return the invariable answer, "I don't know."

The games played at both these houses are principally faro and roulette, though any one who wants a hand at poker can generally be accommodated. If a citizen makes a complaint and the police come to make a raid in consequence, the faro and roulette tables suspend operations the moment the warning sound is heard from the man at the peep-hole in the outer door, who is always on the alert. By the time the police can reach

the gaming rooms, they are deserted and the lights are low, while the people in the house are found seated at the card-tables on the second floor, indulging in quiet games of poker. The members of a club may play poker to their hearts' content; and as this is a club, and nothing that the law calls gambling is going on there, the police have no chance for arrests.

The proprietors of this gambling-house and those of another fashionable resort of the same kind on Twenty-ninth Street have several times been defendants in suits to recover money lost at their tables. Two or three suits of this kind are now in the courts, one of them for eighty thousand dollars which was lost there by the cashier of a large business house. Another suit is by a woman who had entrusted her husband with six thousand dollars in bonds which he was to sell on her account. He sold the bonds and then took the money to the gambling-house, where he expected to win a large amount and be able to have a nice allowance for himself after giving his wife what belonged to her. It was the old story, and the wonder is that he came away with six hundred dollars in his possession, having lost five thousand four hundred.

The great majority of these suits are compromised where compromise is possible, and the gamblers find they are hopelessly within the clutches of the law. But they fight as long as they possibly can and employ some of the ablest lawyers for their defense, as they can well afford to pay large fees.

The majority of the patrons of the gambling-houses are men under forty years of age, and very many of them are between twenty and thirty. Now and then a gray-haired veteran can be seen trying his luck with the tiger, but it is the exception rather than the rule; men of mature years have either learned caution and ceased to play at the fickle games, or been "cleaned out" long ago and have nothing left with which to play. Hundreds of young men in New York can trace their downfall to the gambling-tables, and within the past ten years there have been more than fifty defalcations of trusted employees on this account. If a photograph of the party at play on a "full night" at any of the fashionable houses could be

taken about eleven o'clock or a little later, and displayed in a public place, it would create a sensation, as there would be a goodly proportion of faces that are well known in political and business circles, and other faces whose exposure would cause speedy vacancies in banking and other commercial houses.

Boys are not admitted at these fashionable places, but there are gambling resorts on Sixth Avenue and in its neighborhood, where youths are enticed by the prospect of winning the money of the keepers of the game, and may freely enter. Most of these places are in the rear of cheap cigar stores or other establishments of an apparently legitimate character. One place is ostensibly an express office, but if you should wish to leave an order for the transport of your trunk or any other express work, you will be told that the expressman has been laid up two or three days with the "grippe," his horse has gone lame, his wagon has broken down, or something else has happened that will prevent his doing the desired service.

At these games checks or "chips" are sold at varying prices according to their colors, the lowest prices being five cents each; they are generally sold in stacks of twenty chips, so that a patron can take a hand in the game if his entire possessions amount to only one dollar. The patrons of these houses are mostly young clerks, boys employed in offices, shops, or working at trades. Occasionally a newsboy or boot-black who has been driving a good trade ventures inside and risks his hard-earned wages.

There is always a crowd of confidence men about, and if by a run of fortune in his favor a patron manages to win a few dollars and starts to leave, he is immediately beset by these fellows, who try to entice him to visit other houses in the neighborhood in the promise of winning more. So earnestly do they press their arguments, and so flushed is the young gambler with hope, that they generally succeed. And so it usually happens that not one young man in ten who goes into this locality to win his fortune at the gaming-tables reaches home with a penny in his possession.

These low gambling-houses are frequented by men who are

technically known as "sleepers." They have no money to play with, but they are allowed to sit at the tables, and whenever a patron is careless about picking up his winnings these fellows step forward and claim the stake. If the owner objects, the thieves show a great deal of assurance, and it generally happens that the young man submits to their demands rather than have a fight. In the best class of gambling-houses this kind of stealing is not allowed, as there are "lookouts" whose business it is to see that no bet is wrongfully appropriated, but in the cheap houses the rule is "every man for himself." The sleepers are tolerated there for the reason that whenever they have money, no matter how obtained, they generally drop the most of it at the gambling-tables.

"Playing policy" is a cheap way of gambling, but one on which hundreds if not thousands of dollars are risked every day in New York. Sums as low as three cents can be risked upon it, and there are policy-shops where bets of one cent are taken.

The play is upon numbers which are drawn daily, usually in Kentucky or Louisiana, and sent by telegraph. The numbers are from 1 to 78; the room where the game is played is, like those of other cheap gambling-dens, usually at the rear of a cigar-store, barroom, or other place where it does not rouse suspicion if many persons are seen entering. A long counter extends the entire length of the room, and behind this counter, near its center, sits the man who keeps the game and is called the "writer." He is not the proprietor, but simply a clerk on a salary, and his duties are to copy the slips handed up by the players, mark them with the amount of money paid, and watch to see that no fraud is practiced.

There are twenty-five plays every morning and the same number in the evening at the regular shops, and they all get their winning numbers from a central office in Broad Street. Near the "writer" is an iron spike or hook on which are the policy slips; each slip contains the winning numbers and is placed faced downwards so that nobody can see what it is. Let us now see how the scheme is worked.

I am about to try my luck at policy, and for this purpose enter a shop and pass through to the rear. If there are ten people in the room it is an even chance that three or four of them will be negroes, as the colored brethren are very fond of this game of chance. The assemblage is promiscuous and not at all select.

Along the counter are numerous slips of paper for general use. I take one of the slips and write upon it five pairs of numbers, using any numbers from 1 to 78. I give this slip to the "writer," with fifteen cents, and say,

"Put me in for five gigs at three cents."

Two numbers are called a "saddle" and three numbers a "gig." There are numerous combinations in the game, but "gigs" and "saddles" are the most popular. I wait until the other players have put in their bets, which the "writer" copies and records and then hands back to the players, just as he copies and returns mine. When all the bets are in he takes the first policy slip from the spike or hook aforesaid, writes upon a slate the numbers he finds on the slip and then hangs it up where everybody can see it. He writes them in two columns of twelve numbers each, and if I have guessed two of the numbers in either column in one of my gigs, I walk up to the counter and present my ticket for payment, receiving ten times the amount of my wager.

But a man stands as good a chance of being struck by lightning as he does of winning at this rate. Nevertheless the game is full of seductiveness on account of its possibilities and also on account of its cheapness. Some of the shops have telephone connections, and a customer who is known to the establishment can play policy without leaving his office, by simply telephoning his guesses. That a large amount of money may be lost at policy is shown by the circumstance that quite recently the cashier of an important law firm in New York city embezzled $125,000 of the money of his employers. When the defalcation was discovered and investigated it was found that this enormous sum had been spent in playing policy in a notorious shop on Broadway.

PART III.

DARKNESS AND DAYLIGHT IN NEW YORK.

Criminal Life and Detective Experiences IN THE GREAT METROPOLIS

PORTRAYED BY

INSPECTOR THOMAS BYRNES,

CHIEF OF THE NEW YORK DETECTIVES.

Yours truly
Thomas Lyman

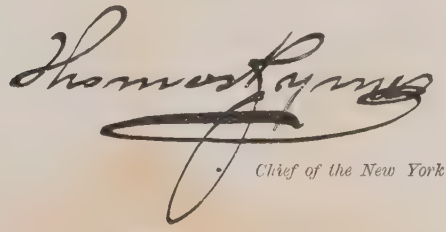
ENGRAVED FROM A PHOTOGRAPH EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO. PUBLISHERS. HARTFORD, CONN.

DARKNESS AND DAYLIGHT.

PART III.

BY



Chief of the New York Detective Bureau.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LOW LODGING-HOUSES OF NEW YORK — PLACES THAT FOSTER CRIME AND HARBOR CRIMINALS — DENS OF THIEVES.

The Breeding-Places of Crime — Dens of Thieves — How Boys and Young Men from the Country are Lured to Ruin — From the Lodging-House to the Gallows — A Night's Lodging for Three Cents — Low, Dirty, and Troublesome Places—Hotbeds of Crime—Leaves from my own Experience — Illustrative Cases — A Forger's Crime and its Results — A Unique Photograph — The Pride of a Bowery Tough — "Holding up" a Victim — The Importation of Foreign Criminals — A Human Ghoul — How Ex-Convicts Drift back into Crime — The Descent into the Pit — Black Sheep.

IT is undeniable that the cheap lodging-houses of New York city have a powerful tendency to produce, foster, and increase crime. Instead of being places where decent people reduced in circumstances or temporarily distressed for want of money can obtain a clean bed for a small sum, these places are generally filthy beyond description, and are very largely the resorts of thieves and other criminals of the lowest class who here consort together and lay plans for crimes.

But this is not the worst feature of the matter. Take the case of a youth who runs away from his home in the country,

or who for any reason finds himself homeless or stranded in the great city. In searching for a cheap place to sleep he naturally — and, it must be said, innocently — drifts into one of these lodging-houses. Here inevitable association with those who make these places their headquarters will corrupt him in a wonderfully short time. In nine cases out of ten — I am quite confident that this proportion is not too large — he is

A TEN CENT ATTIC LODGING ROOM OF THE BETTER CLASS.

graduated a petty thief, often develops into a burglar, and he may sooner or later become a murderer. Numerous instances of this kind occur every year.

The cheap lodging-house in New York is a modern institution. It was started by a man named Howe, who came here from Boston, about fifteen years ago. His first lodging-house in Chatham Street (now Park Row) was a success, and he soon extended the business. When he died, a few years ago, he left a large fortune as the result of shrewd management of a new enterprise. The number of lodging-houses and dormitories has increased rapidly since Howe made his first venture, and there are now 270 such places in the city, containing in all 12,317 rooms. Some of these lodging-houses have as many as three

hundred beds. There is one class in which fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five cents are charged for a night's lodging, while in another and lower class the prices range from three to ten cents. In the very cheapest houses the lodgers generally sleep on the floor or on narrow wooden benches, and in some places on strips of canvas suspended by ropes, after the fashion of hammocks. According to the Report of the Police Department of New York for 1890, the enormous number of 4,823,595 cheap lodgings were furnished during the year in these resorts. The following table, taken from the report, shows the distribution of lodging-houses among the various precincts.

Precincts.	Lodging-Houses and Dormitories.		
	Number.	Number of Rooms.	Lodgers, 1890.
First,	6	293	84,250
Second,	17	362	56,175
Fourth,	42	1,358	603,515
Fifth,	3	97	34,520
Sixth,	33	1,957	795,850
Seventh,	10	217	52,145
Eighth,	7	87	90,920
Ninth,	3	149	76,400
Tenth,	11	1,116	390,605
Eleventh,	64	3,810	1,452,020
Thirteenth,	7	8	44,530
Fourteenth,	3	116	125,195
Fifteenth,	14	636	256,575
Sixteenth,	1	154	15,000
Eighteenth,	16	370	264,406
Twentieth,	8	198	103,211
Twenty-first,	6	201	63,675
Twenty-third,	1	5	32,000
Twenty-fifth,	1	4	73,000
Twenty-seventh,	2	49	645
Twenty-ninth,	15	1,130	208,958
Total,	270	12,317	4,823,595

These figures are obtained by inquiry among the keepers of the known lodging-houses, and, while they do not wholly

agree with what I learn from other sources, they are, no doubt, fairly accurate.

If tenement life tends to immorality and vice, certainly the sixty-four lodging-houses in the Eleventh Precinct, furnishing 1,452,020 lodgings in one year, must have the same or a worse tendency. Reflection upon the figures contained in the above table will lead to the conclusion that New York has a large population of impecunious people which ought to be regarded with some concern.

An average of 13,626 persons without home and family influences lodge nightly in the police station-houses and in these cheap lodging-houses or poorly provided dormitories, — an army of idlers willingly or enforcedly so.* Social reformers can here find a field for speculation if not for considerable activity.

There are a few Italian lodging-houses in the city; they are very low and dirty, and give the police the greatest trouble of all.

The cheapest class of lodging-houses are generally the resort of drunkards and vicious people of the lowest type, though all of them are infested with thieves, idlers, and loafers of every description. It is no exaggeration to assert that these places are hot-beds of crime. More than one murder has been committed in them. I recall the case of a desperado who, not long ago, stabbed and killed a young man in a lodging-house in Chatham street. The victim was the son of respectable parents, but had fallen into dissolute habits, and was accustomed to spend his nights in these resorts. One night the murderer got into an altercation with him; blows followed, and the result was that the young man received fatal wounds. Another man was killed in the Phœnix lodging-house in the Bowery. He applied for a lodging, which for some reason was refused; he quarreled with the clerk, and the clerk killed him, being subsequently acquitted on the

* During 1890 there were 150,240 lodgings furnished at the station-houses of the city, making the total number of cheap lodgings furnished to indigent persons 4,973,835.

ground of justifiable homicide. It was at this same Phœnix house that I and my men arrested the notorious Greenwall and Miller on the charge of murdering Lyman S. Weeks in Brooklyn. There is little doubt in my mind that this murder, a most dastardly crime (Mr. Weeks being shot down in his own house by a burglar who had invaded it), was hatched in

A SEVEN CENT LODGING ROOM AT MIDNIGHT.

this house or in some other of like character. In the very same place three men were subsequently arrested for a burglary committed in a residence in Mount Vernon. In the lodging-house at No. 262 Bowery, we secured a gang of thieves who had been engaged in a series of robberies at Kingston, N. Y., who were afterwards sent up there for punishment. Hundreds of instances of criminals who made their abode in houses of this sort may be mentioned.

A case somewhat out of the ordinary run was that of a man, who was convicted of forgery on the complaint of a well-

known business firm. The forger had only been a year in this country, and for some months he had been out of employment. During this time he lived at a cheap lodging-house in the Bowery. There he became imbued with criminal ideas, and planned to follow letter-carriers while making deliveries. When letters were deposited in small boxes in front of stores and lofts, and a good opportunity presented itself, the thief would abstract them by means of long keys and a piece of steel wire. In this way a letter from a Philadelphia house, containing a check for a large sum, fell into his hands. He forged the indorsement of the New York firm and obtained the money. Subsequently he was arrested and sentenced to a long term in prison.

Within the last few years crime has increased very rapidly in these cheap lodging-houses. A large number of young fellows hailing from these places have been arrested for petty thefts, such as stealing blankets from horses whose drivers have been compelled to leave them for a minute or two, or for picking up anything else of trifling value that they could lay hands on. These are beginners in crime, as a rule, and they undoubtedly associate with older and more experienced men, who for a small sum of money tell them how to proceed and where to dispose of their booty. In this way young men often receive their initiation in crime. I personally have arrested a considerable number of men in lodging-houses for carrying burglars' tools. Hundreds of criminals are made every year through associations formed in these breeding-places of lawlessness.

Lying on my desk are two tin-types of the cheapest sort, evidently taken in the Bowery. They represent two young "toughs," each holding a pistol at the head of the other. They were taken from the pockets of the young fellows, who were brought into my private room on charges of robbery. These photographs interested me, and I asked the boys how they came to be taken in that style. "Oh," they answered, "we held a pistol up to the head of a man one night and got his money, and we just thought we would like to see how we

looked when we did it." They seemed proud of their achievement. I mention this as an illustration of the sort of young criminals the cheap lodging-houses of New York turn out.

During the last two or three years hundreds of young men have been arrested for small crimes that originated in these places. In many cases it was the first step in wrongdoing. Observation in the courts convinces me that three-fourths of the young men called on to plead to various charges are under twenty years of age; they are poorly clad and generally without means. Their crimes are petty ones as a rule, and they seem to have no realizing sense of their misdeeds or whither they are leading them. It is the customary thing, when they are arraigned in court, for the judges to assign counsel to defend them, since these young criminals have no money to pay for professional advice.

It has frequently been stated to me by thieves that a large number of foreign criminals have had their passage paid to this country by the authorities of their native place or by somebody else. When they land here they have no money, or very little, and they immediately seek a cheap lodging-house where they can live for almost nothing, meet people congenial to them, and be put in the way of again engaging in criminal pursuits. I remember the case of a boy who came here from Antwerp not long ago, and secured employment. His employer, noticing that the boy acted strangely, questioned him, whereupon the lad confessed that in Prussia, his native country, he had had a quarrel with another boy, and in a moment of passion had dashed his brains out. The boy was arrested by detectives from this office, and the matter was brought to the attention of the German consul. But the consul had no official advices about the boy or his record, and as no charges were pressed against him he was discharged. He then went to live in one of the low lodging-houses, where, I suppose, he was in due course instructed in crime. At all events, in a short time he was detected in the act of committing a burglary in the store of his former employer.

Only recently I arrested a man who was engaged in rob-

bing private houses in the upper part of the city. He told me that he had been sent here on account of being caught in thieving operations in his native land. He had no money when he arrived, except a few shillings, and almost the first place he got into was one of the cheap lodging-houses. He soon became

NIGHT IN A HAMMOCK LODGING-ROOM FOR TRAMPS.

acquainted with the inmates, who were mostly thieves, and in a little while they took him out over the city and set him to stealing. I have not the least doubt that there are numerous cases like this.

But the evils that have been already mentioned are not the only ones that are produced by the cheap lodging-house system. It is notorious that these houses are used every year for the "colonization" of voters. A large number of men register regularly from these places, and they have not the slightest hesitation about swearing in their votes in case they are challenged. Now and then somebody comes to grief through this practice, but it still flourishes. Not long ago the proprietor of

IN DARKEST NEW YORK.—MIDNIGHT IN A CHEAP UNDERGROUND LODGING CELLAR "THREE CENTS A SPOT."

The benches and the bare floor, the latter sometimes having a sprinkling of sawdust, are the only places for sleepers, the usual charge for the night being "three cents a spot." On a cold night in winter the floor is literally packed. The dirty rags on the lodgers' backs are the only bed and covering they have. A tallow candle or a smoky kerosene lamp furnishes a feeble light at night. Some of the miserable inmates sit up all night. Misery, rags, filth, and vermin are on every side. These cheap lodging-houses are hotbeds of crime.

the "Windsor," a lodging-house on the Bowery, was sent to prison for "colonizing" voters. But usually this work is done in the interest of some local political "boss," who stands by the owner of the house in case the latter gets into trouble. This alone is certainly an evil of large dimensions.

I might cite many other cases that have come under my personal observation, where crimes have been the direct offspring of life in lodging-houses. Take the case of "Mike" Drohan, a notorious thief, who lived at the Windsor, to which reference has just been made. Drohan went to Johnstown after the recent horrible disaster, and was shot and killed while engaged in the fiendish work of robbing the dead bodies of the victims of the flood. Assuredly there was a case where a criminal got something like his just deserts. Again, these low lodging-houses become the dwelling-places of many of the convicts who are released from prison. These men have little money, and they naturally gravitate to these places — at a critical time in their career — where they are likely to find people they know. There they soon fall in with old companions, and sooner or later renew their acquaintance with crime. Lodging-houses thus play an important part in causing ex-convicts to resume their former vocation.

It may be asked whether these resorts do not serve any useful purpose. Undoubtedly there are frequently worthy people who are glad of an opportunity to get a night's lodging for a trifle; but these are a small minority of the *habitués* of such houses. In the course of my professional duties I have found among the patrons of these places a sprinkling of professional men who once held good positions in society, — lawyers, doctors, civil-engineers, and even authors.

First they have become drunkards, and have gone down the ladder step by step until they have been abandoned by their friends and have become sots in the lowest lodging-houses, presenting no difference in their personal appearance from the vilest patrons of such places. Only conversation with these people betrays their education and former standing in society, and the fact that they have sunk from a lofty position through a lack

of will-power. I remember one who was brought before me on suspicion, who belonged to a family that had held an exalted social position. He was the black sheep of the family, and had at length sunk so low as to consort with the worst class of people that are to be found in the cheapest lodging-houses. There seemed to be no possibility of reclaiming him, and I suppose he will spend his days there.

Such is the evil — a menace to good order and the well-being of society of rapidly-enlarging proportions. And the remedy? That I conceive to lie outside of my province as a police official. But I am convinced that a remedy ought to be applied, — a drastic, searching remedy — and applied without delay. This is not the case for a palliative; as Emerson would say, it is a "case for a gun," for the knife, the blister, the amputating instruments. I will venture to offer one or two suggestions only, which philanthropists who endeavor to solve the problem may care to take into account.

There is no law which governs or applies to these low places except certain sections of the Sanitary Code of the Board of Health, which give the Health Department the right to exercise supervision over them in the matter of cleanliness. The legislature should enact stringent laws by which these houses should be placed under police supervision, and their records and books laid open at all times to inspection. The police are the officials who practically enforce the laws, and they have better opportunities than any others for ascertaining the characters of persons and places. It should be a misdemeanor for the proprietor of such a house to mutilate or destroy his books, and he should be compelled to keep an accurate record of all his lodgers. No person who is not of good character should be permitted to own or maintain a lodging-house, and bonds should be required of, and licenses issued to, those who desire to carry on this business.

CHAPTER XXXV.

SCIENTIFIC BURGLARS AND EXPERT CRACKSMEN — HOW BANK-VAULTS AND SAFES ARE OPENED AND ROBBED — THE TOOLS, PLANS, OPERATIONS, AND LEADERS OF HIGHLY-BRED CRIMINALS.

An Important Profession — Highly-Bred Rogues — The Lower Ranks of Thieves — Professional Bank-Burglars and their Talents — Misspent Years — A Startling Statement about Safes — The Race between Burglars and Safe-builders — How Safes are Opened — Mysteries of the Craft — Safe-Blowing — How Combination Locks are Picked — A Delicate Touch — Throwing Detectives off the Scent — A Mystery for Fifteen Years — Leaders of Gangs — Conspiring to Rob a Bank — Working from an Adjoining Building — Disarming Suspicion — Shadowing Bank Officers — Working through the Cashier — Making False and Duplicate Keys — The Use of High Explosives — Safe-Breakers and their Tools — Ingenious Methods of Expert Criminals — Opening a Safe in Twenty Minutes — Fagin and his Pupils — Taking Impression of Store Locks in Wax — Old Criminals who Teach Young Thieves.

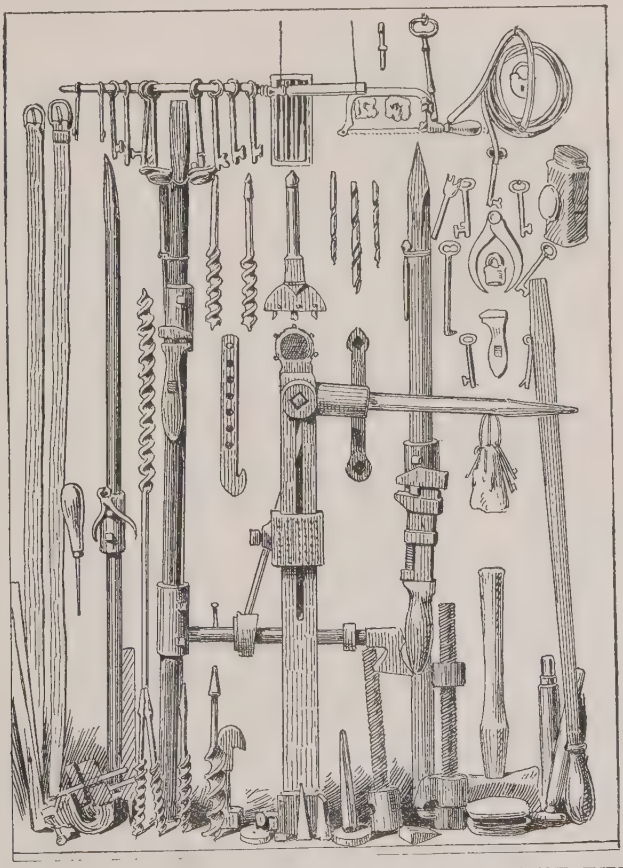
THE ways of making a livelihood by crime are many, and the number of men and women who live by their wits in New York city reaches into the thousands. Some of these criminals are very clever in their own peculiar line, and are constantly turning their lawless qualities to the utmost pecuniary account. Robbery is now classed as a profession, and in place of the awkward and hang-dog looking thief of a few years ago we have to-day the intelligent and thoughtful rogue. There seems to be a strange fascination about crime that often draws men of brains, who have their eyes wide open, into its meshes. Many people, and especially those whose knowledge of criminal life is purely theoretical, imagine that persons who adopt criminal pursuits are governed by what they have been previously, and that a criminal life once chosen, is, as a rule, adhered to; or, in other words, a man once a pickpocket is always a pickpocket; or, once a burglar always a burglar.

Hardly any supposition could be more erroneous. Primarily there are, of course, predisposing influences which have a certain effect in governing choice.

A man of education, refined habits, and possibly a minimum of courage, would not be likely to adopt a criminal pursuit requiring brute force and nerve. Such a one would be far more likely to become a forger or counterfeiter than a highway robber. Still, under certain circumstances, he might be either, foreign as they would be to his nature. Criminal occupation, however, is — like everything else — progressive. Two things stand in the way of the beginner in crime who seeks to reach what he considers the top rungs of the criminal ladder. The first is lack of experience and skill; the second, lack of confidence in him or knowledge of him by the older and more practiced hands, whose co-operation is generally necessary to the commission of a great crime. But the confidence of more experienced criminals is gained slowly. The few very successful rogues who have attained exalted rank in the criminal profession despise the thousands of other criminals who live by the commission of petty crimes. Aware of their superiority, these old and experienced rascals are overbearing to a last degree when chance brings them in contact with thieves of a lower order.

Hence, if the novice in crime cannot by the force of his own genius strike out for himself some new line of forgery, confidence operations, embezzlements, or others of the class of crimes dependent upon brains, adroitness, and address for their success, he generally enters the arena of crime as a common thief — one of the class who will steal anything from a needle to a ship's anchor. With increased knowledge of the practice of crime gained by experience, aided by natural adaptability for especial methods of preying upon the community, and sometimes assisted by the advice and co-operation of older criminals with whom he comes in contact, whose confidence he gradually acquires, a petty general thief may become one of a gang of pickpockets, and from a pickpocket, in course of time, may suddenly come to the front as a first-class bank burglar.

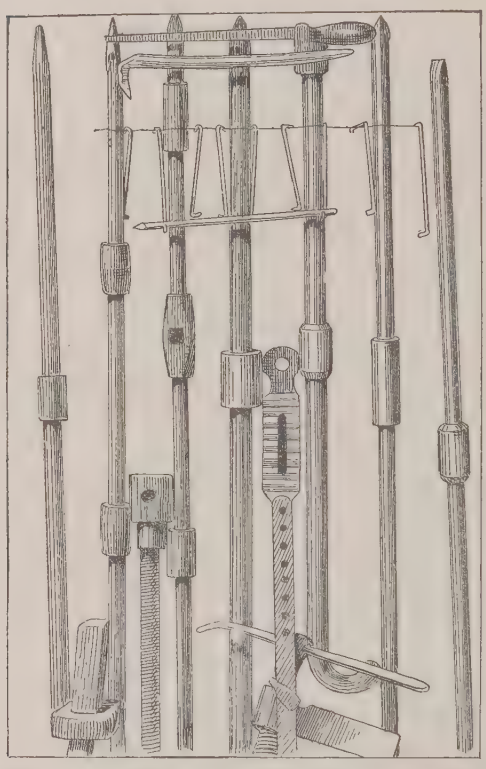
Cracksmen of this class head the list of mechanical thieves. It requires rare qualities in a criminal to become an expert bank-safe robber. Thieves of this high grade stand unrivaled



SECTION OF SHOWCASE IN THE MUSEUM OF CRIME. TOOLS AND IMPLEMENTS TAKEN FROM BURGLARS.

among their kind. The professional bank-burglar must have patience, intelligence, mechanical knowledge, industry, determination, fertility of resource, and courage, all in high degree. But even if he possess all these they cannot be utilized unless he can find suitable associates or gain admission to one of the already organized gangs. Sometimes the arrest of a single man belonging to an organized gang will put a stop to the

operations of the remainder for a long time, simply because they need another man and can find nobody they can trust. Bank-burglars have been known to spend years in unwearied preparation for the commission of a great crime, gleaning necessary information of the habits of bank officials, forming advantageous acquaintances, and making approaches to the coveted treasure all the time, but with patience to wait until everything was ready before striking a blow.



SECTIONAL JIMMIES AND SKELETON KEYS TAKEN FROM BURGLARS.

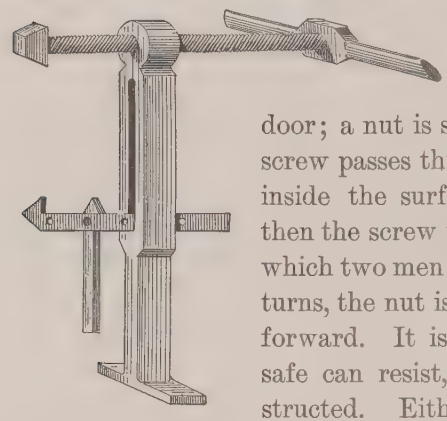
The construction of a massive bank safe, provided, as they now are, with electric alarms, combination and time locks, and other protective appliances, is such that none but a mechanical genius can discover its weak points and attack it successfully. There is not a safe in use to-day that is absolutely burglar-proof, notwithstanding the fact that many manufacturers advertise and guarantee those of their build as such. Every now and then safe-makers quietly alter the internal construction of their vaults, and these changes are brought about by the achievements of some scientific robber. Just as soon as a safe-builder learns that burglars have discovered a defect in vaults of his make, new designs are made to make them secure against like attacks.

The wrecking of every safe, therefore, by burglars, reveals a weakness in its construction, and necessitates alterations which of course, later on, make the work of the vault-opener more difficult. A large number of safes are turned out of the factories weekly, and a calculating burglar, when he has discovered a defect in a certain pattern, will delay exposing his secret to the manufacturer until thousands of the seemingly strong, yet frail, vaults have been made and are in use. That ensures him something to operate upon, for he well knows that after his first success is reported at the safe factory, improvements in the construction of that particular safe will be in order.

The proficiency attained by bank-burglars, and the apparently comparative ease with which they secure the contents of massive vaults, are the results of constant and careful study. All the resources, ingenuity, and cunning of the cracksman who makes bank-wrecking a specialty are put to the test in such an undertaking, and plans follow plans until at last one is matured which circumstances may warrant as safe, feasible, and profitable. Then the accomplishment of the scheme only depends upon nerve, daring, and mechanical tools.

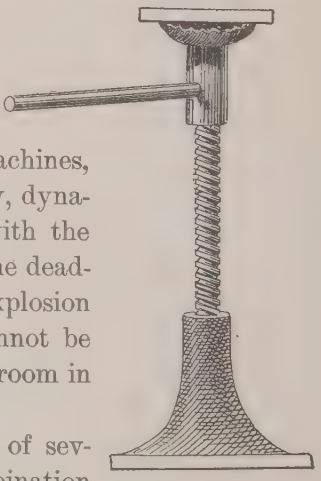
Some burglars make their own outfit, but almost any blacksmith will furnish any tool he is called upon to make, if its construction is within his capacity, without asking any questions about the uses to which it is to be put, provided he gets his price for it. It is more than probable that he guesses the use for which it is intended, but that, he thinks, is not his business, and he is not given to asking questions when he is well paid for his skill. The making of such implements is, as a rule, confined to those mechanics who are actually in league with the criminals who expect to use them. The heavy and unwieldy tools of years ago have been abandoned by modern bank-robbers for newer inventions. Some bank thieves use the spirit lamp and blow-pipe to soften the hardened metals and take the temper out of the steel vault doors or cases, while others use only a small diamond-pointed drill. Others, who do not care to spend time in manipulating the intricate combina-

tion of a lock, use simple machines technically called the "drag" and "jackscrew." The drag, simple as it looks, is extremely powerful and very quiet. By means of a bit, a hole is bored through a safe-door; a nut is set inside; the point of the screw passes through the nut, which rests inside the surface that has been bored; then the screw is turned by a long handle, which two men can operate. As the screw turns, the nut is forced farther and farther forward. It is a power that hardly any safe can resist, no matter how well constructed. Either the back or the front must give way.



BURGLARS' IMPROVED SAFE-OPENER.

The jackscrew is rigged so that by turning it will noiselessly force into the crack of a safe door a succession of steel wedges; first one as thin as a knife-blade: soon, one as thick as your hand; and so on, increasing in size until the hinges give way. Where the size or location of the safe or vault to be forced precludes the use of these machines, and an explosion becomes necessary, dynamite and nitro-glycerine are used with the greatest skill, and with such art in the deadening of sound that sometimes an explosion which rends asunder a huge safe cannot be heard twenty yards away from the room in which it takes place.



BURGLARS' JACK-SCREW.

The patient safe-robber is aware of several ingenious ways of picking combination locks. In following their nefarious calling these men acquire a delicacy of feeling by which they are able to determine to a nicety the exact distance necessary to raise each tumbler of the lock. The burglar masters a combination with almost mathematical accuracy, and manipu-

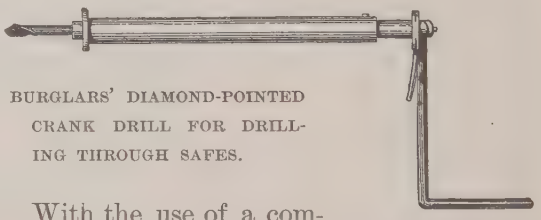
lates the complex machinery of the lock with the same dexterity and precision that a music-teacher touches the keys of a piano. He is trained to detect one false note in a swelling chorus produced by the click of reverberating ratchets within the lock, and marks the period and duration of the drops. When he comes across some new kind of lock, he will manage to get possession of one, whatever its cost, and whatever roundabout means may be necessary to get hold of it, and taking it apart, will study its construction until he knows its strong and weak points, and how to master it, just as well as its inventor or maker could. He is always on the alert to utilize every new appliance of power in the furtherance of his nefarious purposes.

DARK LANTERNS TAKEN FROM BURGLARS.

The combination-lock picker is the cleverest of all the fraternity of lock-workers. His is a life of study and careful experimenting. He proceeds to fathom the mystery of a new and intricate piece of mechanism with the same enthusiastic yet patient attention and study that actuates a scientist in search of more useful knowledge. Having acquired the mastery over any combination lock, the burglar guards his secret jealously. Gaining access to the bank or building, he can tell at once the character of the combination-lock he has to deal with, and that with him is tantamount to opening the safe or vault. Having rifled the safe of its contents, he closes the door, and begins to make arrangements to deceive the officials of the institution and the detectives. The crevices of the safe doors are filled with putty, with the exception of a small orifice in the upper or horizontal crevice, through which powder is blown into the safe by means of a small bellows. The hole is then closed, a slow fuse which is inserted into the crack

is set on fire and the building is vacated. Half an hour or so later the fuse ignites the powder, and the safe door is shattered from its strong fastenings.

For fifteen years the manner in which a celebrated combination lock was picked by thieves was involved in mystery, during which time many honest bank employees suffered in reputation, and not a few were imprisoned. The criminals who operated so mysteriously upon the safes never took all the money or valuables. In many cases they helped themselves to but a small percentage of the proceeds, and it was this ruse that threw the officials off their guard and brought the employees into disrepute. The burglars familiarized themselves with the make and patterns of the locks, and then bored a hole within a short distance of the spindle that held the tumblers. With the use of a common knitting-needle the tumblers were then dropped one after another, and the safe door opened.



BURGLARS' DIAMOND-POINTED CRANK DRILL FOR DRILLING THROUGH SAFES.

The secret of another ingenious method of opening safes at last leaked out. The paying teller of an Eastern bank, having been absent at lunch, returned earlier than was his custom and discovered a strange man on his knees tampering with the dial of the combination. The man turned out to be a member of a successful and dangerous gang of burglars. His arrest was the means of leading to the knowledge of the fact that the gang had been systematically picking a patent combination lock by removing the dial and placing a piece of paper behind it, so that when the safe was opened the combination registered its secret upon the paper. The thieves next watched their opportunity to gain possession of the paper, and when this was accomplished the safe and its contents were entirely at their mercy.

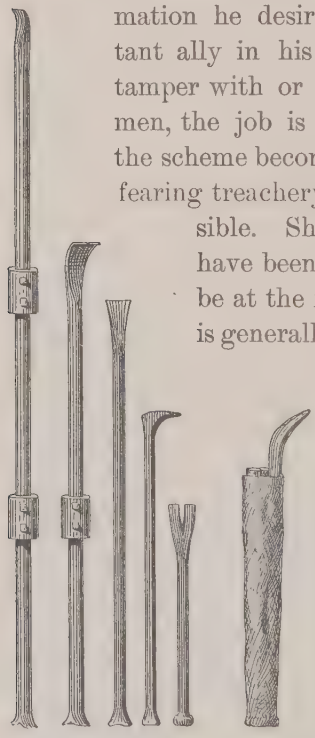
Every gang of bank-burglars has its recognized leader, whose word is law. He is a man of brains, possessed of good

executive ability, sleek and crafty. The care with which he arranges plans for getting into bank vaults, often spending years in preparation, illustrates the keenness of his perception and his depth of thought. Every little detail is considered and followed, so as to allay suspicion and permit him to get the closer to his prize. The inception of a bank burglary invariably dates back for a long time before the consummation of the crime, and in some cases the interior drawings of the building and plans of the vaults made at the time of their erection have for twenty years passed through the hands of several gangs of burglars as the sole legacy of some crafty leader. If provided with such important information, and the plundering of the institution is decided upon, the standing of the concern and the value of the securities kept in the vault are first ascertained. Should these prove satisfactory, the conspiracy gets under way. Next some inquiries are necessary as to the mechanical part of the work to be done. The name of the maker of the vault, the size of the lock by which it is protected, and if electric appliances guard it, must all be known and are very easily learned.

STEEL AND COPPER SLEDGES AND STEEL WEDGES TAKEN FROM BURGLARS.

The burglars generally hire a store adjoining the institution, from which they can operate the better, and in some instances they have gone so far as to rent the basement of the bank, or rooms overhead. They may fit up the place as an oyster-saloon, billiard-room, shoemaker's, barber's, or tailor's shop, or start a dental establishment. While thus ostensibly managing a legitimate business the leader of the gang employs none but the best workmen, sells fine goods, pays his rent regularly, seems anxious for custom, is pleasant to all, and makes himself a most desirable

tenant; and his landlord has in more than one instance been the president of the bank against which this bland and good-natured tenant was secretly plotting. After a few weeks' steady attention to business he naturally becomes acquainted with the bank clerks, and passes much of his spare time in conversation with them, and thereby manages to gain their confidence. Being a good judge of human nature, he is thus able to survey the institution, obtain all the inside information he desires, and sometimes gains an important ally in his nefarious undertaking. If he can tamper with or corrupt one of the clerks or watchmen, the job is plain sailing. As soon, however, as the scheme becomes known to an outsider, the leader, fearing treachery, hastens matters as rapidly as possible. Should the mechanical part of the work have been figured down, and the combination be at the mercy of the robbers, the final work is generally completed between Saturday night and Sunday morning.



BURGLARS' SECTIONAL JIMMIES AND LEATHER CASE FOR CARRYING THEM.

By cutting through the dividing partition wall, ceiling, or floor, aided by powerful jimmies, the bank-burglar and his assistants find no difficulty in getting into the bank. Then the wrecking of the vault begins, and in a short time the treasure that it contains is in the possession of the cracksmen. The task completed, the burglars carry their booty into the adjoining store, or perhaps the basement below the ransacked institution, and at a proper time remove it to a much safer place. Almost simultaneously with the discovery that the bank vault was not as secure as it was supposed to be, it is learned that the affable business man who ran the oyster-saloon or billiard-room next door, or made change in the barber's or shoemaker's shop

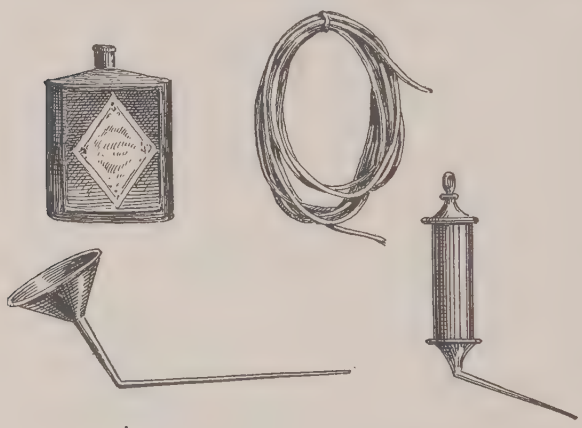
in the basement, or superintended the extracting of teeth overhead, has suddenly abandoned his expensive fixtures and stock and left for parts unknown. He has realized thousands for every dollar that he invested, and in most cases he leaves in the lurch the mean tool who betrayed his trust in the hope that he would reap a rich reward by revealing to a professional robber the secrets of the institution that honored him with its confidence.

Some bank-burglars devote most of their time and attention to the cashier of the bank that they have made up their minds to rob. They track him to his home, gain access to his sleeping-room at night, either by collusion with one of the servants or by picking the door-locks or springing a window, and having obtained the keys of the bank, take impressions of them in wax. Duplicates are easily made from these casts, and at the first opportunity the bank is safely plundered. Should, however, the cashier be disturbed by the intrusion of the cracksmen into his apartment, the burglars would be forced to make an attempt upon the bank that night. Securing possession of the keys by threats, a couple of men would be left to guard the cashier, while the other members of the band would proceed to the bank and rob it. In several instances desperate robbers, under threats of instant death, have compelled the cashier whom they have surprised to accompany them to the bank and open the vault.

DUMMY PISTOL AND WHISKY FLASK TAKEN FROM BURGLARS.

Although ordinary store-safe robbers are a grade below the bank burglar, an expert one is always regarded as an important acquisition by an organized band of cracksmen. When the store-safe burglar ascertains that a certain business firm is in the habit of keeping a large sum of money in its safe, it does not take him long to decide to rifle it. Before the establishment closes on Saturday, one and sometimes two members of the band manage to conceal themselves in an empty room, sometimes hiding in a packing-box within the premises, and when

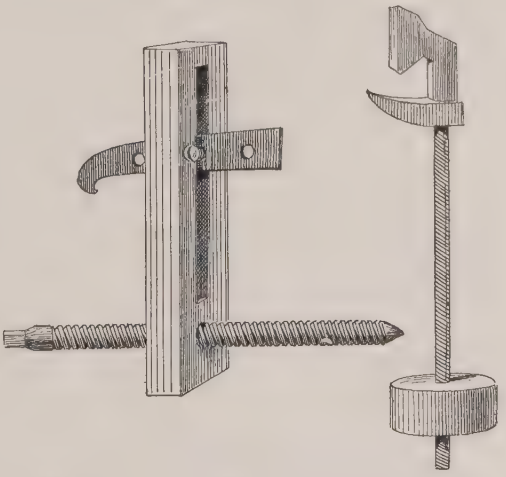
the building has been closed for the night they admit their confederates. The door is locked again and the cracksmen lose no time in getting to work. The most reckless of the safe-robbers use explosives, but the patient and careful operator either manipulates the combination or noiselessly wrecks the vault by leverage. The men who resort to explosives are known to their associates as "blowers." They are daring and desperate fellows and acquainted with the use of the drill and high explosives. It is a hazardous undertaking to shatter a safe in a large city, but in country towns, where there is no police patrol system, these men still manage to make an occasional haul.



BURGLARS' POWDER CAN, POWDER FUNNEL, POWDER BLOWER, AND FUSE.

The rattle made by a train on the Elevated railroad one night, a few years ago, deadened the noise made by blowing off the doors of two safes in a post-office station along that line. The noise made by the jolting of a lot of empty milk-cans on a cart, which was purposely driven at a furious pace through the street, led to like results. In a neighboring city, but a few years ago, on a Fourth of July, a gang of "blowers" undertook to shatter a safe in a jewelry-store, while a confederate was exploding several packs of large fire-crackers for the amusement of a number of children who had assembled in front of the place. Too large a charge of powder had been placed in the safe, and a tremendous explosion followed. Large panes of glass were blown out of the front windows, and the vault was badly wrecked. The explosion instantly attracted attention, and the robbers ran away in the hope of escape. They were pursued and captured.

The "breaker" requires in his work a good assortment of tools, and as they are all made of the hardest steel, a complete outfit is quite expensive. He is generally a cool, calculating criminal, who quietly and deliberately perfects his plans, and, after securing the booty, takes great pains to destroy all evidence that might lead to his detection. With the aid of diamond-pointed drills he is able to bore holes into the hardest known metals. Through these small openings he inserts the pick, but if the lock cannot be sprung in that way a ponderous jimmy is inserted. Then the tearing begins, and, the leverage being immense, the safe is unable to stand the strain and finally yields. Some of the leading store-safe burglars use tools known as the "puller" and the "hydraulic jack." A gang of breakers recently made thousands of dollars robbing post-office and store safes in all parts of the country. Their manner of operating demonstrated that they were expert cracksmen. In all their robberies they drilled a small hole through the door of the safe near the combination, and through the narrow opening they inserted some instrument which never failed to slide the bolts back. The entire operation was marvelous for its neatness and despatch.



BURGLARS' TOOLS USED TO OBTAIN LEVERAGE.

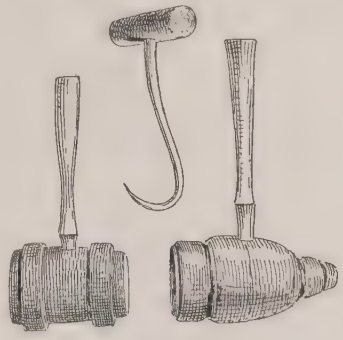
It has been said of a successful criminal at present serving out a term of imprisonment, that, given twenty minutes alone with a safe, he can open the most intricate lock that ever was devised; and, given merely the name of the safe-maker, he can tell you instantly all the parts in the lock and give a diagram of its mechanism. He never breaks a lock; he simply finds

out the combination inside of twenty minutes, opens the safe, takes out what he wants, and relocks it, and when the owner returns he finds the safe apparently just as he left it. To accomplish his work this expert criminal uses three ordinary wires, which he forces into the lock about the handle in such a way that the number of the combination is reduced to twenty-four. He reasons that all persons in locking a safe make a certain number of moves, and a knowledge of this fact enables him to further reduce its probable combinations to two or three movements. These two or three movements he finds out by actual trial, which consumes the greater part of his twenty minutes. Should the safe stand in an apartment that is in full view of the street, he drops a little quicklime on the floor, pours water on it, and the steam that arises effectually cloaks the windows. In three instances he unlocked safes, abstracted the contents, relocked them, and made off in the time that the men who were in charge of them were at their dinner.

In several of the principal cities of this country there are old criminals who have become tired of operating, and now occupy their time experimenting and teaching young thieves the art of safe-robbing. These men are practical machinists who have learned the mysteries of the craft and the weak points of safes while in the employ of money-vault manufacturers. They plan many if not all of the out-of-town jobs, for which they receive a percentage of the proceeds. They are thus able to live well and keep beyond the reach of the law. They never permit any of their pupils to operate in the city in which they dwell, but direct their movements throughout the surrounding country. Whatever plunder the young rogues secure has to be converted into cold cash before they are allowed to return to their old haunts.

There are other men who spend their time in taking impressions of store locks, and for a duplicate key to a business establishment demand a percentage of the plunder. Some years ago one of these men learned that the confidential clerk employed in a bank was infatuated with gambling, and he

made his acquaintance at the gaming-table. One night the crafty rascal said that he had forgotten his keys and was anxious to unlock the drawer of a desk standing in one corner of the room. On the top of the desk lay a thick sheet of blotting-paper that had been thoroughly saturated with water. The unsuspecting clerk loaned his keys, and while he was wholly absorbed in the game his companion pressed the flat part of the key into the blotting paper and also pressed it sideways, thus securing a perfect impression of the key and its thickness. Then he handed the keys back to the clerk, who thought no more of the matter. From the impression thus secured a duplicate key to the safe was manufactured, and with it, a month or so later on, the vault was easily plundered. A large haul was secured in this case, and for years suspicion pointed to the confidential clerk as the thief.



BURGLARS' MALLETS AND HAND-HOOK.

Store-burglars who make a business of stealing goods are generally men of fair education, and in planning and committing a theft they often display considerable shrewdness. To this class thieving seems to be a natural gift, and they are not ordinarily anxious to rise to the higher grades of crime. They vary in their manner of operating. Some prefer to steal silks or velvets, others have a fondness for silverware, jewelry, and diamonds, and others take anything they can lay their hands on. The sort of plunder taken indicates the standing of the thieves. In the carrying off of bulky booty great risks are run, but the men who steal cash have but little to fear except discovery just as they are leaving the scene of their crime. This rarely happens, and should they be afterwards arrested for the burglary there is but little chance of ever legally fastening the offense upon them.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

BANK SNEAK-THIEVES AND THEIR CHARACTERISTICS — PLOTS AND SCHEMES FOR ROBBING MONEYED INSTITUTIONS — A DARING LOT OF ROGUES.

Characteristics of Bank Sneak-Thieves — Rogues of Education and Pleasing Address — Nervy Criminals of Unlimited Cheek — How Bank Thieves Work — Some of their Exploits — Carefully Laid Plots — Extraordinary Attention to Details — A Laughable Story — A Wily Map-Peddler — Escaping with Twenty Thousand Dollars — A New Clerk in a Bank — Watching for Chances — A Decidedly Cool Thief — A Mysterious Loss — A Good Impersonator — Watching a Venerable Coupon-Cutter — Story of a Tin Box — Mysterious Loss of a Bundle of Bonds — How the Loss was Discovered Three Months Afterwards — An Astonished Old Gentleman — A Clerk in an Ink-Bedabbled Duster — How the Game is Worked in Country Banks — Unsuspecting Cashiers — Adroit Rogues and Impudent Rascals — A Polite Thief.

FOR many years sneak-thieving from banks flourished to an alarming extent in New York city, and under the old detective system it seemed impossible to put a stop to this form of robbery. In those days notorious thieves were permitted to loiter unmolested about the streets, and on more than one occasion it was alleged that well-filled cash boxes disappeared from bankers' safes in Wall street while detectives were on watch outside. All this has changed. Well-known thieves no longer haunt that famous locality, and since the establishment of a sub-detective bureau there, a few years ago, not a dollar has been stolen by professional criminals from any of the moneyed institutions in this great financial center. The inauguration also of a patrol service by experienced detectives during business hours, and the connecting by telephone of banking institutions with the detective bureau, have been the means of putting a stop to the operations of bank sneak-thieves. Still, in other cities where these precautions have not been or

cannot be adopted, sneak-thieves still carry on their operations and often reap rich rewards. As a rule bank sneak-thieves are men of education, pleasing address, good personal appearance, and are faultless in their attire. They commit the most daring thefts with astonishing coolness. Their exploits are necessarily made in daylight in busy public places, and these robbers are really more daring and possess more nerve than the bank burglar who prefers to work quietly under cover of night. The successful bank-sneak is not an adept with the pick-lock, but he possesses great presence of mind, a quick eye, and unlimited cheek.

Generally not more than three or four of these thieves are engaged in a preconcerted robbery, and each of them has his allotted part to perform. One must be a careful lookout, another must be an interesting conversationalist, and a third, generally a small-sized man, is the sneak, who stealthily steals behind the counter and captures the cash-box or a bundle of bonds. While some robberies are carried out in a few minutes after the conception of the scheme, others have been planned months beforehand. The rogues who prowl about bankers' and brokers' offices day after day are ever on the watch for an opportunity to make a daring dash for plunder. Their dress and manner are so like those of an honest merchant or stock-broker that their appearance awakens no suspicion as to their real character or calling. They sometimes have the faculty of worming themselves into good society, and they often spend their evenings in the lobbies of the leading hotels or other places where those foremost in financial circles are in the habit of assembling to discuss the events of the day. Information gathered in chance chats afterward proves of valuable assistance to the cunning sneak-thief in the carrying out of his operations. It is during these brief conversations that the sneak learns what topic will most interest his intended victim. All men have their hobbies, and just as soon as the sneak-thief knows that a certain banker, broker, paying-teller, or cashier has a weakness for discussing any one thing in particular, he devotes considerable time to studying the subject until he is

able to talk upon it properly and interestingly. This is one of the preliminary steps in a well-planned robbery. Next the thieves make themselves thoroughly familiar with the manner in which business is conducted in the bank they are plotting to pillage. They never neglect any point, no matter how small or apparently trivial it may be. The exact time that the clerks are in the habit of leaving their desks for dinner, the restaurants they dine at, and the time they are allowed for meals, are all noted. These are necessary for the success of the undertaking; and when at last all the plans have been perfected, the prize is captured at a time when there are but few persons around. There have been exceptions to this rule, however, and cash-boxes have been successfully spirited away just at the moment of the receipt of some astounding financial intelligence, and while the office was thronged with merchants and brokers discussing the startling news. Thefts of this sort require but a moment for inception and execution, and frequently a daring scheme has been carried out simultaneously with the opportunity that made the theft possible.

I recall an instance of the great presence of mind of this class of criminals, from the record of one of the most successful sneak-thieves I ever knew. There was a heated discussion in a broker's office one day about the location of a town in Ohio. The noted robber "on mischief bent" slipped into the place just in time to overhear several gentlemen declare that the town in question was located in as many different counties in that State. While the argument progressed the wily thief hit upon a plan that enabled him to capture the cash-box, which temptingly rested in the safe, the door of which was open. Silently and quickly he left the office unperceived, and, meeting his confederate outside, sent him in all haste to a stationery store, with instructions to buy several maps, and one especially showing the counties and towns in Ohio. Then the rogue returned to the broker's office to await his opportunity. A few minutes later he was followed by his companion in the role of a map peddler. Being at first told that no maps were wanted, the cunning accomplice, in a loud voice, said:

"Can I show you a new map, giving the boundaries of all the towns and counties in Ohio?"

The appeal was overheard by one of the men who had been involved in the recent discussion. Telling the peddler to stop, he at the same time turned to the other gentlemen present and said, "Now, boys, I'll bet whatever you like that the town in dispute is in the county I said, and as chance has brought us a map of Ohio the bets can be settled without delay." Several bets were made, and for a few minutes the broker's office was in a greater state of excitement than it ever had been before, even in panic days. As the peddler slowly unrolled his bundle of maps the brokers and the clerks crowded about him, anxious to learn the result. The sneak took advantage of the excitement and the crowd around his confederate, and made his way, unnoticed, to the safe. He captured the cash-box, containing $20,000, and escaped with it while his partner was exhibiting the map.

Another professional sneak, known as a man of great coolness and determination, and possessed of no small degree of courage, is credited with having entered a bank early in the morning, and going behind the desk he divested himself of his coat, donned a duster, and installed himself as clerk. He coolly waited there some time watching for a chance to steal a roll of greenbacks, bonds, or anything valuable that he could lay his hands on. One of the clerks requested the intruder to leave, but the impudent thief retorted by telling the former to mind his own business, and also intimating that as soon as his friend, the president, arrived, he would have what he pleased to call a meddlesome fellow properly punished. The clerk, however, insisted upon the rogue's vacating the desk, and he finally did so under protest. In a seemingly high state of indignation the robber left the place, and, later on, the cashier, to his great surprise, discovered that he had suddenly and mysteriously become $15,000 short. Of course the thief never called a second time to explain the mystery.

On another occasion a bundle of bonds vanished from one of the rooms in a safe-deposit vault, and the theft was not dis-

covered until three months after the robbery had been committed. One of the depositors, an old gentleman, had called at the bank for the purpose of clipping off his coupons. He had taken his box out of the compartment in which it was kept, and had gone into a side room that contained a table, where he might clip off the coupons undisturbed. No one was in the room excepting himself, but just as he had finished his pleasant and congenial task a man whom he believed to be one of the clerks of the bank entered the room for a second. Quietly tapping the old gentleman on the shoulder he suddenly said, "Oh, excuse me, sir, I have made a mistake," and immediately passed out again. While the aged depositor had turned to see who it was that had tapped him on the left shoulder, the supposed clerk, who was a professional sneak, picked up the bundle of bonds, which lay near the former's right hand. It happened that the lid of the tin box was down, and having no suspicion, and supposing that he had replaced the bonds in the box, the old man returned the empty receptacle to his compartment. Three months later, when he again called at the bank to clip another set of coupons, he discovered that his bonds were missing and no one was able to account for their disappearance.

The robbery, it has been asserted, was effected in this way. In the safe-deposit vaults was employed a clerk who was in the habit of wearing a buff-colored duster much bedabbled with ink. On the day of the robbery the clerk was sent out on an errand and was away from his desk for nearly half an hour. During his absence a sneak-thief of his build, somewhat like him in general appearance, and, like him, wearing an ink-stained duster, ran quickly down the steps, and without exciting any suspicion passed the watchman on guard at the entrance to the vaults. No one paid any particular attention to the robber as he passed with brisk business-like air through the several rooms, all supposing him to be a clerk. After he had captured the old gentleman's bonds from which the coupons had been freshly cut, the thief passed out unnoticed with his booty.

In robbing country banks, where the clerks are few, and

where during the dinner hour the cashier or paying-teller is often the only man left in the institution, sneaks have a simple and easy scheme for plundering. One first enters the bank and engages the cashier or teller in conversation upon a subject in which the latter becomes deeply interested. While this is going on a carriage halts at the door, and the driver is sent in to tell the official inside that a gentleman who has hurt his leg and is unable to walk desires to speak to him outside on a matter of business. The unsuspecting cashier or teller excuses himself to his first visitor and quickly goes out to speak to the injured man, and in his absence the bank is ransacked.

Gangs of sneak-thieves often travel all over the country with a circus or wild beast show. In the towns and small cities the parade of the performers creates considerable excitement, and when the cavalcade passes a bank the clerks, cashiers, and paying-tellers seem to forget themselves and run to the windows to look out. The sneak-thieves take advantage of the opportunity and quietly slip into the institution. In a twinkling their work is complete, and before the procession has passed they have escaped with whatever they could lay their hands on.

If, while watching about a bank, a large check is cashed and the customer turns aside to a desk to count the money, the rogues generally succeed in getting a portion of it. The thief will drop a bill on the floor near his victim, and just as the man has nicely arranged his pile of bills the thief will politely tell him that he has dropped some of his money. While the latter stoops to pick up the greenback, the sneak will deftly steal a portion of the cash upon the desk, and walk off unquestioned. They are not greedy in ventures of this sort, but they manage to secure the booty with almost comparative safety, and are content. Heated altercations invariably follow thefts of this kind. After counting his money the customer hurries back to the teller and insists that a mistake was made and that he is short. The teller is equally positive that he paid out the proper amount, and in most cases a disruption of commercial relations is the culmination of the dispute.

Bank sneak-thieves are not, however, confined to these systems. They are men of adaptability, and act at all times according to circumstances. They have been known to rob messengers in the street while on their way to a bank to make a deposit. Some messengers always carry the bank-book in their hand, with the bills placed between the covers. The ends of the greenbacks may extend beyond the length of the book, and these will instantly catch the quick eye of an experienced rogue. While the messenger is passing through a crowd he will be thrown off his guard by an exclamation of surprise or a laughable remark. During that unguarded moment the entire amount in the book has been abstracted, and when the messenger reaches the bank and finds the cash gone he cannot imagine how it was he lost it.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

COMMON HOUSEBREAKERS — THIEVES WHO LAUGH AT LOCKS AND BOLTS — RECEIVERS OF STOLEN GOODS — HOW A "FENCE" IS CONDUCTED.

Useless Locks and Bolts — The Sneak-Thief and His Methods — Masks on Their Faces and Murder in Their Hearts — Faithless Servants — Frightened Sleepers — Criminals but Cowards — Scared Away by Rats — Dogging Their Victims Home — Thefts of Diamonds — Second-Story Thieves — Pillaging Houses During the Supper Hour — Ranks in Crime — Hotel and Boarding-House Thieves — Unsuspecting Prey — A Hotel Thief's Tools and Methods — A Man Who Laughs at Bolts and Bars — A Bewildering Mystery — Manipulating a Thumb-Bolt — Watching the Hotel Register — Disastrous Female Vanity — Why the Boarder did not go Down to Dinner — Prompt to Escape but Hard to Track — How Stolen Property is Disposed of — Receivers or "Fences" — Roundabout Methods to Avoid Detection.

THE housebreaker and house-sneak are the most numerous of the thieving fraternity. Locks and bolts cannot be relied upon as protection against these men, and there are but few dwellings that are proof against their assaults. It is a popular belief with most people that their homes are perfectly secure when the doors and windows are fastened. The average sneak thief laughs at the flimsy barriers, and can undo every one of them with a few simple instruments which he carries in his vest pocket. Even the chain-bolt, which has been considered so formidable, is no protection at all when pitted against the skill and science of this class of rogues. When massive bank vaults offer no serious obstacles that the trained and experienced burglar cannot overcome, how can it be expected that ordinary contrivances for the security of houses should be effectual? While the operations of bank burglars are comparatively few and infrequent, on account of the multiplied risks and difficulties to be encountered, a well-organized army of sneak thieves

and housebreakers carry on their operations with a confidence born of repeated success.

In this army are some daring and desperate rascals, who often enter dwellings in the night-time in search of plunder, with masks on their faces and murder in their hearts. Sometimes night robberies are planned beforehand, but many are committed at haphazard. From servants or others employed in or about a residence, confederates of these thieves collect the information they desire. The manner of entering the premises depends upon its internal arrangements. In some cases the front basement door is entered by a false key, in others the rogues climb up the front of the house and enter the second-story window, and still in others an entrance is effected from the rear. Once inside, the burglar ransacks the apartments in which he expects to obtain the most booty. He works expeditiously, going through an occupied chamber as carefully as he would an unoccupied one. Often these criminals disturb the sleeper, but the latter is generally so frightened at the presence of the robber that no resistance is offered. Housebreakers are not brave men by any means, and only when cornered do they become bold and desperate in their anxiety to evade a long sentence. The noise made by rats has on more than one occasion scared burglars away from silverware worth hundreds and thousands of dollars, which they hastily abandoned after having collected and packed it ready for removal.

Three or four of these men have been known to band themselves together, but it is not uncommon for a desperate man to work entirely on his own hook. Such a thief was killed by falling through a house in Brooklyn a few years since, who for years before his death took no one into his confidence, but planned and executed his own robberies. He gathered all the information that he desired from the columns of the morning newspapers. He made a specialty of robbing young married couples of their jewels and wedding presents. A marriage notice or a report of a wedding was the only news this rascal cared to read, and he gloated over the announcement that the pair had received costly presents from their

friends. When he ascertained where the couple had taken a house, either while they were off on their wedding trip or had returned to housekeeping, he hired an attic room on the same block, and soon paid the newly wedded pair a midnight visit. He invariably secured the prize he was in quest of, but after a long career of crime he died -- as most thieves do — a violent death. Becoming reckless by his success, he undertook to ransack a house while in a state of intoxication. He secured property worth several thousand dollars, and as he was carrying it over the roof-tops he fell through a new building into the cellar. The groans of the thief attracted attention, and he was found with the stolen jewelry lying beside him. He was seriously injured and was removed to a hospital, where he died next day.

Another well-known housebreaker was in the habit of attending all the fashionable balls. He never went there for pleasure, but always on business. The rogue, with envious eyes, watched the ladies bedecked with expensive jewelry and wearing necklaces and pins set with brilliants. He had but little difficulty in ascertaining the names and addresses of the wearers of the diamonds. When the ball was over he would, with the assistance of a companion, dog his intended victims to their homes. He would keep a constant watch upon the house or its inmates for several days, and if in the meantime the jewels had not been taken to a safe-deposit vault, the robber would conclude that the lady was in the habit of keeping her valuables in the house. When the opportunity offered, the thief, under some pretext or other, would make his way into the premises in search of the diamonds or jewelry he had first seen in the ballroom, and he generally succeeded in getting them.

"Second-story" thieves are another order of criminals. After locating a house that they intend to rob in the early evening, they watch until the family are down-stairs at dinner. Then a young man, with the agility of a cat, crawls up the front of the dwelling, and enters the second-story window. He rifles all the rooms in the upper part of the house in

a few minutes, and with the booty noiselessly descends the stairs and leaves the house by the front door. In several cases, however, the robber has been known to drop the property out of a front window to his confederates on the street. This is only done when he has become alarmed by hearing footsteps on the stairs, and is forced to retreat in the same manner that he entered the premises.

Other thieves, who also pillage houses during the supper hour, pick the lock of the front door and steal in without making any noise. They wear rubbers or woolen shoes, and occasionally succeed in making large hauls. Then there are the several types of sneaks who, under all sorts of pretexts, manage to get inside of a dwelling for a few minutes without attracting attention, and remain just long enough to steal whatever they can lay their hands upon. Some of these go about as peddlers, piano-tuners, health and building inspectors, sewing-machine or insurance agents, and in various other roles. They do not confine their operations to apartment-houses or dwellings, but also rob business buildings in the daytime. Cash, jewelry, and valuables is the plunder most sought by the leading professional rogues of this class, but those of the lower grades seem to be satisfied with more bulky plunder. Young men make the most daring house thieves, but in the ranks may be found old criminals who have passed the best years of their life in crime.

The class of thieves devoting themselves to robbing rooms in hotels and in fashionable boarding-houses operate according to circumstances, and always have their wits about them for any unexpected emergency. The successful ones are men of respectable appearance, good address, and cool and daring fellows. Some follow their nefarious vocation only in the morning, others in the afternoon, and still others operate at night. In their methods of procedure each of these subdivisions has other distinguishing peculiarities. A great deal of ingenuity in getting into rooms is not infrequently shown by these men, who are ever ready to take desperate chances.

Until he has accomplished his purpose, the hotel thief pursues his prey from one hotel to another with a persistency that

knows no faltering. When he has squandered his ready cash in riotous living, and his treasury needs replenishing, he makes it his business to scan the newspapers carefully, and keep himself posted on the latest arrivals, the rooms they occupy, and other data of interest. The coming and going of professionals, particularly female theatrical stars, salesmen, bankers, and bridal parties, and all persons likely to carry valuable jewelry and trinkets, or a large amount of money, are objects of his special solicitude.

When the unsuspecting prey, fatigued by travel, gives proof of his unconsciousness by deep, stertorous breathing, the hotel thief steals silently from his hiding-place. A slight push may let him into the apartment, or it may be necessary to use a gimlet and a small piece of crooked wire to slide back the bolt, or a pair of nippers to turn the key left in the lock on the inside of the door. Sometimes as many as a dozen rooms in the same hotel have been plundered in one night, and none of the watchmen saw or heard the thief. The hotel thief can carry his entire outfit in his vest pocket and can laugh in his sleeve at common bolts and bars.

The shooting back of the old-fashioned slide-bolt from the outside of the apartment was for many years a bewildering mystery. A piece of crooked wire inserted through the key-hole by the nimble rogue made the bolt worthless, and a turn of the knob was all that was required to open the door.

It takes only a few minutes for an expert hotel thief to enter a room. After he has reached the door of the apartment in which the weary traveler is sleeping soundly, he takes from his pocket a pair of slender, small nippers, a bent piece of wire, and a piece of silk thread. These are the only tools some thieves use. Inserting the nippers in the key-hole, he catches the end of the key. Then a twist shoots back the lock bolt, and another leaves the key in a position from which it can easily be displaced. Should

BURGLARS' KEY NIPPERS.

(For unlocking a door from the outside.)

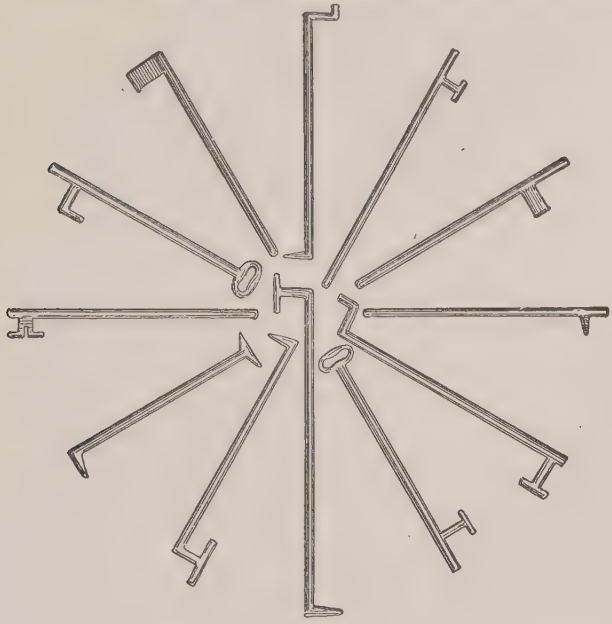
the slumber of the occupant of the room be disturbed by the falling of the key on the carpet or floor, time is given him to fall asleep again. By pressing on the door the thief next locates the bolt. A piece of thread is attached to the bent point of the wire, making a sort of bow; and after crooking the wire to suit, it is pushed through the keyhole and carried up or down to the bolt. The looped head throws the pin of the bolt into place; the string is moved sideways until it grapples the pin, and the bolt is slid back out of the nosing. The door yields to a slight pressure, and the completion of the task is deftly and expeditiously performed. Some thieves always stop to lock the room door behind them.

Many of them spend their leisure time in "fixing" rooms in hotels. This is necessary in first-class establishments, where the room doors are provided with improved locks and bolts. One of these, known as the "thumb bolt," requires to be tampered with beforehand. The shrewd robber, while occupying a room as a guest, prepares the lock so that it will aid him in his future operations. Removing the screws, he takes off the thumb-plate and files a slot in the spring-bar. Then he replaces the plate and screws, and marks on the outside of the door by a slight indentation in the woodwork, or by some other sign, the exact point at which to strike the filed slot when the door is locked. Returning on the night of the robbery with the only tools necessary — a common brad-awl and a pair of nippers — he pierces the soft wood at the proper point, and then, by pushing the awl further in, strikes the slot, and is able to noiselessly turn the bolt; he then uses his nippers to unlock the door. The thief watches the hotel register and awaits his prey. If some well-known person, in the habit of wearing costly jewels, is registered as occupying one of the "fixed" rooms, then the thief engages an apartment on the same floor, and during the night-time consummates the long-planned crime.

Another plan — and the one that is generally adopted by rogues who prowl about hotel corridors in the daytime — is to draw the screws of the nosing of the bolt and lock. The screw-holes are then bored larger, the screws are replaced after being

thoroughly moistened, and maintain a sufficient grip not to be displaced by any ordinary jar. When the wood becomes dry the door can be easily forced in without trouble or the least danger from noise.

The boarding-house thief is always a smooth and entertaining talker, who invariably makes acquaintances in new quarters in short order. In a pleasant chat with the inquisitive landlady he generally succeeds in gleaning all the information he



FALSE AND SKELETON KEYS TAKEN FROM HOUSE THIEVES.

desires about the other guests in the house. Most women are fond of displaying their jewels and valuables at fashionable boarding-houses. While amusing his newly-made acquaintances with his laughable stories, the astute robber is at the same time making a thorough survey. His covetous eyes never miss the flash of diamonds, and should he be in doubt as to their genuineness he has only to speak of the matter to one of the friends of the wearer, and he will be told when and where they were bought and the price paid for them.

After the rogue has secured a full inventory of the jewels

and valuable trinkets kept in the several rooms of the house, he is ready for business, and simply awaits opportunity. While the other guests are at breakfast or dinner he remains up stairs, and the thorough manner in which he rummages the several apartments in so short a time is surprising. Before his victims have finished their morning or evening meal the thief's work is complete, and, with well-filled valise, he slips unnoticed out of the house. Probably before the robbery is discovered he is on board a train speeding his way to some other city to dispose of his plunder and resume his career of crime. Thieves of this sort are troublesome to track, but when run down at last there is no end to the number of complainants that come forward to prosecute them.

Without a safe market for his ill-gotten property the business of the burglar and thief would be unprofitable. The buying of stolen goods is not a crime of recent origin, but dates back to the very beginning of thievery. A receiver of stolen property is known among criminals as a "fence." Receivers have their grades and classes. Some make it a business to purchase only bonds and securities; others purchase diamonds and jewelry; others buy silks and costly dry-goods; and still others buy plunder of any description. The receiver in the habit of handling bonds and securities could not be induced to risk a speculation in bulky plunder. These offenders are extremely careful in their negotiations with professional rogues. They place but little faith in the word of a thief, and are naturally suspicious of all persons with whom they have any dealings. After a large robbery the burglars do not, as is generally supposed, cart the plunder to the house or store of the receiver. Instead, they quietly remove it to a safe place of storage, generally in some neighboring city or town. Wives whose husbands are undergoing imprisonment are invariably made the custodians of loot. The burglars have confidence in these women, and so have the receivers. The booty is conveyed to their apartments in trunks and does not attract any attention. When it has been placed in charge of the wife of an imprisoned confederate, the "fence" is notified, and samples of the goods

are submitted for the receiver's inspection. Should he desire an examination of all the property he sends a trusted appraiser to look it over; and should it prove to be as represented, a set tlement is effected, and the trunks are reshipped to the rooms of another thief's wife. The latter's unlucky husband who is "doing time" was perhaps a favorite with the receiver, and the woman is always a willing party to transactions of this sort. Receivers, while they rarely pay more than one-fourth of the value of the stolen article, run no risks. They never make a settlement with the thieves until the proceeds of the robbery have been removed a second time, and to a place the location of which the gang they are dealing with knows nothing at all about. There are two reasons why the receiver is so careful and keeps the final hiding-place a profound secret from the rogues. One is because he fears treachery at the hands of the robbers, and the other because he does not desire to incur any loss. In event of the stolen goods being seized in transit from the storage-place of the thieves to that of the receiver, the loss falls upon the former. The other reason is to prevent them, should there be any bickering as to the price, from betraying the buyer. The simple testimony of the self-confessed thief that he sold the stolen goods to a certain person would be of no value in a legal sense without the corroborative proof of the seizure of the plunder. On account of the receiver's guarded manner of doing business this is never possible, and the moment that the goods come into his possession all tags and marks that would lead to their identification are removed and destroyed.

Receivers in large cities are able to conduct their nefarious transactions without much danger of detection. To conceal their shady speculations they engage in some legitimate business, and conduct a fancy-goods or jewelry store in a business district and on apparently strict and honest business principles. These are the class that purchase from shoplifters, pickpockets, and dishonest employees. To watch the patrons of these stores would be a task that would yield but meagre results. Professional criminals shun these places, and the men and women who sell the proceeds of their pilferings to such receivers are

only petty thieves. While seemingly purchasing some article and earnestly talking with the proprietor about its price, the thief is really making a bargain for its sale. He never carries on his negotiations in the presence of a stranger. The goods bought by the receiver under such conditions are never offered for sale in these places, but are disposed of to other unscrupulous shopkeepers and peddlers, who loudly and constantly boast of their own honesty.

There is a class of receivers that is constantly on the lookout for "bargains," to whom pickpockets and sneak thieves can safely dispose of stolen watches and trinkets at prices much below their intrinsic worth. The establishments of pawnbrokers, who advance loans on jewelry and clothing, are generally patronized by young rogues with whom "my uncle" drives sharp bargains. Old rogues, by melting watch-cases, run but little chance of detection, and net a large profit by the sale of the metal to reputable firms. A smart receiver who deals in stolen jewelry reduces all small articles of jewelry into metal as soon as bought. The most annoying class are the second-hand dealers, who buy and sell stolen wearing-apparel. They invariably have friends in another city, so that as soon as plunder has been bought it is at once shipped away to be disposed of elsewhere.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE ROGUES' GALLERY — WHY THIEVES ARE PHOTOGRAPHED — TELL-TALE SIGNS — PECULIARITIES OF CRIMINALS.

"Where Have I Seen That Man Before?" — Who is it? — A Sudden Lock of Recognition — A Notorious Burglar in Fashion's Throng — A Swell-Cracksman — The Rogues' Gallery — Its Object and its Usefulness — How Criminals Try to Cheat the Camera — How Detectives Recognize Their Prey — Ineffaceable Tell-Tale Signs — The Art of Deception — Human Vanity Before the Camera — Slovenly Criminals — Flash Criminals — The Weaknesses of Criminals — Leading Double Lives — A Strange Fact — Criminals Who are Model Husbands and Fathers at Home — Some Good Traits in Criminals — Mistaken Identity — Peculiarities of Dress — A Mean Scoundrel — Picking Pockets at Wakes and Funerals — A Solemn Looking Pair of Precious Rascals — The Lowest Type of Criminals — Placing People Where They Belong.

WHERE, it does not matter, but in a fashionable place of amusement which blazed with light and was radiant with the shimmer of silks, the flash of jewels, and the artificial glories with which wealth and fashion surround themselves, a tall, well-dressed man was standing, with a lady on his arm, waiting till the outgoing throng gave him exit. A judge of the Supreme Court was just behind him, and at his elbow was a banker whose name is powerful on Wall Street. With suave manners, a face massive and intelligent, and apparel in unexceptionable taste, there was yet something about the man that recalled other and strangely remote associations. It certainly was not the dress or attitude or air that seemed familiar. Nor was it the quick, sharp eyes that lighted up and seemed indeed the most notable features of the countenance. Nor could it be the neatly trimmed whiskers or the somewhat sallow cheeks they covered. And certainly no suggestion of recognition could lie in the thin hair, carefully brushed back from a forehead that bulged out into knobs and was crossed by some deep

lines. But yet, as that same forehead was bowed for a moment, what was there in it that recalled something, — a man, or a statue, or a picture?

In a moment the head was erect again, the face smiling, and in the change the fancied familiarity melted but did not die away. It was still there, and for a moment it was intensified as a sudden look of recognition, a look that had a flash of malice in it, came into the sharp eyes which had caught mine as I stood by the entrance watching him. This elegant and courtly gentleman was a professional criminal, and was last sentenced for burglary.

A burglar! This prim, genteel, thoughtful-looking personage? He would be a minister or merchant or physician at the first glance to nine men out of ten. Here in the flare of the gaslight, in the heart of fashion, with a judge at his back and a millionaire at his elbow — a burglar? Not low-browed, sullen, with a stealthy glance and hunted air, — not at all as fancy and romance have pictured him, but holding his head as high as his judicial and capitalist neighbors. And with that recognition, memory, faithful to the impression that bulging forehead and its deep lines had wrought, recalled a wooden frame with a photograph enclosed in it, — a photograph of a bowed, distorted face, through whose half-closed eyelids two small specks seemed to glare maliciously, surmounted by a forehead with two knobs and some black lines upon it. That was it. The photograph was this man's portrait, and the place where it hung was the Rogues' Gallery.

In that does the usefulness of the Rogues' Gallery lie. There are people who look at the pictures and say: "Of what good can these twisted and unnatural faces be? Were their owners met in the streets, their countenances would be composed and altogether free of these distortions by which they have tried to cheat the purpose of the police in photographing them." It is a mistake to suppose that no one would know them. The very cleverest criminals who have distorted their features into a false physiognomy for the camera have made their grimaces in vain. The sun has been too quick for them,

AN UNWILLING SUBJECT. – PHOTOGRAPHING A PRISONER FOR THE ROGUE'S GALLERY AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

The very cleverest criminals who have distorted their features before the camera have made their grimaces in vain. The camera has been too quick for them, and has imprisoned the lines of the features, and caught certain peculiarities that could not be disguised. There is not a portrait in the Rogue's Gallery but has some marked characteristics by which detectives can identify the man who sat for it.

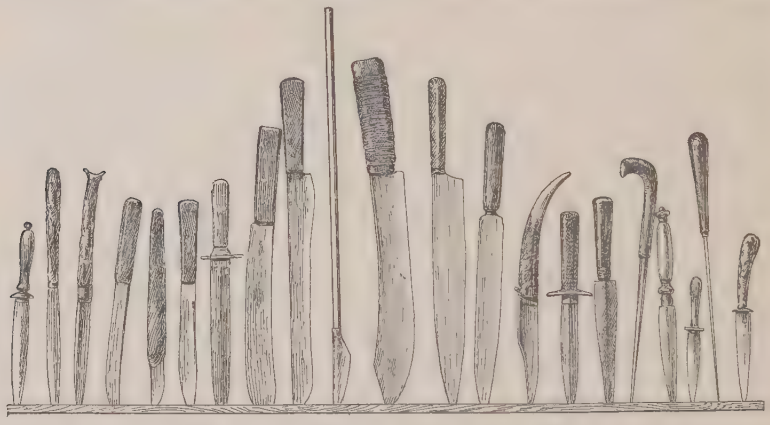
and has imprisoned the lines of the profile and the features, and caught certain peculiarities that could not be disguised. There is not a portrait in the Rogues' Gallery but has some marked characteristics by which, if studied in detail, one can identify the man who sat for it. A general idea of the looks of a person derived from one of these pictures may be very misleading. The criminal himself will try to make it so by resorting to every possible means to alter his appearance. He can grow or shave off a beard or mustache, he can change the color of either, or he may become full-faced or lantern-jawed in time. But the skilled detective knows all this, and looks for distinguishing marks peculiar to his subject. It was the bulging brow and the deep lines of the forehead that revealed the identity of the well-dressed burglar in the fashionable throng. It did not matter much what disguise he assumed. These ineffaceable peculiarities would remain as tell-tale signs that could always be recognized.

Detectives frequently succeed in singling out criminals who have tried every device to deceive the camera, and often the very men who have gone to the most trouble to make their pictures useless have been betrayed by them. Here is one with his face screwed up like a nutcracker; he thought that he could play the sneak without any one identifying him by this photograph. But he made a mistake, like the rest. So did this one who is grinning down from the corner there, with his head away back and his features grotesquely distorted; but he could not get the best of the sun, and the camera caught enough of him to furnish a ready means of identification.

But photographs must not be considered merely as portraits when criminals are to be identified by them. In some cases, however, they are quite sufficient. The old dodge of distorting the features is not often attempted nowadays. When we have a man with a strong case against him, he knows that his portrait in some shape or other must be added to the gallery, and he also knows that it is absurd to try and defeat the purposes of justice. That makes him resigned to his fate, and all our recent photographs are good ones. We always

aim to have the best we can get, for photography has been an invaluable aid to the police.

The Rogues' Gallery and Criminal Directory in New York is the most complete in the country. There are numbers of instances where a criminal appears in public under circumstances far different from those under which he is brought to police Headquarters. The burglar before mentioned is a good example of what a swell-cracksman may look like when he has the means and taste to dress himself in fashionable clothes.



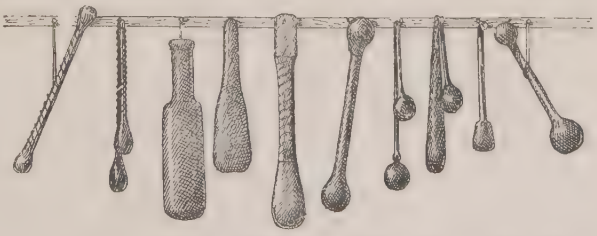
STILETTOES AND KNIVES TAKEN FROM CRIMINALS.
(From the Museum of Crime.)

There are scores of men and women whose appearance in the streets gives no hint of their real character. Deception is their business, and they study its arts carefully. It is true there are criminals brought to Headquarters who even in sitting for a photograph for the Rogues' Gallery show a weakness to appear to advantage, and adjust dress, tie, and hair with as much concern as if the picture was intended for their dearest friends. I have seen women especially whose vanity cropped out the moment the camera was turned on them. But that is infrequent, and one must look for the faces seen in the Rogues' Gallery in other shapes and with other accompaniments than those that appear in a photograph.

All criminals have their weaknesses. The lower class of them spend their money in the way their instincts dictate.

Some are slovenly hulks of fellows who pride themselves on shabbiness, and to them shabbiness is a part of their business. Then there are others of the flashy order who run into extremes in dress, and copy the gamblers and variety-theatre performers in their attire. But there are many — and they are of the higher and more dangerous order of criminals — who carry no suggestion of their calling about them. Here is where the public err. They imagine that all burglars look like Bill Sykes and Flash Toby Crackit, whereas the most modest and most gentlemanly people they meet may be faithful representatives of these characters.

Nearly all great criminals lead double lives. Strange as it may appear, it is a fact that some of the most unscrupulous rascals who ever cracked a safe or turned out a counterfeit were at home model husbands and fathers. In a great many cases wives have aided their guilty partners in their villainy, and the children, too, have taken a hand in it. But all suggestion of the criminal's calling was left outside the front door.

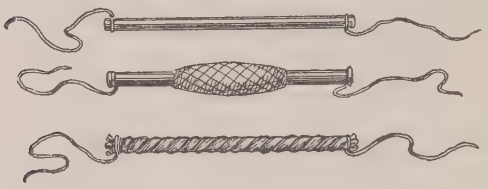


SAND-BAGS AND SLUNG-SHOTS TAKEN FROM CRIMINALS.
(From the Museum of Crime.)

The family of a notorious and dangerous forger lived quietly and respectably, mingled with the best of people, and were well liked by all who met them. Another equally dangerous criminal who was found dead near Yonkers, probably made away with by his associates, was a fine-looking man with cultured tastes and refined manners. Others would pass for honest and industrious mechanics, and more than one of them has well provided for his old mother and his sisters. I recall one desperate fellow who paid for his two little daughters' education at a convent in Canada, from which they were graduated well-bred and bright young ladies, without ever a suspicion of their father's business reaching them. This same

thing has been done by some of the hardest cases we have to contend with. One of the most noted pickpockets in the country had children whose education, dress, and manners won general admiration. There is nothing to mark people of that stamp as a class.

Nor is physiognomy a safe guide, but on the contrary it is often a very poor one. In the Rogues' Gallery may be seen photographs of rascals who resemble the best people in the country, in some instances sufficiently like personal acquaintances to admit of mistaking one for the other, which, by the way, is no uncommon occurrence. It is easy for a detective to pick up the wrong man. Time and again I have seen victims of thieves, when called upon in court to identify a prisoner seated among a number of onlookers, pick out his captor or a court clerk as the offender.



GAGS TAKEN FROM BURGLARS.
(From the Museum of Crime.)

Thieves generally dress up to their business. I do not mean that they indicate their business by their dress, but just the opposite. They attire themselves so as to attract the least attention from the class of people among whom they wish to operate. To do this they must dress like this class. If they are among poor people, they dress shabbily. If among well-to-do folks, they put on style. If among sporting men, they are flashy in attire. It is a great thing to escape notice, —to meet a man in conversation and yet leave no distinct impression of face or personality. I remember one man whose scarred cheek and missing eye would mark him anywhere, but he managed to be so sober in his dress that no one seemed to notice his personal peculiarities. Another, a railroad pickpocket, excels in gaining confidence and yet leaving scant recollection of his dress and features. One scoundrel known as "the mourner," and his wife had faces thoroughly adapted for their business, which was to pick pockets at wakes and

funerals, and they were the most solemn-looking pair I ever saw.

River thieves and low burglars fill the popular idea of criminals' appearance, and they are as hard-looking brutes as can be found. So are a good many of the more desperate fellows. Nugent, the Manhattan Bank burglar, carried a good deal of his old business of a butcher in his appearance, but there was something about him that suggested the criminal. There are numbers of the confidence men, too, who in spite of their gentlemanly dress and conversational powers look the very incarnation of sharpers. In fact, it is unwise to judge by appearances, and it is not always safe to judge against them. A long experience of men and their ways is always needed to place people where they belong.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

CUNNING SHOPLIFTERS AND SKILLFUL PICKPOCKETS—FEMALE OPERATORS AND HOW THEY WORK—YIELDING TO SUDDEN TEMPTATIONS.

A Congenial Crime for Women—An Open Field for the Shoplifter—The Shoplifter's Dress and its Many Pockets—A Detective's Ruse—Working with a Confederate—Kleptomaniacs—Conscience Stifled by Cupidity—Detection, and its Results—An Adroit Thief and his Wonderful Bag—Working in Gangs—Swallowing Gems—Pickpockets and their Rovings—Personal Appearance of Pickpockets—How a Woman lay Concealed for Years—Working under a Shawl or Overcoat—The Use of the Knife—An Overcoat without Pockets—Robberies at Churches and Funerals—"Working" Horse-Cars and Railroad Trains—Quarrels among Thieves—How a Victim Betrays Himself to the Gang—"Working a Crowd"—A Delicate Touch—Signals between Confederates—Watching an Opportunity—Stealing Watches.

HOLIDAY week in New York city is the shoplifters' harvest. The ladylike and gentlemanly pilferers of the city know that Christmas offers abundant opportunities for plying their wicked trade. So the shoplifter sallies forth, and the pickpocket wends his way, with keen eyes and ready hands among the throng. Of the shoplifters who infest the city, the large majority are females. There are various reasons for this. The work of shoplifting is comparatively easy, it is often remunerative, and above all it is congenial. There are few ladies to whom a visit to the stores and the handling of the rich and beautiful goods displayed are not joys which transcend all others on earth. The female shoplifter has that touch of nature left in her which makes a dry-goods store, variety bazaar, or jewelry establishment, a most delightful spot to exercise her cunning.

In the last few years, professionals of this order have

wonderfully multiplied, but their increase has been no more than commensurate with that of the metropolitan bazaars. These places are most preyed upon, and in them the temptation to larceny is most freely offered. The general exposure of the goods on the counter or floor, the unceasing throng, the constant diversion for eye or ear of watchers,—all serve to prepare an easy way for the shoplifter.

The clerk's duties are generally manifold. Salesman or saleswoman,—it is all the same—they must take down and display wares for customers; extol the quality of the goods; wait on half a dozen customers at one and the same time, and through it all answer a thousand idle questions, while all the time the endless throng are whirling past, and one can have no eyes for individual loungers. Shoplifters infest these places and have ample opportunity to ply their vocation. Even those who are merely not strong in resisting temptation are only too liable to pick up some stray trinket or bundle and walk off with it.

Articles of value are seldom captured by the shoplifter. Dry-goods, *lingerie*, or cheap jewelry are more often taken. But it is in the great number of such petty larcenies that the losses to shopkeepers chiefly lie. The ordinary female dress may be skillfully constructed so as to be an expansive receptacle for plunder of all kinds, and the professional shoplifter takes good care that she is prepared for her trip with just such a dress. Into it she gathers her booty, safely stores it, and, if suspected, or even detected in the act of picking up an article, she becomes highly indignant, boldly subjects herself to an immediate search, and nine times out of ten the employee, who is not familiar with criminal methods, misses the false pockets, and is forced to admit the offender's innocence in spite of the evidence of his own senses. The cloak is also a useful article of attire for the shoplifter, and women have concealed large quantities of goods under a sweeping outer garment. Stolen rolls of cloth, costly dresses, and even sealskin sacques have been found under them. One clever professional carried under her arms numerous articles of various sizes which it would puzzle a

man to carry about with his outstretched arms. Not long ago a woman wearing a large cloak was noticed leaving one of the bazaars on Fourteenth Street, and a moment later a clerk came out saying that a number of valuable bonnets were missing. A detective elbowed his way through the crowd and overtook the amply-clad woman. Afraid of making a mistake and thereby subjecting himself to merited censure by making an improper arrest, he conceived the ruse of stumbling, and at the same instant raising one of the suspected stranger's arms. The trick worked admirably. The arm went up like a flash, and the ground forthwith was strewn with bonnets. She had nearly two hundred dollars' worth in the collection.

There are occasions when the shoplifter need not convert herself into a migratory storehouse. She sometimes has a confederate possessing ready fingers and a fluent tongue, who makes the circuit of the counters. The other presses along after her, gazing vacantly around and keeping severely distant from any of the goods exposed. When her confederate has slipped something out of sight she conveys it adroitly to the other, and the pair go on again. If the more clever operator be detected, no more than a single article will be found on her, and she can generally brazen her way out of the predicament by alleging an absent mind or some uncommon distraction elsewhere in the store.

There are generally but two classes of shoplifters — the regular criminal professional and the kleptomaniac. The very poor classes seldom take a hand in it. Poverty is held by the world to be the badge of crime, and the poor slattern who enters a store is sure to be so carefully watched that larceny is next to impossible. The shoplifter is always a person of fair apparel, and she generally has a comfortable home. If she be a professional she may be one of a criminal community, and her home may be shared by others engaged in equally evil ways. If she be a kleptomaniac — and in shoplifting the word has peculiar significance — she is possibly a woman whose life in other respects is exemplary. It does seem strange that a wife and mother whose home is a model one, who attends re-

ligious service regularly, and who seems far removed from the world of crime, should be so carried away by her admiration of some trinket or knick-knack as to risk home, honor, everything to secure it. But the annals of metropolitan offenses are full of instances of just this kind. It is her fondness for finery that nine times out of ten gets her into trouble.

A woman leaves a happy and well-provided home for a shopping tour. She buys the necessary articles she wants after much careful selecting and sharp bargaining. Then she looks about her and goes counter-gazing. This is the fatal moment. Some taking article — it may only be a trifle — catches her eye. She has already spent the contents of her purse, but the new object absorbs her attention, and every moment it becomes more fascinating. She must have it. Then comes temptation. The trinket is exposed. There is no one about. It would be such a simple thing to take it. Conscience, stifled by cupidity, is dormant, and the desire of possession completely absorbs her. A moment more and the article is under her cloak, and all of a tremble she edges her way to the door, half frightened, half regretful, yet wholly swayed for the time being by the possession of the moment's idol. Then comes detection. Everything rises to betray her — her frightened glance, her sneaking attitude, the closer clutch she has upon her cloak. She is accosted, questioned, and then every thought of home, family, and the disgrace that she has brought upon herself, rushes before her, and she summons all the pluck there is in her poor fluttering heart, and denies.

Fatuous soul! She forgets that the sanctity which a moment since surrounded her as an honest woman is now stripped from her. She is searched. The stolen article is found upon her, and she stands there drooping and despairing — a proven thief. Every year, over and over again, is this sad scene enacted.

Among the real criminal set of shoplifters may be found some who are skillful in picking pockets. They are a dangerous class, for at no place are opportunities for plying their trade more frequent than in a shopping bazaar. The shopper's

attention is deeply engaged by a bewildering display of goods dear to female hearts. Minds are full of purchases and heedless of pockets. Satchels and purses are laid carelessly upon the counter. The shoplifter is always on the alert for these opportunities and is ever ready to take advantage of them. Not long since a lady placed on a counter beside her a well-filled purse. A moment afterwards she mechanically picked it up again to pay for a purchase. She opened it. There was a wad of paper in it. She looked at it again. It was not her own, but one that had been adroitly substituted for it.

An unusually cunning male shoplifter successfully operated for several years by means of a scheme that he had devised himself. He traveled through England, France, and other European countries, leaving a trail of mysterious thefts behind him. Upon his return to the United States he was detected in the act of committing a robbery, and his plan was exposed. Cloth and silk houses were his chosen fields of labor. He invariably carried a large-sized valise. The bottom of the bag, which parted in the middle, was movable and was hinged at the sides. Near the handle was a spring arrangement which connected with the movable bottom. His plan was to enter a store while the clerks were engaged in the rear. Going boldly up to a counter he would apparently in the most careless manner set down his valise upon a pile of goods. As he did so he would spring the bottom, and thus adroitly bag a roll of silk or fine cloth. Having secured his booty he would make a small purchase, or ask one of the clerks for the address of another firm in the same line of business. His appearance never caused the slightest suspicion, and the thief, until his methods were discovered, always managed to leave a store with his grip-sack full of plunder.

Two or three shoplifters have been known to enter large cloth, dry-goods, or feather establishments in the morning, just before opening time, while the porter or clerk was sweeping the store. One of the rogues would then engage the single unsuspecting guardian of the store in conversation, and invariably succeeded in luring him to the rear of the place. This

was the thieves' opportunity, and when the clerk's back was turned the shoplifter's confederates were busy. In a twinkling they would conceal as many goods as they were able to stuff into false pockets in their clothes and quietly make off. Then the first man would innocently tell his dupe that he would call again.

A few skillful male and female shoplifters occasionally succeed in making rich hauls by "substitution." They operate solely in jewelry stores, and have a fondness for handling and pricing diamond rings and pins. In carrying out their scheme, they visit a jewelry store and examine goods. A lapidary who manufactures paste rings and pins is next visited. He is employed to make a substitute for the piece of diamond jewelry which the shoplifter intends stealing. A good description of the article wanted is given, and it is soon finished by the obliging lapidary. Two or three of the shoplifters acting in concert now call at the jewelry store. While the diamonds are again being closely examined, the spurious article is deftly substituted for the genuine one. After an extended and critical examination the purchase is reluctantly deferred, the jewelry case is returned to the show-case or safe, and it is often days before the fact is discovered that a costly diamond ring or pin has been stolen and a paste one left in its place. Shoplifters who make a practice of stealing unset diamonds and other precious stones sometimes substitute spurious stones to cover the theft. They have been known to swallow the gems, and when arrested on suspicion were able to escape conviction by the clever manner in which the trick was performed.

But while the shoplifter's numerous depredations have made people wary, and in the aggregate have entailed great losses on merchants, their operations have frequently injured unblemished reputations and subjected tender feelings to great suffering. Most of the large jewelry establishments and great bazaars now employ detectives, while others employ floor-walkers. Many of these do not possess the intelligence and cunning their position demands, and serious mistakes often occur. Ladies of high social position have time and again

been accused of larcenies of which they were entirely guiltless. Some really absent-minded shoppers have carried articles away from the counter utterly unconscious of the fact at the time. Of course it would require an adept in psychological art to tell the really absent-minded but honest woman from the one who pleads temporary aberration of mind as excuse for actual crime. The guilty have again and again secured immunity from punishment by a well-concocted story of forgetfulness. And it is equally certain that the innocent have more than once suffered for the guilty.

Pickpockets are an interesting class of thieves, and among the men and women who follow this particular line of crime there are many grades. The male operators generally dress well and display abundant jewelry; but the females, while pillaging, generally appear in humble attire. Professional pickpockets are naturally great rovers and are continually traveling from one end of the country to the other to attend large public gatherings. It is in such crowds that these desperate rascals most successfully practice their nefarious calling. They are to be found one day among the assemblage present at the inauguration of the President of the United States, another day at the funeral obsequies of some distinguished person, and the next week at a country fair. At the funeral of General Grant in New York city an army of the light-fingered fraternity flocked from all parts of the country, expecting to reap a rich harvest among the vast throng. However,

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley,"

and notwithstanding the fact that there were hundreds of thousands of people that day along the route of the funeral procession, not a single watch or pocketbook was stolen. Never before in the history of the Police Department had there been such a clean record. The day before the funeral all the professional pickpockets then in the city were arrested upon suspicion, and the police magistrates held the rogues as prisoners. The alarm was then raised, and hundreds of criminals on their way to New York gave up the project, left the trains, and scat-

tered in other directions. A few, however, who were reckless enough to persist in their schemes, found detectives awaiting them at the several depots. They were taken in charge and were kept safely housed at the Police Central Office, the various precinct station-houses, and the Tombs prison until the funeral was over and all the strangers had departed for their homes. When there was no one to prey upon, the disgusted rogues were liberated. The effort made to thwart the pickpockets upon that occasion was a bold one, but the end certainly justified the means.

Of professional pickpockets there are many types. Odd are the notions that some people entertain of the personal appearance of criminals of this class. Some believe them to be a forbidding and suspicious-looking lot of cut-throats, but on the contrary they are very like ordinary individuals, and, unless their faces are known, their appearance or dress would never excite curiosity. Still, between the several classes of operators there is a striking difference. The pickpocket, either male or female, who dexterously abstracts a purse or captures a watch or diamond pin on any of the principal thoroughfares, in a street-car, railroad train, or church, does not in any way resemble the person who will perform the same operation in a side street or at a public gathering. Those who seek only large plunder are entertaining conversationalists and easy in their manners. They are generally self-possessed fellows and are dexterous and cautious operators. Women make the most patient and dangerous pickpockets. Humble in their attire, and seemingly unassuming in their demeanor, without attracting any notice or particular attention, they slip into an excited crowd in a store or in front of a shop-window. Their quick eye and delicate touch will without difficulty locate the resting-place of a well-filled purse. That discovered, they follow the victim about until the proper opportunity presents itself to capture the prize. Sometimes they go off on thieving excursions in pairs, but an expert female pickpocket invariably prefers to work alone. The latter class are difficult to run down. Men, after committing a large theft, are in nearly all instances

extravagant and reckless, but women are generally the reverse, and are careful of the money they have stolen. Should they have reason to feel that they are suspected they will remain concealed for a long time.

There is on record the case of a female pickpocket who after capturing a pocketbook containing thousands of dollars in greenbacks, became aware that she was suspected and succeeded in eluding arrest until the only witness against her had died. The day following the robbery, the thief, who was well advanced in years and was possessed of an excellent education, entered a religious institution under an assumed name. After telling a plausible and sad story of her unhappy marriage to a drunkard, she finally gained admission to the Home. Her conduct there was exemplary, and she remained for years. At last she read of the death of the wealthy lady whose pocketbook she had stolen, and the cunning pickpocket, aware that the danger of conviction for the larceny had passed, vanished from the Home and returned to her old trade. There are other instances illustrative of the care with which women avoid detection that are on a par with the one mentioned.

Pickpockets who pursue their calling under cover of a shawl or overcoat carried carelessly over one arm, invariably the left one, generally take a seat in the car on the right side of the person they intend robbing, and operate under the coat or shawl. In case the pocket is high or too small to admit the hand freely, a sharp knife is used to cut the side of the dress or trousers of the victim. Others of the light-fingered fraternity wear light overcoats with the large pockets removed. Entering a crowded car, a thief, while standing up, selects a woman who, while paying her fare, has displayed a well-filled purse. The thief, when the opportunity occurs, carelessly laps his coat over her dress, and, by inserting his hand through the outside opening of his false pocket, quietly proceeds to do his work. Female pickpockets who operate in cars and boats invariably use cloaks, which shield them while stealing. They press against the person whose pockets they are rifling, and the cloak completely hides the movements of their hands.

Some expert male pickpockets ply their vocation alone. One of this class succeeded in stealing a valuable watch from the vest pocket of a distinguished jurist some time since while the latter was viewing a procession from the front of a leading hotel. Another class of pickpockets frequent churches and funerals. Women generally do the stealing, and they pass the plunder to their male confederates, who disappear with the watch or pocketbook the moment it has been captured. The men as a rule are old thieves who have lost their nerve and no longer dare to work for themselves. Those that operate with an assistant always require the latter to do the crowding or engage the attention of the intended victim while his pocket is being plundered.

A "mob" is always composed of not less than three men working in harmony. Just as soon as a watch or pocketbook has been stolen by one of these men, the thief hands the plunder to one of his accomplices, who passes it to the third or fourth man, as the case may be. This style of thieving is to protect the actual thief, and only yields small profits on account of the number engaged in the crime. Should the victim discover on the spot that his pocket had been picked, and cause the arrest of the robber standing alongside or in front of him, the failure to find the plunder upon the prisoner would create a serious doubt as to his guilt. Cunning old professionals, veritable "Fagins," are the brains of these "mobs." They delegate a daring young man with quick hands to do the stealing, and the instant the purse, watch, or jewel has been passed to them they disappear. If it is a purse that has been taken, it is promptly rifled and the empty wallet thrown into an ash barrel or sewer. The veteran first allots to himself the lion's share of the booty, and afterwards splits up the remainder with the other members of the gang. Serious trouble, sometimes resulting in bloodshed, occurs over quarrels concerning the division of spoils. Should a newspaper item announce that the stolen pocketbook contained a large sum of money when the leader of the gang had said he found but a few dollars in it, the thieves' copartnership would be summarily dissolved by a

sanguinary affray, the cause of which, for the protection of the others, would not be revealed.

"Sidewalk committees" at the time of military parades or political processions have a couple of young men who are known as pushers. These go in advance of the thief and locate the whereabouts of the plunder for him. They rush and push to and fro in the crowd, or at a street crossing, jostling against every one with whom they come in contact. When the pusher discovers the pocket in which plunder is sure to be found, the fellow signals to the pickpocket indicating the victim and just where the purse or wallet is carried. Then the robbery follows. Some nervous people, while carrying large sums, betray themselves to a shrewd thief by their actions, and afterwards think it strange that the rogue should have known the very pocket that contained the roll of greenbacks. If they had remained cool while riding in a car or passing through a crowd, and had not clapped their hands every few minutes on the outside of the pocket in which they carried the money, to feel if it was still there, they would doubtless have avoided loss. Pickpockets, like other individuals, are not gifted with second-sight, and they always watch for signs to guide them in their operations. If their mode of working was better understood by the public and properly guarded against, their vocation would in a short time become unprofitable.

When a mob of pickpockets start out to "work a crowd" on a horse-car or a railroad train, they break into twos. The part of one is to ascertain the location of the victim's money. He gets alongside the man whose pocket is to be picked, and with rapid movement he dexterously passes his fingers over every pocket. His touch is so delicate that it enables him to locate the prize and to ascertain its character, whether a roll, a purse, or a pocket-book. The surging of the crowd, especially on a railroad train, accounts to the suspicious traveler for the occasional jostling he receives. The most common receptacle for the pocket-book is the left trousers pocket. When the victim is selected, the second man plants himself squarely in front of him, while the other crowds up behind him on the right

side. The operator in front, under cover of a newspaper or coat thrown over his arm, feels the pocket, and if the victim is a straight-backed man, in standing position, he finds the opening of the pocket drawn close together. In such a case it is dangerous to attempt the insertion of the hand. A very low-toned clearing of the throat, followed by a guttural noise, is the signal for his confederate to exert a gentle pressure upon the victim's right shoulder. This is so gradually extended that the traveler yields to the pressure without knowing it, and without changing the position of his feet. This throws the lips of the pocket conveniently open for the operator in front, who does not insert his hands to draw the book out but works upon the lining. He draws it out a little at a time without inserting his fingers more than half way. Should this process of drawing the contents of the pocket to its mouth be felt by the victim, another low clearing of the throat gives the sign to the confederate, and the game is dropped. If the victim's suspicions are not aroused, the pickpocket continues at his work of drawing the lining out until the roll of bills or pocket-book is within reach of his deft fingers. The successful completion of the undertaking is indicated by a gentle chirrup, and the precious pair separate from their victim to ply the same tricks upon the next one.

Stealing watches and pins by gangs of pickpockets who ride in street cars is of frequent occurrence. In taking the watch the same system of jostling and crowding is resorted to while the "wire" (the one who actually does the work) is stealing the watch. He raises it out of the pocket by means of the chain with his left hand, which is concealed by a coat or shawl. After the watch has been taken from the pocket, the thief drops it into the palm of his right hand, and by a quick turn of the wrist the ring is twisted off. The chain, which is seldom taken, is quietly allowed to drop down, and usually the first intimation a person has that his watch is gone, is when his attention is called to his dangling chain. The moment that the watch has been stolen, the man who takes it passes it to an associate, who leaves the car at once, and the others comprising the gang

ride a square or two before getting out. Some people wonder how pickpockets succeed in stealing a watch without first unscrewing the snap at the end of the chain, not knowing that the ring has been twisted out.

To capture a diamond pin the method is slightly different. Rogues of this class, when at work, generally lift one arm above the height of the pin, and while the owner's attention is attracted by something started for the purpose, the jewel is abstracted by an exceedingly quick and clever movement of the thumb and forefinger of the other hand. As the pin starts from its place it is caught in the palm of the thief's hand, and before the owner has discovered his loss the jewel has passed out of the possession of the man who stole it.

It is a good plan for persons carrying large sums of money or valuables not to allow their attention to be suddenly diverted by seeming disturbances or other distractions. They are the pickpocket's opportunity, and are often gotten up by them for the purpose.

CHAPTER XL.

FORGERS AND THEIR METHODS — WILY DEVICES AND BRAINY SCHEMES OF A DANGEROUS CLASS — TRICKS ON BANKS — HOW BUSINESS MEN ARE DEFRAUDED.

A Crime That is Easily Perpetrated, and Detected with Difficulty — Professional Forgers — Men of Brains — Secret Workshops — Raising Checks — A Forger's Agents and Go-betweens — The Organization of a Gang — How They Cover Their Tracks — In the Clutches of Sharpers — The First Step in Crime — Various Methods of Passing Forged Paper — Paving the Way for an Operation — Dangerous Schemes — Daring and Clever Forgeries — Interesting Cases — How Banks are Defrauded — Establishing Confidence with a Bank — A Smart Gang — Altering and Raising Checks and Drafts — How Storekeepers and Business Men are Defrauded — Cashing a Burnt Check — Crafty and Audacious Forgers — A Great Plot Frustrated — Deceiving the Head of a Foreign Detective Bureau — A Remarkable Story — Startling and Unexpected News — Thrown off His Guard — Escape of the Criminal and His Band.

A DISTINGUISHED and learned criminal jurist tersely described forgery as "the false making or materially altering, with intent to defraud, any writing which, if genuine, might apparently be of legal efficacy in the foundation of a legal liability." The crime, in a general sense, is the illegal falsification or counterfeiting of a writing, bill, bond, will, or other document, and the statutes generally make the uttering or using the forged instruments essential to the offense. The uttering is complete, however, if an attempt is made to use the fraudulent paper as intended, though the forgery be discovered in season to defeat the fraud designed. The intent to deceive and defraud is often conclusively presumed from the forgery itself. If one forge a name, word, or even figure of a note, and cause it to be discounted, it is no defense whatever to the charge of forgery that he intended to pay the note himself, and had actually made provisions that no person should be in-

jured. Forgery, attended as it is with such ruinous consequences, is easily perpetrated, and detected with much difficulty. It was one of the capital offenses years ago, and the Penal Code of the State of New York makes the sentence, upon a second conviction for forgery in the first degree, imprisonment for life.

As compared with the other criminal classes the number of professional forgers in the United States is very small. All told, there are not more than two dozen expert penmen and engravers who misuse their talents by imitating the handwriting and workmanship of others. Few as are these swindlers, they occasionally launch forth some gigantic scheme, flooding the principal cities with their spurious and worthless paper. The operations of American forgers are not by any means confined to this country. The bankers of Europe have been fleeced by them, and conspiracies hatched here have almost caused financial panics in England and on the Continent.

The professional forger is a man of great natural ability and a cunning and suspicious individual. Cautious in the extreme, he prefers to work in secret, and probably never more than two of his most intimate companions know what he is about until the counterfeits he has produced are ready to be put in circulation. So guarded is he, in fact, that while imitating the signature of a banking firm, duplicating the bonds or securities of a large corporation, or printing the delicately executed notes and currency of a country, he never permits any of his friends to enter his secret workshop. It is the proud boast of one of the most notorious of these swindlers that while at his nefarious work no man, woman, or child ever saw him with a pen in his hand.

By the aid of a mixture of acids they are able to completely erase figures in ink from the face of notes without in the least destroying or damaging the paper. Thus genuine orders upon banks or brokers for a few dollars are easily raised into the thousands. Others have a talent for imitating handwriting, especially autographs, and fill out blank checks and notes to suit themselves. Photography has also been successfully ap-

plied as a means for transferring fine tracing, delicate engravings, and even signatures.

Although plotting and planning daring work for others to execute, the forger keeps himself well in the background, and by following a system calculated to protect himself against the annoyance of arrest or the danger of conviction he runs but few risks. He keeps aloof from the several members of his band, and in most cases is known only to his manager, who is the go-between and guiding spirit of the gang. This system is one of the forger's best safeguards, for no matter what slip there may afterwards be in the effort to secure money upon his spurious paper, he is able to baffle all attempts to fasten the foundation of the crime upon himself. He employs as his manager only a man in whom he has the utmost confidence, who is generally a person of such notoriously bad character that no jury would accept his uncorroborated testimony should he prove unfaithful. There have been instances, however, in which the manager has also been the capitalist and leading plotter. Such men are to be found in the best walks of life, and their means of existence is often a mystery to their friends. They have carefully guarded ways of putting the forged notes into the hands of the agents of the "layers-down," the title by which those who finally dispose of the fraudulent paper are known.

UNDERGROUND CELLS FOR USE OF THE DETECTIVE DEPARTMENT AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

The organization of a forger's gang is unlike that of any other class of thieves. It has many subdivisions, all working in concert, and yet but few of the operators have any acquaintance with the leading spirits in the conspiracy. The poor tools who risk their liberty never know the penman or engraver whose work they handle, and the forger, on the other hand, does not wish an acquaintance with them. He knows them simply by reputation as a good or ordinary layer-down, just as their standing may be. Then there are the quiet agents, who gather information and rarely appear in any criminal proceeding. These have a wide circle of acquaintances, many of whom are reputable merchants and brokers. During pleasant chats in the bars and reading-rooms of hotels and at fashionable resorts, much useful information for the carrying out of large plans is gleaned.

A banker's clerk, fond of billiards or horse-racing, and living above his salary, while in bad luck meets an agreeable friend at the race-track or around the gaming-table. The forger's secret and most dangerous agents grasp the situation at a glance, and hidden behind their apparent good-nature is a plot for plunder. The clerk's losses make him desperate, and he never declines the proffered loan. It may be only a small sum, but it is the first step toward his downfall. He has become entangled in the clutches of a sharper, and at short acquaintance stands ready to follow the advice of his generous friend. When it is suggested that blank checks, or better still, checks filled out, if procured by him, no matter by what means he obtains them, will bring him in a supply of ready cash, he grasps the opportunity. Rarely does the firm suspect, when at last the forgeries are scattered broadcast, that their fast-living clerk is really responsible for the counterfeits. The reckless young man, tempted by the success of others, will in a short time attempt to imitate signatures himself. Not having served a proper apprenticeship in wicked ways, the forgery is apparent. Caught in the act, he is sent to prison, and forever afterwards is an outcast from society.

The clerk's experience demonstrates but one of the insidious

methods of the crafty forger and his agents. He has other schemes, most prominent among which is using the dishonest broker. Under cover of a legitimate business they dispose of considerable worthless bonds and securities. It often happens that stolen, forged, and counterfeit bonds are hypothecated for loans by some tottering firm and are never redeemed. Bankers duped in that way, rather than make public the fact that they have been taken, prefer to bear their losses and make no effort to prosecute the swindler.

The men who, for a small percentage, dispose of forged paper or handle counterfeits are mostly ex-convicts or novices in crime. Some of the check-passers operate according to system, and others depend upon circumstances. Not long ago a forger, only one of whose spurious notes was ever refused, always furnished his operators with duplicate drafts. One of these, simply endorsed upon the back, would be presented at the bank by the layer-down. The latter being a stranger, the teller would naturally decline to honor the note without proper identification. Then the layer-down, after remarking that he was not well acquainted with financial matters, would take the check and leave the institution. The second note, properly certified and indorsed with the signature of the firm whose genuine check had been imitated, would be handed to the operator by an accomplice on the street. After a brief absence the man would return to the bank and get the money, the teller supposing the identification to be freshly written. The presentation of the identified check first would not have been regular, and the wily leader never permitted any of his tools to run such risks.

In one instance a forger used three layers-down. His plan was this: If the first man came out all right, a second was sent in, and if he succeeded, a third followed. Here the operations ended for the day, and afterwards a watch was kept upon the bank until it was closed, and also upon the office of the broker whose signature was being forged. If no unusual commotion was observed at either place, it was taken for granted that the victim's account was large enough to be drawn from still fur-

ther. A day or two later other checks previously prepared were presented in the same way. Upon the slightest sign of discovery, the layer-down and his lookouts disappeared as quickly as possible, one covering the escape of the other. In the selection of the men who obtained cash on the notes, old favorites were sent in first, as the chances of detection were then at a minimum. As the account was more and more freely drawn upon and was likely to give out at any moment, and as disagreeable questions might be asked, the last men were required to possess plenty of nerve. The amount of a firm's account in bank is always a matter of guesswork, and therefore risky, though the forger's rule is to select wealthy concerns, leave a wide margin and draw from the account gradually.

The forger has but little trouble in ascertaining the correct numbers for the checks he intends using. Just before the close of business on a Saturday afternoon one of his agents calls at a broker's office and sells some genuine bonds, and in payment asks that he be given at least two checks, explaining that he desires to send them by letter to friends in the country. Such checks are rarely ever refused, and the forger thus manages to get the numbers of the last checks issued by the firm. This gives him all day Sunday to fix the figures on the forgeries, and he is then ready to operate on Monday morning. The genuine checks, several days later, reach the bank through some reputable business firm; but in the meantime they have passed through so many hands that it is next to an impossibility to trace them.

A common yet dangerous scheme, which has been carried out many times with success by check-raisers, is this: A member of the gang is first sent to purchase two drafts payable at a bank in another city. One is made out for a small amount and the other for a considerable sum. In a few days the purchaser returns the large draft to the bank, saying that he was unable to use it as he had intended. The amount it calls for is refunded to him, and the redeemed draft is in most instances destroyed. Then, having a clear field before him, the forger forwards the small draft, raised to correspond in number, date,

and amount to the large one, to some distant city for collection. As the genuine draft has in the meantime been torn up, there is rarely any difficulty in getting the raised one cashed, and sometimes the deceit is not readily discovered at the bank of issue. Many cashiers have spent hours going over their books on account of a shortage due to a raised check.

The photo-lithographic process of check-counterfeiting first came to light in this city a few years ago. The checks were presented by a smart lad who invariably succeeded in getting them cashed. He was caught at last laying down one of the worthless notes, and had it not been for an accident he might have escaped. The cashier to whom the note was presented noticed that it was blurred, and on submitting it to experts his suspicions that it was a forgery were confirmed. It had been prepared with such accuracy that the stamp on it could not be distinguished from a genuine one. The forger, however, had not been satisfied with his work, and essayed an improvement by the use of chemicals, which in the warmth of the carrier's hand had blurred and discolored the paper. The lad, when cornered, made a clean breast of it, and said that his brother-in-law had employed him to procure genuine checks and carry forged paper to the bank.

Not long ago a man who appeared to be extremely prudent and careful, conducting his business transactions after the most approved methods and on strict business principles, opened an account with one of the city banks. He soon won the confidence of the bank officials. At first he deposited only moderate sums of money, thus creating the impression that he was engaged in legitimate business, and he only drew on his account as any ordinary merchant might do. He always kept a balance in the bank, and the money he deposited was usually in certified checks of another bank. Thus his credit was soon established on a very comfortable basis. Suddenly the checks began to assume alarming proportions. They came, too, in unusually rounded figures, $4,500 and $6,500 looming up on their faces. The suspicion of the cashier was aroused and an inquiry was instituted. The new customer's dealings had

jumped to such proportions that it was thought that something must be wrong.

The officials of the bank that had issued the certified checks were at once consulted, the checks were examined, and they were pronounced forgeries. Both banks were amazed. Their consternation increased the more closely they examined the checks. It was clear that the forgeries were not ordinary ones, and it was more than likely that they were being perpetrated on other institutions and probably for large amounts. These checks, so many of which had passed current at the bank of certification, had been printed and stamped on specially manufactured paper and signed with specially prepared ink. The writing was done in a bold, free hand that challenged detection by its freedom and similarity to that of the treasurer of the Western Union Telegraph Company. They were lithographed imitations of the genuine checks of the bank, with a slight difference in the safety test, the numbering, and the ink, but in the rush of business these defects escaped notice. The forgeries were admitted to be exceedingly clever, and no fault was found with the teller for certifying to the genuineness of the notes. In this instance the layer-down was a poor youth whom the bogus merchant had employed in his sham office at a salary of a few dollars a week.

Forgers who make a practice of defrauding banks of smaller cities first establish confidence with the officials of the institution they intend to plunder. This is done in a very simple manner, but one that generally proves successful. Several weeks before the forgery is attempted, the advance agent of the gang opens an insurance or real-estate office in the vicinity of the bank. He opens an account with the bank, makes bona fide deposits, and transacts ordinary business matters, generally involving, however, the transfer of money from one city to another. When at last he feels perfectly sure that he is beyond suspicion, he deposits for collection a draft on another bank for a large sum, which bears the forged signature of a genuine depositor at a bank in a distant city. Upon presentation of the

draft the officials telegraph to the bank it is drawn upon, inquiring if the person or firm whose signature it bears is a depositor in good standing there. The answer being satisfactory, at least three-fourths of the amount called for by the check is willingly advanced by the bank of deposit to the forger's trusted agent. In due time the counterfeit is forwarded for collection through the regular business channels, and when it finally reaches its destination its character is discovered. The insurance or real-estate office has in the meantime disappeared, and the forger and his tools have vanished. A smart gang, with a dozen or more advance agents, have been known to dupe in a single year over forty banks, netting with a small outlay about $160,000 by their operations.

Storekeepers and business firms have been swindled time and again by a peculiar class of forgers who seem to be satisfied with a few hundred dollars, and sometimes less. In all large cities these men succeed in operating extensively with raised or worthless checks. After a small purchase the layer-down presents a bank draft or a check in payment, and should he be questioned he generally gives some ready reference. His offhand and frank way of dealing allays suspicion, and not an inkling of his true character is revealed until scores have fallen a prey to his deceptions. When one of these criminals is run down, hundreds of complainants generally appear to prosecute him.

Sometimes it happens, in altering checks, that the chemicals leave a blur upon the paper that cannot be erased. As the notes, although for small amounts, are genuine, the forger, who is seldom willing to lose money even in experimenting, has been known to burn off the portion of the paper that he had unsuccessfully tampered with. Then one of his friends will write to the bank that issued the draft, stating that it had accidentally been partially burned, giving the date of issue and the amount it called for, and requesting that a duplicate be forwarded to the writer. To confirm the accident story, the fragments of the check are enclosed in the envelope. The duplicate asked for is generally received by return mail.

The craftiness and audacity of the professional forger is well illustrated by the following incident:

A few years ago a band of international criminals left this city for the purpose of robbing foreign bankers by means of a large supply of well-executed counterfeit notes. The men were scarcely upon the high seas before the conspiracy was known in New York. Without delay cablegrams were flashed across the ocean warning the European authorities of the entire plot, and giving the names and accurate descriptions of all the operators. Notwithstanding this warning the forger and his assistants landed without detection, and made their headquarters in one of the largest cities. In the course of a few days after their arrival the chief conspirator, who was traveling as an American tourist, desirous of becoming familiar with the faces of the detectives, secured a letter of introduction to the Chief of the Bureau or Department of Criminal Investigation. He was well received, all the workings of that branch of the police service were explained to him, and he was pleasantly entertained for half an hour or more by the head of the force himself. During the chat the conversation turned, apparently incidentally, to forgers and counterfeiters. The detective, thrown completely off his guard, unbosomed himself to the bogus tourist. On the desk before the former lay the important message sent from New York concerning the band of forgers. It was an official secret, but the detective had no scruples in confiding it to his visitor. Telling the latter that his department was in communication with similar institutions in the United States, the Chief of one of the largest detective forces in Europe picked up the message and read it from beginning to end to the sham tourist. It was startling and unexpected news to the forger, but he controlled his feelings, and without the slightest nervousness or agitation resumed the conversation. At its close the noted criminal warmly shook the hand of the police official who had unconsciously and gratuitously furnished him with so much valuable information, and drove back to his hotel. The forger and his band disappeared that night.

CHAPTER XLI.

FRAUDS EXPOSED — ACCOMPLISHED ADVENTURERS AND FASHIONABLE ADVENTURESSES — PEOPLE WHO LIVE BY THEIR WITS — GETTING A LIVING BY HOOK OR BY CROOK.

Human Harpies — Confiding Boarders — Relieving a Pretty Woman's Embarrassment — The Tables Turned — A Fashionable and Accomplished Adventuress — Swindlers in Society — Ingenious Money-Making Schemes — "Engineering Beggars" — Plying a Miserable Trade — "Hushing it up for His Family's Sake" — Literary Blackmail — Practising upon Human Vanity — Matrimonial Advertising — A Matrimonial Bureau and its Victims — Bogus Detectives — A Mean and Contemptible Lot — Running with the Hare and Hunting with the Hounds — Getting a Living by Hook or by Crook — Shyster Lawyers — Quack Doctors Who "Cure All Diseases" — The Heraldic Swindler — How Cigar Stumps are Made Over into Fragrant Havanas — Free-Lunchers and Floaters — Fortune-Tellers and Clairvoyants — Transparent Stratagems.

ODD and many are the ways of earning a living that are resorted to by numerous adventurers and adventuresses in the metropolis; for society in its varied and complex phases affords a profitable field for a large army of wily men and women who live by their wits. There are hundreds of ingenious money-making schemes which though by no means legitimate cannot be dealt with as precisely criminal; and there is therefore a certain class who, though not professional criminals, nevertheless like them obtain a living by preying upon their fellow-creatures.

I recall the case of a lady, middle-aged but still pretty, who kept many boarding-houses one after another, all of them popular and well patronized while they lasted. She was a woman of education and refinement, of gentle disposition and confiding nature, and she easily inspired unbounded confidence in all who knew her. She always managed to interest some rich old bachelor or widower in her business affairs, with the

almost certain result of inducing him to pay a large sum of money in advance for board. Then suddenly her affairs would become "involved," and with many tears and well-simulated expressions of sorrow and deep distress she would reluctantly announce to her boarders that she was obliged to give up her house. She would then disappear until she was satisfied that the confiding boarder who had made the loan had abandoned all hope of ever getting his money back, when she would reappear in a new street, occasionally under a new name, and the routine of "borrowing" from unsuspecting boarders and "giving up" the house would again be gone through with. She has been known to obtain an advance of one thousand dollars from a boarder, and not one of her numerous loans was ever repaid. Whenever she vacated a house she was generally more or less in debt to all her patrons, whom she treated so kindly that they were often only too glad to relieve her "temporary embarrassment" by paying for board in advance, and were sincerely sorry when financial disaster at length overwhelmed her. As a rule, boarders generally victimize their landladies, but in this instance the rule was reversed.

Another woman, who lived in elegant style in a fashionable part of the city, acquired a snug fortune by using her social influence in furthering questionable money-making schemes among capitalists. She had a large circle of acquaintance among moneyed men, possessed keen perception, an exceedingly glib tongue, and instinctive knowledge of human nature. These qualities she constantly turned to her own pecuniary account. She and her husband kept house in a sumptuously furnished brown-stone front up-town, where they received evening calls from numerous bankers, brokers, and others, whom the accomplished wife elegantly and pleasantly entertained. When necessary she talked, coaxed, or argued them into investing in or lending their influence to any money-making scheme she had a pecuniary interest in. She did a paying business for a long time. She never undertook any but large and plausible schemes, and generally succeeded in carrying

them through. Not long ago she became interested in a mine, and got most of the stock subscribed for through her own unaided exertions, for which she received in advance a huge roll of greenbacks as her reward. It was characteristic of her never to depend upon commissions for her services. She demanded so much money down, and nothing else would answer, and she generally got it. In this way she supported her family in great luxury and clothed herself and her daughters in fashionable style. She is still widely known by Wall Street and Broad Street magnates.

Now and then in New York one comes across women who, though they cannot be properly styled adventuresses, yet have adopted petty and ingenious ways of adding to a slender income. There is, for instance, a young lady in society who is locally famous for obtaining all her gloves and jewelry as "gifts" from her gentlemen escorts to parties and theatres,—gifts which she does not hesitate to hint for if they are not speedily volunteered. There is another woman who resides in a handsomely furnished suite of rooms who invariably "takes her meals out," always managing so that at least two meals shall be taken at the "invitation" of some gentleman friend, thus saving the fair dame at least ten dollars a week. Another woman contrives to fasten herself on some rich and fashionable lady as a "companion," living at the expense of her friend to whom she attaches herself as closely and with as much persistence as a barnacle to a ship. One fair creature has made a practice for years to become "engaged" to some rich young man, receiving from him meantime as many presents as he can be tempted to bestow. Finally she quarrels with her betrothed, breaks the engagement, and retains the presents.

A really clever woman, who, according to her own statement, "engineers beggars," hires a number of poor, homeless children and a number of old and decrepit men and women, selecting with an artist's eye all the most wretched specimens of humanity she can procure,—the halt, the maimed, the lame, and the blind; the dirty, the ragged, the sick, and the sore. These wretches are stationed singly or in small squads around

the hotels, churches, or places of amusement. When there is a ball at the Academy of Music, or a fashionable opera, or select gathering of any kind, she stations her wretched squad at convenient points, and, hiding herself in some convenient place, grins with unfeigned satisfaction as her hatless and shoeless brigade whiningly receives alms. Her percentage of the receipts generally consists of by far the greater part of the money her "beggars" have extracted from the charitable. Of late years this woman's operations have been materially curtailed by the police.

Dancing attendance upon dowagers who are rich seems to be growing in favor among the would-be fashionable but impecunious youths of the city. Among the most curious cases of gaining a livelihood without working for it is that of a certain young man who, young, rather handsome, and of good family, devotes himself almost exclusively to playing the cavalier to old and very rich widows.

There are men about town who have the *entreé* to fashionable society who are really cardsharpers and gamblers, who live upon the money they make by cheating at cards at their clubs or elsewhere. They are "society men," too, who live in luxury, dress well, and spend money lavishly, who depend upon their skill in manipulating cards for means to keep up appearances and meet their liberal expenditures. They do not hesitate to cheat; and, if detected, the matter is hushed up "for their family's sake;" but in the majority of instances their social position saves them even from suspicion, and defrauded victims pay their losses without suspecting the author of their misfortunes.

Levying literary blackmail is often practiced upon a certain class of wealthy and vain people. Proof-sheets of glowing biographies of well-known men and women are sent to the selected victim. A polite and carefully written personal note accompanies the proof-sheets, informing the party that the proofs are specimens of the contents of a forthcoming book of great national importance which the publishers are preparing to issue, in which they design to insert the biography of all the "distin-

guished persons of the times." A request is then made for a biographical sketch of the person addressed, to be written in a similar style and sent to the publishers. Sometimes the proof-sheets of what purports to be one's own biography are sent, with a request to correct the "unavoidable mistakes." Not a word is said about money matters. The "distinguished" party generally feels flattered, falls into the trap, and either writes his biography as desired, or corrects and returns the proof. In due time a revised proof of the article is sent to the subject, and with it a bill for $200, $300, or $500, as the case may be. The victim's eyes are now opened, but it is too late. He has committed himself by complying with the original request, or by correcting and returning the proof-sheets, and rather than publicly reveal his own weakness and folly he pays the bill or compromises the affair with the swindler. Thus the rascal contrives to make a good living, though the book itself has never been published and never will be, for the reason that all the "illustrious men" have not yet contributed their biographies.

Matrimonial advertising is another successful enterprise that thrives on the credulity of others. "Rich widows" who advertise for husbands, and "wealthy gentlemen" who are pining for wives, are daily advertisers in the metropolitan newspapers. Some of these matrimonial advertisements are inserted as a joke, a very few of them are undoubtedly sincere, but the greater number are inserted for improper purposes. At one time there was a "matrimonial bureau" that did a thriving business, and its victims were numbered by hundreds. On the other hand, divorce detectives, male and female, are numerous; and their number and pecuniary prosperity afford a suggestive commentary on the ills and mistakes of modern married life. Many of these bogus detectives do all they can to upset marriages already made, doing so in the interest of one or the other, and sometimes of both, of the unhappy wedded pair. Divorce detectives of this order will sneak, spy, lie, and swear to a lie, and will not hesitate to put temptation in the way of those against whom they are employed. They will not scruple to do anything to procure evidence for their em-

ployers that will be considered "sufficient grounds for divorce." There are about thirty men and some fifty women in New York who are thus almost constantly engaged in working up divorce cases, procuring or manufacturing evidence, and so forth. Some of them have grown rich. Not more than five or six of them can be relied upon as thoroughly honest. On several occasions some have taken pay from both sides in a divorce suit by pretending to watch a husband in the interest of a wife, and to spy upon a wife in the interest of a husband, and have thus lied to and cheated both. Professional divorce detectives are about the meanest and most unscrupulous of all people who live by their wits, and they are at the same time among the sharpest.

There are hundreds of petty swindlers who get their living "by hook or by crook" in many ingenious and curious ways. Not the least numerous and successful are the bogus agents for charitable societies, and meek, long-faced professional philanthropists who are supported, with their families, by the carelessness and credulity of the charitable public. Then there are "shyster lawyers," who solicit their own clients, and roundly fleece them when once they are in their clutches. There are numerous parties who compound elixirs and costly cosmetics that make all who use them "beautiful forever"; men who make money by issuing bogus diplomas for doctors, and charlatans who practice medicine under them; and no end of quacks who "cure all diseases" by a "magic touch." The vanity of the newly rich or other people is catered to by enterprising gentlemen who prepare "coats-of-arms" and "heraldic insignia" for "the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker" to order. The list of petty swindlers might be lengthened indefinitely. It might properly include false pretenders who hire "wedding presents" in order to make a grand display at a marriage feast, and those who borrow diamonds and plate for fashionable dinners. There are street boys and men who haunt entrances to ball-rooms, theatres, etc., for the sole purpose of picking up cigar-stumps, that are forthwith chemically treated and made over into fragrant havanas; and

thrifty "hangers on" at the market stalls, who eagerly pick up the scraps and bones and sell them to poorer and less enterprising wretches who live upon them. There are a few curiously-disposed persons who have a *penchant* for "sitting up" with sick people, or "watching" insane patients or drunken men for a consideration, which must invariably be paid in advance. "Free-lunchers" are a well-known and numerous class who know how to evade the eye or to mollify the wrath of barkeepers who seek to increase their trade by offering tempting free lunches to all who enter. There is a large and persistent army of "floaters" to be found at all hours of the day, haunting the reading and writing-rooms of first-class hotels, in which they never spend a cent, but whose seats, fires, papers, stationery, etc., they use with the utmost freedom and without so much as saying "Thank you" to the landlord. As for fortune-tellers and clairvoyants, their number is large and is on the increase, but their ways have been so often and so thoroughly ventilated that none but very stupid persons can be caught by their transparent stratagems.

CHAPTER XLII.

SHARPERS, CONFIDENCE-MEN AND BUNCO-STEERERS — WIDE OPEN TRAPS — TRICKS OF "SAWDUST" AND "GREEN-GOODS" DEALERS.

The Bunco-Steerer's Victims — Glib Talkers and Shrewd Thieves — Watching Incoming Trains and Steamers — Accomplished Swindlers — Personal Appearance of a Confidence Gang — Robbing the Same Man Twice — Headquarters of Bunco Men — Plausible Stories — Different Forms of Bunco Games — A Noted Bunco Operator — Hungry Joe and his Victims — How a Confiding Englishman was Robbed — The Three Card Trick — Arrest of "Captain Murphy's Nephew" — A Game of Bluff — Swindling an Episcopal Clergyman — Pumping a Victim Dry — Working the Panel-Game — A Green-Goods Man's Circular — The Spider's Instructions to the Fly — Seeking a Personal Interview — Victims from the Rural Districts — The Supreme Moment of the Game — Sliding Back the Panel and Changing the Bags — Seeing the Victim off — Moral.

UNFORTUNATELY the temptation to take a hand in a seemingly innocent game of chance can scarcely be resisted by most people. Men of standing and respectability, including authors, politicians, divines, and even famous generals of America and Europe, have thus become easy prey for sharpers, and have been roundly fleeced by confidence-men and bunco-steerers. The desire to beat the sharper at his own game often leads the stranger on to his ruin.

The skillful and accomplished operator hunts his dupe among those of high life, while a lower order of these criminals select the ignorant, and especially the gullible countrymen for their victims. It is a singular fact that while the rustic is often a trifle suspicious in his dealings with thieves, men of education and long experience are easily taken in by the glib-tongued, nattily-dressed young man who shakes hands with them so cordially on the street corner. The leading confidence-men and bunco-steerers are an industrious set. They are usu-

ally men of education, glib talkers with no end of assurance, gifted with a good knowledge of human nature, and quick, fertile, and ingenious in resource. The few who are proficient in all these attainments find no difficulty in helping themselves to other people's money.

This form of roguery has been said to be the safest and most amusing way for a shrewd thief to make his living; the rascals who follow it take a fiendish delight in outwitting men illustrious in the higher walks of life. A noted bunco operator once said in my hearing: "Talk about trout-fishing! Just think of the fun of hooking a man that's worth anywhere from $500 to $5,000! Of course, it takes a man of education and refinement to do this sort of business, but there are several college graduates among our fellows who can do it." There certainly must be a strange fascination about this form of swindling, for the ranks of these sharpers have boasted of an ex-governor, and of others who once filled high and responsible positions and figured in good society. Some of these sharpers ply their vocation in the vicinity of hotels and railroad depots, and others along the river front, particular attention being paid to incoming steamers from foreign ports.

Of all the different types of rogues a successful confidence or bunco man is the most accomplished. It is a criminal calling that an unpolished man cannot successfully follow. Its success entirely depends upon the skill with which it is played, and in the selection of a victim and in the subsequent "skinning" process all the resources of the cunning operator are brought into play.

Few of the gangs of these men exceed four in number, and the majority of them do not exceed three. The operators are very careful in their personal appearance. They never dress in conspicuous style, but aim to appear eminently respectable rather than assume the airs and apparel of a man of fashion. Professional confidence-men have more than once declared that a tinge of gray in their side whiskers would be a great advantage to them, and a bald head a fortune.

Their methods of obtaining a victim's money vary as the

circumstances require. The man who loiters about hotel offices and corridors awaiting his prey appears as the best-natured person in the world. He invariably has a smile on his face, and in moving out of the way of the guests and porters passing to and fro politely bows at every turn. He eagerly scans the freshly-written name in the register, and when that has been obtained, he patiently awaits the chance to practice his threadbare tricks upon the new arrival. Those who operate on the river fronts or at railroad depots are generally in search of a man to take charge of their stock farm, etc.

Their numerous schemes have been exposed so often that it seems strange that these men should be able to eke out a livelihood. But it must be admitted that they do, and a good one, too. They have boasted that a fool is born every minute, and that they are able to find more subjects than they can take care of. A veteran confidence man who died recently in an Eastern prison was credited with having made over a million dollars during his long career of swindling. His wonderful cheek and coolness once enabled him to succeed in robbing the same man twice. Early in his criminal life the confidence-man realized thirty thousand dollars upon some worthless notes which he induced a wealthy gentleman to cash. Thirty years later, the sharper returned in the role of a penitent, and promised to make restitution to his old victim for his past misdeeds. So well did he manage to gain the confidence of his former victim, that in the course of a few days he borrowed from him three thousand dollars on another set of worthless notes.

The headquarters of bunco men are generally in side or out-of-the-way streets. They usually hire a furnished apartment on a lower floor, and in nearly all cases there is no question about the nature of the business they intend to carry on in the place. The payment of a week's rent in advance satisfies the average landlord, and for the first week, at least, everything goes on all right. Having comfortably settled themselves in a suitable apartment, the rogues are ready for business. The hand-shaker then sallies forth, and at the first opportunity grasps a stranger by the hand and exclaims :

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Brown; how are all my friends in Greenville?"

The stranger, surprised at the warmth and unexpected friendliness of the reception, invariably responds,

"You've made a mistake, sir. My name is not Brown. I'm Mr. Jones, of Oshkosh, Wisconsin."

Then the rogue apologizes, hurries off, and reports to his confederate, the steerer, who hurriedly produces a book from his pocket, and hunts up Oshkosh, Wis. The book is a bank-note reporter, and gives a list of all the banks in the country, with a complete list of their officers. From the list the bunco man instantly learns that Mr. Thomas is the president of the Oshkosh bank, and that Messrs. Black and White are among its directors. Then he hastily follows Mr. Jones, accosts him in the street, shakes hands with him, calls him by name, and saying he is President Thomas's nephew, asks with much solicitude about the health of the Blacks, Whites, and other prominent people. The stranger is flattered by the attention of the bank president's agreeable nephew, and he is soon decoyed without the least suspicion into the room where the boss bunco man is waiting to play his part. There are desks and maps in the apartment, and an air of business about the place which, to all appearances, is the office of some commercial concern. The dupe is lured to the bunco men's shop by the usual story about a valuable painting drawn in a lottery, or some other equally plausible story, and he is made to believe that a few dollars will secure an article easily worth hundreds, etc. The stranger usually bites; he is anxious to get five hundred dollars for one hundred; he puts down his wad of bills, which the bold operators forthwith capture by fair means or foul, and the victim walks out in a brown study, not knowing exactly how he was done up, but quite sure that he has been swindled. The bunco men immediately leave their office. The victim does not generally complain to the police, because he is ashamed to confess his folly and fears that if he makes any complaint the newspapers will learn of the robbery, and all his friends in Oshkosh will hear of his mortifying experience.

Another form of the bunco game was introduced into this country some years ago by a noted sharper who successfully operated throughout the West. He called the game a lottery, notwithstanding the fact that there is no lottery about it at all. The game is so simple, and apparently honest, that even the shrewdest are readily induced to take a hand, and are as readily fleeced. There are forty-three spaces upon a lay-out, thirteen of which contain stars (conditional prizes); one space is blank, and the remaining twenty-nine represent prizes ranging from two to five thousand dollars. The game can be played with dice or cards. The latter are numbered with a series of small numbers ranging from one to six, eight of which are drawn and counted, the total representing the number of the prize drawn. Should the victim draw a star number, he is allowed the privilege of drawing again by putting up a small amount of money. He is generally allowed to win at first, and later on the game owes him from one to five thousand dollars. This is when he draws the "condition prize," No. 27. The conditions are that he must put up five hundred dollars, or as much as the dealer thinks he will stand. This is explained to him as necessary to save what he has already won, and entitle him to another drawing. He draws again, and by skillful counting on the part of the dealer he draws the "blank" and loses all.

The notorious "Hungry Joe," is a most persistent and impudent bunco-steerer, who has victimized more people by the bunco game than any other five men in the profession. One of his exploits was the robbing of Mr. Joseph Ramsden, an elderly English tourist, out of two hundred and fifty dollars, in the following manner:

Among the passengers on board the steamship *Gallia*, from Liverpool, was an English gentleman past the prime of life, of fine appearance, but somewhat in ill-health. He stopped at a first-class hotel up-town. One afternoon he strolled down-town on Broadway, and was sauntering leisurely along when he was accosted by a well-dressed stranger who warmly grasped him by the hand and said,—

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Ramsden?"

The latter expressed his inability to recognize the stranger, but the affable young man soon put the old gentleman at ease by adding:

"Oh, you don't know me; I forgot. But I know you from hearsay. My name is Post — Henry F. Post. You came over in my uncle's steamer yesterday. Captain Murphy, of the *Gallia*, is my uncle, and since his return has been stopping at my father's residence. He has spoken of you to us. Indeed, he has said so much about you and of your shattered health that it seems to me as if I had known you a long time. I could not help recognizing you in a thousand from my uncle's perfect description of you."

Mr. Ramsden had had a very pleasant voyage on the *Gallia*, during which Captain Murphy and he had become very friendly, and thus he was not surprised that the gallant skipper should speak of him. "Mr. Post" walked arm-in-arm with his uncle's English friend, chatting pleasantly and pointing out prominent business houses, until they reached Grand street.

"I am in business in Baltimore — in ladies' underwear and white goods," said Mr. Post, "and have been home laying in a stock of goods. I should much like to remain a day or two longer and show you around, but I am sorry that I must return to Baltimore this evening. In fact, I am on my way now to get my ticket, and my valise is already in the ticket-office."

It needed but a few words to induce the elderly gentleman to accompany Post to "the ticket office" in Grand Street, and the two soon entered a room on that street. There the young man bought a railroad ticket of a man behind the counter.

"And now my valise," said Post to the ticket-seller.

Throwing the bag on the counter, the young man opened it, saying "Here are some muslins that can't be duplicated in England," and exhibited to the old gentleman some samples of that fabric. Near the bottom of the bag he accidentally came upon a pack of playing-cards, seizing which he exclaimed:

"Ah, this reminds me. Don't you know that last night some fellows got me into a place on the Bowery and skinned me out of four hundred dollars by a card-trick in which they used only three cards? But I've got on to the game and know just how it is done. They can't do me any more."

At that moment a man, showily dressed, emerged from a back room and said: "I'll bet you ten dollars you can't do it."

"All right, put up your money," responded Joe.

The cards were shuffled by the deft hands of the stranger, and Joe was told to pick up the ace. He picked up a jack and lost. He lost a second time, and offered to repeat it, but the stranger said, "I don't believe you've got any more money."

"Well, but my friend here (pointing to Mr. Ramsden) has."

"I don't believe he has," sneeringly retorted the stranger.

"Oh, yes I have," interrupted the venerable Englishman, at the same time pulling a roll of ten crisp five-pound notes from his inside vest pocket and holding them to the gaze of the others.

The temptation was too great for Hungry Joe, who so far forgot himself and his uncle's friendship for the English merchant that he hastily grabbed the roll from Ramsden's hand. The latter tightened his grasp on the notes, but Joe violently thrust the old man backwards, and, getting possession of the money, ran out of the place, followed by his confederates.

Mr. Ramsden notified the Detective Bureau that evening, giving an accurate description of "Captain Murphy's nephew," which resulted in Hungry Joe's arrest. Joe was sitting in his shirt-sleeves in the basement of the house, quietly smoking a cigar, and resting his slippered feet on a chair. He tried his old game of bluff, as is his custom, but, finding it useless, donned his coat and boots and accompanied me to headquarters.

Mr. Ramsden was at once summoned, and was confronted in my room by Hungry Joe and eight other men and asked to select the swindler.

"There is the man," he quickly said, pointing to Hungry Joe.

"I never saw you before, sir," coolly replied Joe.

"You scoundrel," excitedly exclaimed Mr. Ramsden, "you are the fellow that robbed me of my money."

The evidence against Joe was conclusive, and in court he pleaded guilty and was sentenced to four years in State prison.

CHIEF INSPECTOR BYRNES'S PRIVATE ROOM AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

Another equally notorious character succeeded in swindling an Episcopal clergyman by handing him a forged letter of introduction from another minister in Cleveland, whose name he had discovered in a church almanac. The letter read: "My brother is buying books for me. Please honor his draft for $100, and thereby do me a great favor." The preacher thought it was all right, and said that he was glad to meet the Rev. Mr. Watt's brother, and gave the desired check only to discover a little later on that he had been neatly swindled.

Not long ago fraudulent "bankers" flooded the country with circulars showing what great profits could be made by speculating in stocks. If the bait was taken, it was quite possible that the victim would be notified that he had made a handsome profit on his first investment, but the money was not sent to him with the announcement. It was retained "subject to order," and an inducement of still greater profit was held out if the money was reinvested. This was generally the case, and not infrequently the victim added new money to the original investment. This went on until it was certain that no more could be obtained from him, and then he received a "statement" showing that his last investment proved very unfortunate, and that not only had all his money been lost, but he was in debt to the firm. He was generally brought pretty heavily in debt, too; not that he was expected to pay, but the victim was very likely to repudiate the whole transaction, drop all further correspondence, and consider himself lucky if he was not prosecuted for his obligations.

A recently popular form of swindle was known as the "panel-game," and was successfully worked by swindlers known as "sawdust men" or "green-goods" dealers. Their first move was to secure a list of the names of people who were regular subscribers to lotteries and various gift concerns. People who go into those things will be pretty sure to bite at other well-baited hooks. When the list had been duly studied, agents were sent all over the country to look up the history of the most promising candidates. This done, a circular was mailed to each man, which read as follows:—

NEW YORK CITY, ——— ——, 189–.

Mr. ———:

DEAR SIR:—

I will confide to you, through this circular, a secret by which you can make a speedy Fortune. I have on hand a large amount of counterfeit notes of the following denominations: One, Two, Five, Ten, and Twenty. I guarantee every note to be perfect, as every note is examined by myself carefully as soon as finished, and if not strictly perfect, is immediately destroyed. Of course it would be foolishness for me to send out poor work, as it would not only get my customers in trouble, but would break up my business and ruin me, so for personal safety I am compelled to issue nothing that will not com

pare with the genuine. I furnish you with the goods in any quantity, at the following low prices, which will be found as reasonable as the nature of the business will allow.

For	$1,200	in my goods	assorted, I charge,	$100
"	2,500	"	" "	200
"	5,000	"	" "	350
"	10,000	"	" "	500

You can see from the above price list the advantage of buying largely; you cannot make money as rapidly in any other business, and there is not the slightest danger in using my goods, one of the best proofs being that not a single person doing business with me has ever been in any trouble, on the contrary, all making money rapidly. I have no connection with any other firm in this country, and every dollar of my money is manufactured under my own personal supervision. So in dealing with me, you get the goods from first hands.

Do not call at the address given here, as I do not receive visitors at my office, merely use it to get my letters. Write to me two days before you start to come on here, to New York, saying exactly when you will be here, and tell me what Hotel you will stop at, so I will know where to meet you; I will call on you at your own Room, where we can transact our business without any one knowing anything about it. As soon as you arrive in the city, go straight to this Hotel and register your name, go up to your room and stay in your room, until I call on you. Have nothing to say to any person who cannot show you your last letter to me, and when you see your own handwriting, then you will know you are dealing with the right party; should you conclude to send for samples before coming on to New York, I will send you a sample, packed in book form, containing $300 three hundred dollars in assorted sizes, on receipt of thirty dollars. Should you send for goods follow these instructions carefully, send all money in a thick envelope by mail, well sealed, with my name and address, plainly written; do not send by registered letter or by express, as such letters cause suspicion, and I will not receive or notice them.

Enclosed you will find my name and address with a card of a good hotel as convenient as any in New York. Should you order Goods, send your Express address. Yours Confidentially.

The green-goods dealer is a swindler who preys upon the cupidity and dishonesty of mankind. An honest man receiving such circulars or letters destroys them or sends them to the police; the dishonest man writes cautiously to the address given and receives a cautious reply, usually containing nothing but hints that are not explicit enough to sustain a charge of fraud. A personal interview with his correspondent is what the swindler seeks.

These sharpers never have any counterfeit money about them under any circumstances; if a case appears promising, they sometimes risk a few dollars as "samples" of their green-goods, but these samples are invariably genuine notes of the United States Treasury which have been obtained quite new at a bank. The old saw about "throwing a sprat to catch a whale" is not unknown to this gentry.

If the victim conducts his business through the mails or through express companies he is fleeced very easily. He sends his genuine money and receives in return either nothing at all or else an envelope or a box whose contents are sawdust or other valueless things. If he prefers to come to the city to pay his money and obtain the green-goods in person, he is instructed to send word two days before his expected arrival in this city, to go to a hotel the name of which is given, and to remain in strict seclusion in his room until the manufacturer calls upon him. After his arrival at the designated hotel an "agent" sends up his card and devotes an hour to sounding the man, to see if he is fair game or an emissary from the police in disguise. If all promises well, the man leaves, appointing the next day as the time for the bargain. On the following day the agent drops into the hotel and escorts the stranger to the "factory."

In a roughly-furnished office, before a high desk at the wall, sits the principal operator, busily counting out a huge pile of crisp bills. They are genuine bills fresh from the Government Treasury, and of all denominations. The countryman is introduced, and the process by which the money can best be disposed of is explained, and general directions are given as to the best means to avoid suspicion. Then the genuine bills are exhibited. The operator always protests that they are poor counterfeits and would never deceive him, but on the whole he thinks they will do. The amount desired is carefully counted out and handed to the stranger to recount. The bills are then nicely done up in packages, each denomination by itself, and the whole carelessly tossed into a small leather gripsack. This done, the bag is laid on the top of the desk, while the "manufacturer"

holds the attention of the stranger and lifts the lid of the desk in front of, and so as to completely hide, the bag. Half a dozen genuine bonds are shown as specimens of good counterfeiting, and the suggestion is made that after the money just purchased has been used, the customer may take a fancy to handle some bonds also. While the two men are busy looking at the bonds, a confederate in the next room opens a noiseless slide or panel in the wall, and swiftly changes the satchel for one precisely like it, but with the important difference that the contents are nothing but old newspapers instead of thousands of dollars in genuine money fresh from the government printing presses.

The victim is escorted to the railway station under promise to go straight home and not to open the satchel on any account until he gets there, lest the detectives may see what is in his possession. When he reaches home and retires to his most secret room or shed or barn, he eagerly opens the satchel and discovers, — what?

Dashes and exclamation-points will best indicate his remarks. He is pretty sure to preserve silence, as he does not wish his neighbors to know that he has designed to pass counterfeit money upon them. He dare not complain to the police, for he would criminate himself by so doing. If he does complain, and seeks to prosecute those who have defrauded him, he gets little satisfaction. He cannot prove the substitution of the satchel, for the very obvious reason that he did not see it; and altogether his case is very weak.

Since the panel-trick became known, the sawdust men have invented other devices. They recently issued a long circular, which contains a clipping supposed to be cut from a New York newspaper, announcing that a full set of dies and plates had been stolen from the Sub-Treasury. In it is claimed that the dealer has obtained the stolen plates, from which the greenbacks he offers for sale are struck off. This interesting circular ends with the following statement: "The newspaper quotation will show you that our officials in high standing have used my bills for their own purpose and benefit, and why not every one in need? Address, in confidence," etc.

The purpose of the letter is to lead the one addressed to believe that the money offered is really genuine, being printed from the plates claimed to have been stolen from the Treasury. Then the same old scheme of inducing a man to go to a certain hotel from whence he is duly conducted to the "office" is successfully worked.

The "green-goods" business has grown and prospered. The operators work carefully, their only fear being lest some detective be entrapped. The police have tried over and over again to get at the swindlers, and although they are known, and occasionally some of them are caught, it is not easy to obtain direct proof against them. The victims refuse to testify, for the very fact of having had dealings with these swindlers closes their mouths.

MORAL: *Honesty is the best policy.*

THE END.